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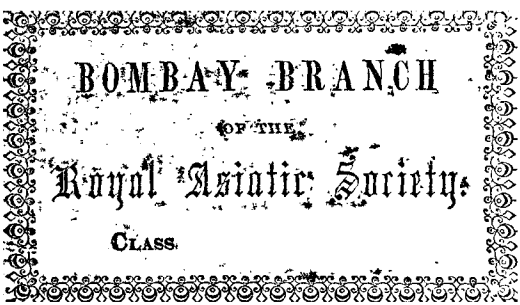

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CAMEOS

FROM

ENGLISH HISTORY

(*EIGHTH SERIES*)

THE END OF THE STEWARTS

CAMEOS

FROM

ENGLISH HISTORY

THE END OF THE STEWARTS

(1662—1748)

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BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE

EIGHTH SERIES

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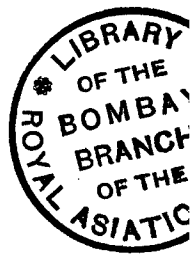

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PREFACE

THIS collection of Cameos goes as far as the final ruin of the House of Stewart. Space prevents the following the story up to the close of the old systems of the eighteenth century.

C. M. YONGE.

ERRATUM

THE author regrets an unfortunate blunder in the account of Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth. The child, who in a fit of passion threw a flat iron at her new-born brother, was Lady Anne Livingstone, Countess (unhappily) in her own right, and ancestress of the Earls of Errol. The story is in the first volume of *Chambers's Edinburgh Magazine* taken from the *London Literary Gazette*, where it is declared to be authentic.

CAMEOS

OF

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CAMEO I.

THE PENTLAND RISING.

1662–1678.

England.	*France.*	*Spain.*
1660. Charles II.	1643. Louis XIV.	1650. Charles II.
Germany.		*Pope.*
1658. Leopold I.		1670. Clement X.

CAMEO I.

No Bishop—no King.

OUR last Cameo ended with the Restoration; we have now to review the events that led to the Revolution and we must begin with the persecution of the Covenanters in Scotland. Generally crime and evil are plainly before us, so that we know where our sympathies should be; but in Scotland for more than twenty years the cause of the true Church was espoused for motives in which worldly expedience had the chief share, and supported by hateful means. Oppression, cruelty, and guilt, exaggerated perhaps, but still existing in large measure, were used in her name by her most unworthy members, and constancy, patience, and purity were on the side of the schismatics, who were thus persecuted, as they had too much reason to believe, for righteousness' sake.

It is somewhat of a renewal of the feeling with which the strife with the Huguenots in the former century is regarded; but there we have not the same personal feeling, and the errors of the persecuting Church are acknowledged, whereas in Scotland the cruelties were committed in behalf of our own Church, though with no participation from the English prelates and clergy, who probably were hardly aware of their extent. Scotland was still a separate kingdom, and there was little communication.

CAMEO I.

Re-establishment of the Church of Scotland. 1661.

The predominant feeling after dwelling on the history of these times is wonder at the manner in which the Church in Scotland, thus founded, and thus supported, still survived, cleared herself from pollution, and became a truly fruitful and glorious Church.

"Not a religion for a gentleman," was the judgment of Charles II. upon Presbyterianism, and certainly the Scots had done their best to disgust him with it by their severity, half-conscientious, but quite as much tyrannical.

And Charles had inherited his grandfather's belief in the saying, "No Bishop, no King," and believed that oligarchy in the Church was closely connected with oligarchy in the State. The Presbyterians themselves believed that he thought Bishops, being of his own choosing, and likewise lords of State, would not reprove him for his vices, like the sturdy ministers of the second order; but in this they were somewhat prejudiced, for his choice of the Episcopate, and his respect for their rebukes, were the best features in his character; although when he did not improve, they could not coerce him, as the Scots' minister had done in the days of Argyll and Douglas.

Such conscience as he had, as well as taste, sense of expediency, and such desire of retribution as his easy nature could admit, were all averse to the Presbytery and Covenant.

James Sharp saw that the cause was lost, and so reported. Moreover, the Estates of Scotland, in their first fervour of loyalty, repealed *en masse* the whole of their Acts since the year 1633, and then, under the guidance of the Lord High Commissioner, Earl of Middleton, an Act was passed on the 27th of May, 1661, for the restitution and re-establishment of the Church by Archbishops and Bishops.

Meantime, as has been previously said, there was a consecration of Bishops in London to fill up the vacant sees, and the next year, at the Parliament of Glasgow, Government insisted on the expulsion of all ministers not admitted by their diocesans, though Episcopal Ordination and the Liturgy were as yet not required.

Upon this 350 ministers quitted their benefices, and ordained clergy were presented in their stead. The people were in no mood to take these ejections as the English had done. In almost all the English parishes the Episcopal clergy belonged to "the good old times," and were connected by the elder folk with all the remembrances of their youth. Many had been driven out and were joyously welcomed home again after a time of distress and confusion, and there could hardly have been a place where the Liturgy was not welcomed by some one as an old friend.

In Scotland however the ministers had come in as lawful possessors, and had seemed to have every right to their kirks and manses, so that their eviction could not but be viewed as an act of tyranny. Their flocks clung to them, following them to private houses or hill-sides; and when the new incumbent arrived, he was met with tears, and

CAMEO I.

Fines for Nonconformity.

entreated to be gone, or else with actual insults. Sometimes the clapper of the bell was stolen; sometimes the church doors were fastened and barred; sometimes the newcomer was pelted, and one clergyman had a boxful of ants emptied into his boots on his way to the pulpit. To insult a curate was thought an atonement for a fault. Sometimes, when the men were prudent, the women of a parish collected in the churchyard with stones, and fairly beat off the entering curate, even when escorted by gentlemen with swords and pistols, as these would not be used against this female garrison; and when the curate had taken possession, nobody would go to hear him.

Thereupon, the Scotch Parliament took a leaf out of the English statute book, and enacted that every nobleman or gentleman who absented himself from his parish church should forfeit a quarter of his year's income; that every yeoman or tenant should be fined in like proportion, and every burgess not only be fined, but lose his privileges as a citizen. It was passed by a large majority, even of those who had once been Covenanters; but it produced so little effect that it was followed up by a Court of High Commission, to judge and determine in all cases of offences against the Church. The Bishops, the Lord Chancellor, and about thirty laymen, made up the full number, and fined, imprisoned, and whipped offenders; but ere long this Court was dissolved by the King, Lauderdale had undermined Middleton, who had to resign, and the Earl of Rothes was appointed viceroy in his stead.

Like Middleton and Lauderdale, Rothes was a licentious, dissipated man; and this, together with the reports of the habits of the Court, could not fail to make the discipline they advocated doubly odious to minds already prejudiced. To enforce obedience, a military force was sent into the disaffected districts, commanded by Sir James Turner, a fierce, unscrupulous soldier, who had once served under the Covenanters themselves, and had assisted in the massacres of Dennaverty and Duart, when three hundred Royalists had been slaughtered in cold blood.

Now in the royal service, he was sent into the south-western districts, where his soldiers were quartered on persons to exact fines from them for the following offences, abstaining from public worship at the church, and being present at conventicles; but to this he and his officers added the having children baptized and marriages performed by "outed ministers," and even not going to the kirk when there was no minister. Also, according to the former complaints against him, the quartering money was often exacted for more soldiers than were actually there, and for a longer time fines were levied without due information, and imposed on whole parishes without exception in favour of those who had conformed, and driving away cattle, and most soldiers quartered on the farmers made a point of behaving as brutally as possible to their unwilling hosts.

The Scots, strong, resolute men, many of whom had borne arms under the Leslies, were not likely to submit quietly to such oppression,

CAMEO I.
Rising at Dalry.
1666.

yet no outbreak took place till 1666. Then, on the 13th of November, four men met on the road near the village of Dalry in Galloway, a party of men, driven like cattle by four soldiers to make them thresh out the corn of a poor old man who had been fined, but who had fled. Presently, while the four men were taking some food at a house in the village, a person ran in with the news that the old man had been caught, and the soldiers were about to ill-use him. Up started the travellers, and there was a scuffle in defence of the old man. One of the soldiers was wounded by a pistol fired by the rescuers, and the villagers overpowered the other three, disarmed them, and made them prisoners. Then, knowing the penalties they had incurred, the four men resolved to go through with it, and with the villagers went to the next post, and there mastered twelve more soldiers.

More men began to join them, among them the Laird of Bascombe, and there were fifty horsemen besides many on foot. One Captain Gray took the command, and on they went to Dumfries, where they took Sir James Turner himself by surprise, and made him prisoner. A large sum of the money that he had collected seems to have been carried off by Captain Gray, who was not seen again.

Such a success made the Western population flock round them till there were about 3,000, and they set off for Edinburgh through the moorlands, expecting to be joined by the gentry of the East coast, but these held back, and a colonel named Wallace, evidently a trained soldier, became leader, consulting whether to put to death Sir James Turner, but as he pleaded that he had not exceeded his instructions, and they found this borne out by his papers, so that they spared his life and took him with them as a prisoner. He was surprised to see the good discipline they maintained, and the care they took to post sentinels, some no doubt having preserved the memory of Leslie's training. When they reached Lanark, they put forth a manifesto, declaring that they were loyal to the King, and only rose in self-defence, but at the same time they renewed the Covenant. They were in hopes of a rising in the Lothians and of aid within Edinburgh; and thus they reached Collinton, four miles from thence; but they there heard that the city gates were closed and guarded with cannon, and that all the lawyers were up and armed against them, "every advocate in his bandolier."

Still worse General Thomas Dalziel was out against them. Born of a family who believed their name to mean "I dare," he had been bred up to great hardihood and enthusiastic loyalty. He had fought in Montrose's campaigns, and at the execution of the King had made a vow never again to shave his beard. He then entered the service of Russia, under the Czar Alexis Michaelovitch, distinguished himself against the Turks and Tartars, and rose to the rank of General. He came home nearly bald, with a long, white bushy beard, and wearing a beaver hat with a brim three inches broad, no boots, and only one coat, winter and summer, and that a short-skirted, close-sleeved jacket.

CAMEO I.

Rullion Green. 1666.

In this costume he walked amid the flowing wigs, embroidered coats, lace cravats, and plumed hats of the Court, in the park with Charles II., attracting such crowds of boys, that the King declared that they would squeeze each other to death, and entreated him to shave and dress like other people in mercy to the poor bairns. Once, except that he would not part with his beard, he dressed in the height of the fashion, but after a little drollery with the King, returned to his own costume.

He was a man much dreaded, of a fierce, passionate temper, and there was a great consternation at the report that he was in the field with a body of regular troops. The insurgents turned back, and encamped upon the border of the Pentland hills, on an eminence known as Rullion Green. Sir James Turner heard one of the ministers named Robinson thus praying, "And if Thou wilt not be our Secondarie, we will not fight for Thee at all, for it is not our cause, but Thine own, and if Thou wilt not fight for it, neither will we."

This prayer, which is rather in the spirit of Gideon's father, indicates a little doubt whether the cause was the favoured one, occasioned perhaps by the tardiness of the rest of the country to join in the insurrection. It appears that Wallace was in correspondence with the States of Holland as fellow Calvinists and at war with England, and had actually received a promise of 3,000 muskets, and other weapons, ammunition, and money in proportion, on the chief fortresses being surrendered to the Dutch. The letter was signed by the Pensionary De Witt, and the negotiations were certainly suspected at Edinburgh, and perhaps deterred the Presbyterians there from joining the Western Whigs, but the whole of these proceedings are very mysterious.

Dalziel had set out for Lanark to meet them, but taking a different road, missed them; and turning back came upon them at Rullion Green, on one of the first days of December 1666. At first his advanced guard were taken for friends from West Lothian, but the sound of the kettle-drums of the dragoons and the sight of the standard soon made it clear with whom the rebels had to deal. They made a brave stand, and twice beat back a charge of the horse, but the third was successful—they broke and fled. The slaughter in the field and in the chase was very small, only fifty men being killed, and a hundred and thirty taken prisoners; but the country-folk hated and feared the wild men of Galloway, and ruthlessly killed the poor stragglers.

It went ill with the prisoners. Enough was known of the dealings with the Dutch enemy to render the matter far more serious than an outbreak of mere rabble. Dalziel was used to foreign service among semi-barbarous nations; and when one of the captives called him "a Muscovy beast who roasted men," he returned a blow on the mouth with the hilt of his sword which drew blood.

The desire to obtain information of the under-plot led to the application of torture. Guy Fawkes had been the last victim in England, and now it was begun again in Scotland—by the boot, an iron case for

CAMEO I.
—
Persecution.
1667.

the leg, into which one wedge after another was hammered at the knee —and the thumbscrew, an instrument for similarly compressing the thumb. It was said by some to have been introduced from Russia by Lord Perth, but something of the kind had been in use in Scotland before under the name of Pilliwinks.

What confessions, if any, were thus elicited does not appear. Probably the sincere, honest fanatics really knew nothing of the tampering with the national enemy, and they endured their sufferings as martyrs. One who had a brother a physician, was interceded for with Archbishop Sharpe, who answered that he should be spared if he would reveal the mystery of the plot for surrendering the Castles of Edinburgh, Stirling, and Dumbarton. Nothing was however discovered, the real plotters no doubt having escaped.

Twenty men were hanged in the Grassmarket at Edinburgh, going in parties with great enthusiasm, and contending with one another for the honour of dying first. One of them was a young minister named Hugh MacPhail, who had preached a sermon declaring that the kingdom had an Ahab on the throne, a Judas in the Church, a Haman in the State. With his leg so crushed by the boot that he could not stand, though he had uttered no word nor groan throughout the torture, he was taken to the Grassmarket full of joy, and his last words have been recorded. "I shall speak no more with earthly creatures, but shall enjoy the aspect of the ineffable Creator Himself. Farewell, father, mother, and friends! farewell, sun, moon, and stars! farewell, perishable earthly delights, and welcome those which are everlasting! welcome glory! welcome eternal life! welcome death!"

No one could listen without tears, and in the subsequent executions, drums and trumpets stifled such exultant utterances.

Of the other prisoners, some were shipped off to the West Indian plantations, and others released on giving cautions for good conduct. The peasantry of Galloway and Ayrshire were punished by more severe military quartering, and what was held as very hard and offensive, a number of gentlemen in Ayr, who had collected to join the insurgents, were treated as rebels, and made to forfeit their estates.

However, in 1668 it was decided to relax somewhat of the severity of the law, but this was delayed by an attempt to murder Archbishop Sharpe, who was most bitterly hated as a renegade. He was actually believed by the populace to be in league with Satan. A story was told of a messenger sent by him from the Council Chamber at Edinburgh to fetch a paper from his study at St. Andrews, and finding him already there, though all his household denied his arrival; and when, four hours later, this same messenger, riding post-haste, came back to Edinburgh, there was the Archbishop on the stair-head with an angry countenance! Psychological societies did not exist, and of course this was believed to be witchcraft. Still worse, while presiding at a witch-trial, he was asked ominously by the prisoner who was with him in his closet between twelve and one last Saturday night, upon which he

looked much disturbed, and it was said that he confessed to Lord Rothes that his visitor had been "the muckle black deil."

CAMEO I.

Attempt on Sharpe's life. 1668.

The Scotch mind naturally took an Archbishop to be almost synonymous with an archfiend, and Sharpe was held to have betrayed their cause, to be a time-server, and to have instigated all the worst acts of cruelty, just as Laud was held responsible for all the ear-cuttings and fines of the Star Chamber; and Sharpe left no diary like that of Laud to plead his cause, and has only been painted by his enemies, although there is at least one letter extant to Sir Archibald Primrose, the Lord Registrar of Scotland, showing him to have warmly interceded with the King for several of the ministers. And he was engaged on a scheme for toleration when, in the summer of 1668, as he was stepping out of his carriage in the High Street of Edinburgh, a pistol was fired at him, but missing him, broke the arm of the Bishop of Orkney. The man was allowed to escape, and never traced.

Gilbert Burnet, the historian, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, called on the Archbishop to congratulate him on his escape, and found him much moved. "My times are wholly in Thy hand, O God of my life," he said, and Burnet, who hated him, declared this to have been the only pious expression he had ever heard from the Primate. Sharpe was invited to visit the King, and on his return all concerned in the Pentland rising were promised an amnesty on signing what was called a bond of peace, engaging not to take up arms again. Moreover an Indulgence was published, permitting the deprived ministers to return to any vacant kirk and manse, on condition of their only preaching the great truths of the faith, and promoting no sedition or controversy; and to this was added an extremely severe clause against field preaching, or expounding in any house to more than the inhabitants.

The excellent Bishop Leighton of Dumblane procured that a deputation should be sent into the west to preach and explain the Indulgence, but in vain; his people were nicknamed "the Bishop's Evangelists," and, though in the Lothians the Indulgence was accepted gladly, the western folk abused the ministers who were willing to accede to it as Erastians, dumb dogs, and the like.

Thereupon followed an Act making field preaching an offence worthy of death, laying heavy penalties on any attending worship not conducted by an Episcopal or an Indulged minister; and, worst of all, a law was enacted against intercommuning; namely, doing any office of kindness or charity to a Covenanter, who was, in fact, to be what is now called boycotted. Moreover, in Renfrew and Ayr, the lairds were called on to give bail that their servants did not meddle with these "intercommuned." This, the gentlemen in a body replied, was requiring from them the absolutely impossible. Thereupon they were told that if they could not keep order, order must be kept for them. English troops were moved up to the border, Irish kept in readiness at Belfast, and the Highland host, as it was called, 8,000 Roman

CAMEO I.
—
Covenanters' Meetings.
1666.

Catholics, almost savages, were let loose to live at free quarters in these counties. It was thought that this was done on purpose to drive the people into open rebellion, so that they might be exterminated, but they kept quiet, and the Duke of Hamilton headed a deputation to lay the matter before the King. Charles allowed that much evil had been done, but not, he said, contrary to his interests. However, the Highland host was recalled, carrying off a huge amount of spoil: horses, cattle, webs of linen and woollen cloth, bed-clothes, pots, pans, gridirons, silver plate, and all sorts of pillage. Yet so unresisting had been the people that only one life was lost!

Yet the meetings went on in the moorlands, though broken up by the soldiery whenever detected. The Covenanters considered the beautiful green plovers or lapwings their great enemy, for no doubt considering them as bent on disturbing their nests, they swept round uttering their wild cry—Pease weep in Scotch, Pee wit in English—and thus attracted the soldiers, or the Royalist gentry.

Mrs. Smythe of Methven, or as she was termed, Leddy Methven, broke up one of these meetings, riding herself at the head of sixty horse, and providing arms and cannon in case they should besiege her.

Other ladies however attended the conventicles with enthusiasm, though much cannot be said for Mrs. Baillie, the lady whose horse the Life Guardsman, Captain Creichton, saved, and who in her gratitude, when he restored it at sight of her tears, betrayed the names of her neighbours who were present at the preaching, so that they had to make up a purse of hush money to the officers, to prevent fine and confiscation.

Creichton and his friend Grant lived for a year on the proceeds, and do not appear to have felt any scruples as to thus cheating the Government. Nor did such things greatly concern those in higher quarters, though they kept in favour with the King. Sharpe however was made to retire from the Court of High Commission to his own see of St. Andrews, but Rothes received a Dukedom and retired. Lauderdale also became a Duke, and was made Lord High Commissioner. He was a large, bloated-looking man, very well read and clever, but spelling in the most extraordinary manner even for that time, irreverent, coarse and profane; and his wife, a daughter of that Murray who had picked Charles I.'s pockets of his papers, was an extravagant, rapacious woman, on the look-out for fines and exactions. At the time Lauderdale and Rothes were assisting the King in bringing about a marriage between his son, Monmouth, and Anne, the heiress of the Scotts of Buccleuch, the great Border family.

On the whole, for the ten years after the Pentland rising, things were quiet, though there was a smouldering flame beneath. Sharpe however continued to be haunted by the face of the man who had shot at him, and after six years, in 1674, he identified this person as one Mitchell who kept a small shop, not far from the door of the palace. The

CAMEO I.

Trial of Mitchell. 1677.

Primate's brother, Sir William, seized the man, and found two loaded pistols in his possession. He was brought before the Council, and promised his life, when he admitted that he had fired the shot; but he accused no accomplice and no witness could be found, so that the trial did not take place till 1677. Then, one of the Judges, passing near him in going into Court, whispered, "Confess nothing, unless you are sure of your limbs as well as your life."

Mitchell would not repeat his confession, upon which the Privy Council withdrew their protection, and Lauderdale and Rothes declared that they had heard no assurance of life given to him, though the records of the Privy Council at that date distinctly describe the confession on assurance of life.

Sir George Lockhart, an able advocate, did his best in defence of Mitchell, whose mind had become affected, but no defence availed. It was decided to put him to the torture in hopes of unravelling some plot. He received the threat with dignity. "By that torture you may cause me to blaspheme God, as Paul did compel the saints. You may by that torture cause me to speak amiss of your Lordships, to call myself a thief, a murderer or warlock, and what not, and then panel me upon it. But if ye shall, my Lords, put me to it, I here protest that nothing extorted from me by torture shall be made use of against me in judgment, nor have any force against me in law, nor any other person whomsoever."

The torture was applied, but nothing was extracted. Mitchell preserved firmness enough not to utter anything that could accuse others. Probably his act had been entirely one of personal fanaticism, but the assurance, so shamefully disowned, was not permitted to avail him, and he was executed in January, 1678. The greater part of Southern Scotland was tranquil with either Episcopal or Indulged ministers, whose places as they died out would be supplied with ordained ones. The Liturgy was used in few places, in most only the Lord's Prayer, the Doxology and the Creed at Baptism, and good men, like Bishop Leighton, hoped gradually to bring their people back to the Church. The Highlands—except Argyll's country—were almost all Roman Catholic, and the earnest Covenanters were chiefly confined to the south-western hills, and were sternly repressed, but only so as to make the smothered heat more fierce.

CAMEO II.

THE POPISH PLOT.

1678—1680.

England.	*France.*	*Spain.*
1660. Charles II.	1643. Louis XIV.	1650. Charles II.
Germany.		*Pope.*
1658. Leopold I.		1670. Clement X.

CAMEO II.

Tonge and Oates. 1677.

DURING the 16th and 17th centuries, there had been numerous plots and conspiracies, and even more imaginary ones, and no doubt this was the cause of the strange deception and the still stranger hallucination now to be recounted.

There was a certain Dr. Tonge, Rector of St. Michael's, Wood Street, who was haunted, like many men before and since, with imaginations of Jesuits in disguise carrying on nefarious schemes, and who saw with despair the heir of the Crown a professed Romanist. To him repaired one Titus Oates, son to an Anabaptist ribbon weaver, who had held a cure during the commonwealth, but had conformed, and had been ordained after the Restoration. Titus had been educated at Cambridge, was in Holy Orders, and had been a curate in several parishes, and afterwards chaplain on board of a man-of-war, but had lost each situation through misconduct, and had further been shown to be guilty of perjury. In distress, he applied to Dr. Tonge, and agreed with him to lend himself to the detection of the Jesuitical designs in which the Rector believed. For this purpose he feigned conversion to Romanism, and, in 1677, was reconciled by a priest named Berry, and obtained admission to an English theological seminary at Valladolid; but he was a vulgar, licentious man, and in five months was ignominiously expelled. He feigned repentance, was forgiven, and received at St. Omer, where again he offended, and came home in disgrace, but without any intelligence except that he had picked up a report of a meeting of Jesuits in London. It was in fact their ordinary triennial congregation, numbering the thirty-nine eldest members, with their provincial, and had been held with much secrecy in the Duke of York's house, simply for the regular business concerns of the Order. That

Jesuits could meet without meaning mischief to the State no doubt appeared impossible to the Rector, and between the two a statement was worked up of a meeting in an inn in the Strand of all the Jesuits whose names Oates could think of, and for the purpose of murdering the King and overthrowing the English Church. Titus Oates wrote the narrative in Greek letters, Tonge copied it in English, and they then called in one Kirkby, who had assisted the King in chemical experiments.

CAMEO II.
Kirkby.
1678.

Charles was just setting forth for his usual walk in St. James's Park when Kirkby came forward and entreated him to abstain, as his life would be in danger. Charles however had plenty of nonchalant courage, and proceeded on his way as if nothing had happened; but in the evening he sent for the man to the house of one of his boon companions, named Chiffinch, who brought Tonge with his narrative in a huge roll of paper, divided into forty-three articles. The King referred him to the Lord Treasurer, Danby, to whose interrogations Tonge replied that the paper had been thrust under his chamber door! Nevertheless Tonge appeared again after a day or two, and said he had ascertained who were the intending assassins, and could point them out in the street or the park.

Danby wanted to have them arrested; but Charles, who did not believe a word of the story, said that they should be let alone, since a stir was useless, and might only put the notion of murdering him into some foolish fellow's brain.

This coolness and incredulity only stimulated the accusers, and Tonge called upon the Lord Treasurer with the news that some terrible letters to Bedingfield, the Duke of York's confessor, were in the post-office. Danby made haste to intercept them; but the post had been too quick for him; Bedingfield had received the letters, and perceiving them to be forgeries, had shown them to the Duke, who brought them to the King. On comparison with the "narrative," they were proved to have been written by the same hand, words were misspelt in the same manner in each, and that they were a malicious forgery was doubted by none of the Council. Still the Duke wished to have the authors of the plot detected; and, on their side, Tonge and his abettors declared to their dupes that the Jesuits had been so sharp as to withdraw the dangerous letters, and give the Duke these bad forgeries.

Kirkby haunted the Court, but no attention was paid to him, so the next step was to obtain publicity; and with this purpose Titus Oates himself appeared before a justice of the peace—Sir Edmondbury Godfrey—and made his affidavit of the truth of his articles, now swelled to eighty-one. Godfrey probably was as incredulous as every other man of sense, and on examining the list of the accused, he found on it that of Coleman, an agent of the Duke and a friend of his own, and accordingly gave the man warning.

On the story coming up again in another quarter, James was convinced that it had been hatched with a view to his exclusion from the

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Oates's evidence.
1678.

throne, and insisted on its being sifted to the bottom. So Titus Oates was summoned before the Council, and was fitted out with a gown and cassock by Tonge for the occasion. He had a peculiar provincial drawl, making all vowels sound like "a—a"; but he appeared perfectly self-possessed as he proceeded to detail his story. He said—

1st. The Jesuits had undertaken to restore Romanism by rebellion and bloodshed.

2nd. They were raising the Irish to rebellion. Disguised as Presbyterian ministers, they were inciting the Scotch Covenanters. As French partizans, they were stirring the Dutch against the Prince of Orange; and in England they were plotting the murder not only of the King, but of the Duke of York if he would not join them.

3rd. That they had large sums of money paid them by Père la Chaise, the King of France's confessor, and promised by Spain.

4th. That a man called Honest William, together with Pickering, a lay brother, had been commissioned to shoot the King on the 4th of March, and for failing had been well flogged.

5th. That a grand meeting of Jesuits had been held at the White Horse Tavern in the Strand, when various assassins had been selected, and a bribe offered to Sir George Wakeman, the Queen's physician, to bring about the matter quietly.

6th. That he himself had been the bearer of letters containing all these plots between the Jesuits of St. Omer and Valladolid, and had actually met Don John of Austria at Madrid.

7th. That the Jesuits had caused the Fire of London, and were about to burn Wapping and Westminster.

8th. That the Pope had nominated a whole hierarchy of Archbishops and Bishops to take possession of the Church as soon as the King was dead.

The Council listened to this monstrous tissue in utter amazement, and the Duke of York at once called it an utter falsehood and slander; but Danby and Shaftesbury, though they could not possibly have believed in it, saw in it a means of annoying their enemies. Oates was asked for proofs, but he had not a single paper to produce. However he promised plenty of evidence if he might have warrants to seize the persons and papers of those whom he accused.

The next day he was again examined, and in presence of the King, who desired him to describe Don John of Austria.

Oates made a typical Spaniard of him, saying he was tall, lean, and swarthy; at which the royal brothers laughed, for the Duke had been under his command in Flanders, and well knew him to be short, fat, and of light complexion.

"Pray, sir," asked the King, "where did you see La Chaise pay the £10,000?"

"At the house of the Jesuits, close to the Louvre, please your Majesty."

"Man!" exclaimed Charles, "the Jesuits have no house within a mile of the Louvre."

CAMEO II.

Murder of Godfrey. 1678.

These blunders might, it would seem, have utterly discredited Oates; but some of the Council thought fit to lodge him at Whitehall, as he pretended to be in fear of his life; and moreover Coleman, who had fled on Sir Edmondbury Godfrey's warning, had actually left behind him letters from Père la Chaise on the restoration of Romanism, though not by such truculent measures.

The King went off to Newmarket Races, and all would probably have died away save for a strange and inexplicable event. Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, the Westminster magistrate, who had taken Oates' depositions and believed in them, was a prosperous merchant, but he was of a melancholy disposition, and had been alarmed and depressed by the stories he had listened to. On the 12th of October, he set off from his own house on foot for the City, and never returned, though several persons met him walking about in the streets apparently noticing no one. Reports went about on the one hand that he had run away from creditors; on the other, that he had been murdered by the Papists. Search was made by his brothers in vain, till the sixth day, when on Primrose Hill, not far from old St. Pancras Church, his body was found among some stunted bushes in a dry ditch. It was lying on the left side, his own sword had been thrust through his heart so violently that the point protruded at the back, his gloves lay on the bank, his rings and his money were untouched, and his cane was stuck into the ground upright. This looked like suicide; but, on the other hand, there was no blood on the clothes, the shoes did not look as if he had taken an October walk to that distance, and there were spots of white wax such as he did not use himself upon his breeches. On undressing him, a purple crease, as though he had been strangled, was found round his neck, which was broken, and there were bruises on his breast. Blood followed when the sword was drawn out; and the two surgeons who examined the corpse gave evidence that they believed him to have been first strangled, then carried to this spot, and stabbed with his own weapon. Some persons wished for further medical evidence, thinking that the mark on the neck might have been caused by his collar after he had thrown himself upon his sword; but there was nothing so much dreaded by families as a verdict of *felo de se*, as besides the shameful burial, it involved forfeiture of property to the Crown; and the Godfreys would not consent to further examination, nor does it appear how long since the death was thought to have taken place. After two days, during which hundreds of persons had gazed on the body as that of a martyr to the Papists, a verdict of wilful murder against person or persons unknown was returned, and thereupon a fit of frenzy set in on the nation. The white wax, which, as Bishop Burnet remarks, was only used by priests and persons of quality, was held as a conclusive sign that he had been a prisoner to some such persons; and when he was buried, there was a huge procession, headed by seventy-two clergymen in full canonicals; and a funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Lloyd, with another divine, or a man dressed like one, on either

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Funeral of Godfrey. 1678.

side of him to prevent his being murdered in the pulpit by any remarkably adventurous Papist! His text was, "As a man fell before the wicked, so fellest thou!"

Guards were set on all the public places, lest they should be blown up, and medals were struck commemorating the poor gentleman in a very original manner, walking with his head in his hand, like St. Clement, or tied behind a murderer on horseback. Nothing has ever cleared up the mystery. The Roman Catholics assuredly did not murder him; and as every one of their accusers, except Titus Oates, was more or less deceived, it is not likely that they could have been guilty of such an atrocity for the sake of giving colour to the supposed plot. Nor could Oates well have accomplished the deed. Though he was ready to swear away hosts of innocent lives, the actual murder of a man with his own sword is most improbable. Suicide is far more likely, and as the medical authority was—even for the time—ignorant and insufficient, and there was a taint of insanity in the family, this is really the most reasonable idea. Indeed if Oates or any of his closer associates were the first to discover the fact, they were quite capable of producing the appearances on the body for the sake of confirming their allegations.

The effect was decidedly all that they could desire. The Ministers, Danby and Shaftesbury, saw their advantage in promoting the panic, and vied with one another in suggesting defences for the City. Indeed, after a conversation with Shaftesbury, Sir Thomas Player, the Chamberlain, is reported to have said that but for their guards, the Protestant citizens of London might all rise some morning with their throats cut!

Parliament was meeting, as it usually did, for an autumn session, and the King, in his opening speech, only slightly alluded to the Popish plot, saying that any offenders should be dealt with in course of law. He much advised his Ministers to abstain from bringing the matter forward in Parliament, telling them, "You will find you have given the Parliament a handle to ruin yourself as well as to disturb all my affairs, and you will surely live to repent it." Indeed Shaftesbury said, "Let the Lord Treasurer cry as loud as he pleases, and put himself at the head of the plot, I will cry a note louder and soon take his place."

Danby brought on the matter in the House of Lords, so as to be beforehand with Shaftesbury; but that abler person at once took it out of his hands, and induced the House to appoint a Committee of Enquiry, before whom Oates and Tonge appeared, telling the former story, with the notable additions, for it grew every time, that Oliver, the General of the Jesuits, had, with the Pope's authority, appointed the Roman Catholic gentlemen, Lords Arundel, Powys, and Belasys, Sir William Godolphin, Mr. Coleman, and Sir Francis Radcliffe to the great offices of State; and General Lambert to the command of the army.

Several of these persons were of such an age, and others so unquali-

CAMEO II.

The Test Act. 1678.

fied, that no one would have dreamt of selecting them for these offices; but in the state of the public mind this made no difference, and Arundel, Powys, Belasys, together with Lords Stafford and Castlemaine, were all committed to the Tower, even the peers being either too much infected by the panic or too much intimidated to insist on their privilege.

At the same time, Shaftesbury brought in a bill for extending to the Lords the Test Act, which forbade the sitting in Parliament of any one who would not take the Oath of Supremacy, abjuring the Pope, and receive the Holy Communion after the English ritual. As the Roman Catholic Lords were highly respected gentlemen, who had shown themselves loyal cavaliers, there was some demur; but Titus Oates was produced again, and his startling depositions bore down all opposition. Charles gave way to the popular movement, removed his brother from the Council, and undertook to do anything needful to prevent Popery, except to interfere with the course of the succession to the Crown. Titus Oates was called the saviour of the nation, and voted a pension of £1,200 a year; and the London prisons were filled with Romanists, while those who were so fortunate as not to be arrested were banished from the City. All over the country they were summoned before the magistrates and disarmed, and in London chains were prepared to fling across the streets, and all the trained bands called out.

Then the trials began, the most disgraceful that ever took place in English Courts of Law. An advertisement promising pardon and £500 to any one who should reveal the murderer of Godfrey had been issued, and on the 1st of November a letter was received from Newbury, requesting that the writer, William Bedloe, might be taken into custody in the city of Bristol, and be brought to London.

This was done on the understanding that he had important disclosures to make quite independent of those of Oates. He had been a servant of Lord Belasys, and afterwards of various other gentlemen, with whom he had travelled on the Continent; but he had been dismissed from one service after another for dishonesty, and had just come out of Newgate when the proclamation and reward stimulated his invention.

He was examined before the King in Council, and there had the effrontery to declare that though he knew nothing of the plot, yet in Somerset House, where Queen Katharine resided, he had seen the dead body of poor Sir Edmondbury. The English public credited the astute Jesuits with a singular choice of confidants, for Bedloe was believed when he declared that Father Le Fevre had confessed that he and another Father, named Walsh, with the assistance of Lord Belasys' gentleman, and an attendant in the Queen's chapel, had smothered the victim between two pillows, and that the body had lain on Her Majesty's back-stairs for two whole days, that two thousand guineas had been offered him to remove it, but that it was finally taken away by some of the Queen's people.

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Bedloe's deposition. 1678.

The next day, before the House of Lords, he repeated much of this, but contrary to what he had said previously, he declared that Le Fevre had told him of the offices to which the Popish Lords had been appointed.

"The man has had a fresh lesson within the last twenty-four hours," observed the King.

Another lesson must have been suggested that the inquest had decided that Godfrey had not been smothered but strangled; for four days later, Bedloe proceeded to depose that the unfortunate man had been decoyed into the Court at Somerset House at five o'clock in the afternoon, and that the murder was committed soon after by strangling with a linen cravat, and that the body was removed at eleven o'clock on the Monday night. Four thousand pounds had, he said, been offered to him early in October to commit a murder! He added that he could show the very room in Somerset House where he had seen the four murderers standing round the corpse, together with Atkins, clerk to Mr. Pepys at the Admiralty.

The Duke of Monmouth, as the Protestant favourite, went with him to see the room; when the one he pitched upon was the waiting-room of the Queen's footmen, a thoroughfare frequented by every one, never empty throughout the day; and the hour he selected, 5 P.M. on the 12th, happened to be the very time when the King was making a visit to the Queen, with a company of foot-guards in attendance and a sentry at every door.

This might have been enough to discredit the whole ridiculous story, and Charles plainly pronounced Bedloe to be a mere rogue; but the nation was frantic. Shaftesbury encouraged the panic for his own purposes, and the King chose to be passive, and let the madness have its course, rather than excite suspicion of his own Romish inclinations.

So, on the 12th of November, Bedloe, who had begun by never having heard of the plot, came forward with disclosures of having met on his travels all manner of English ecclesiastics, who, as usual, had confided their schemes to him. The King was to be shut up in a monastery and then killed. "Another person, to be disposed of in like manner, unless he would hold the Crown from the Pope, after the example of King John; 10,000 men were to land at Bridlington, to be commanded by Lord Belasys; 20,000 or 30,000 friars and pilgrims from Coruña were to arrive at Milford Haven, to be under the command of Lords Pepys and Petre. Moreover the Dukes of Monmouth, Ormond, and Buckingham, the Earl of Shaftesbury, and Lord Ossory (Ormond's son) were to be assassinated, and 40,000 men were ready to fall on the citizens of London.

All this was swallowed by the terrified Londoners; and the wretched conclave of slanderers took a further step, in which a woman was put forward. Mrs. Elliot, wife to a gentleman of the bedchamber, requested the King to have a private interview with Dr. Oates, who

had something important to communicate. Seeing that the King had no mind for such a *tête-à-tête*, she proceeded to tell him that the doctor would bring the Queen into the plot. The King showing himself much displeased, the impudent woman said she thought His Majesty would be glad to be rid of the Queen on any terms. To which Charles answered, "I never will suffer an innocent lady to be oppressed."

CAMEO II.

Accusation of the Queen. 1678.

On the first token of the spite of the informers turning against his neglected wife, he had brought her back from Somerset House to his own residence at Whitehall.

However the crew who met at the King's Head in Fleet Street did not believe him; for his previous neglect of his wife spoke more plainly than words; and while the world was ignorant of the King's Romish proclivities, Catharine's devotion was manifest in her two chapels. She was supposed to have converted the Duke of York, and in Portuguese chronicles she is praised for this, though she really had nothing to do with it. So Oates proceeded to depose before the King and Council that he had seen a letter from her physician saying that she had consented to her husband's death; and that in August he had been taken to Somerset House, and waited in an ante-chamber with the door ajar, and had heard a conference between the Queen, Lord Belasys, Coleman, and two French priests. He heard a female voice exclaim: "I will no longer suffer such indignities, I am content to join in procuring his death and the propagation of the Catholic faith," and then followed a promise to assist in poisoning the King. He added as corroboration that he had begged to see the Queen, and had not only received a gracious smile, but had heard her ask Father Harcourt if he had received the last ten thousand pounds, and it was the same voice he had heard in the ante-room!

Charles insisted on a close description of the place; and again this proved a confutation, as Oates only described one of the public rooms, in which he could hardly have heard the Queen in her closet, even if she had screamed in a manner only consistent with a stage aside. However Bedloe came with a similar story, of standing below the gallery of the chapel at Somerset House, and hearing the plan concerted by the same company above, and adding that Coleman told him that the Queen had at first wept on hearing of the intended murder of her husband, but had yielded to the arguments of the French priests. He went on to name the bribes offered to Sir George Wakeman, the physician who was to prepare the potion for the Queen to administer.

He was asked why he had not mentioned all this before. He said he had forgotten; but in spite of the King's evident incredulity and indignation, on the very next day, the 20th of November, this recreant clergyman advanced to the bar of the House of Commons, and in his strange pronunciation declared—"I, Titus Oates, a-acuse Caathaarine, Queen of England, of haigh traisun."

There was a thrill either at his effrontery or the magnitude of the crime, and actually, in the Commons, a request was voted that the

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poor lady should be removed from Whitehall, and some added that she should be sent to the Tower. The Lords however had more chivalry and common sense than to concur in such a vote, and only appointed a committee to examine into the very shaky evidence; while the King, most justly offended, ordered that Oates's papers should be seized, and he himself kept in such custody as might prevent his communicating with his associates. This however raised a murmur that the King knew more of the Popish Plot than any one, and though he might laugh at the notion of his sharing in a plot against his own life, there must have been a consciousness that his own opinions would not bear sifting before the Protestant public, and that disclosures of his negotiations at Dover with Louis XIV. might possibly turn the general indignation against himself. It was probably this that made him content himself with shielding the Queen and quashing all proceedings against her, while he permitted frightful injustice to be done to men whom he perfectly well knew to be innocent. He let the tempest spend itself without interfering to save any one except his wife from its fury. So the five peers were impeached for high treason, and an address sent up requesting him to banish *all* Roman Catholics from the realm.

The first trial was unconnected with Oates and Bedloe; but a banker named Staley, a Roman Catholic, on November 14th, had the misfortune to be talking French in a tavern to a foreign gentleman, and the next day, Carstairs, a Scotchman, called upon him, saying he could be accused of high treason, but offering to abstain for a bribe of £200. Staley laughed at this impudence; but in five days was standing at the bar, while Carstairs related the conversation he said he had overheard on the plot, in which Staley was supposed to have said the King was a villain, and should be killed. Bishop Burnet was present, and stood up to say that he knew Carstairs in his own country to be of infamous character, unworthy of credit. The Attorney-General, Jones, started up, crying, "Do you defame the King's witness?" and Burnet was silenced. Poor Staley protested that he had said the plotters, not the King ought to be killed, and it all turned on whether he had used the pronoun *le* or *les*. Of course the Frenchman could have told, but he was kept in custody, and not brought in as a witness. The jury, "all Middlesex gentlemen," did not trouble themselves with the little letter "s," and Mr. Staley was convicted, and suffered death at Tyburn.

Mr. Justice Scroggs was the judge who tried the victims. The next to be brought forward was Coleman, who had undoubtedly meddled in dangerous matters, received money from France, and corresponded in cypher. He was promised pardon if he would make a full confession, on which he gave the key to his cypher, and explained how he had received money from France, as many people had in those days; but as to murderous designs, he neither did nor would confess them, having never known of any. His letters were almost all respecting the Duke of York's succession, and, as a Romanist, it was highly

natural for him to rejoice in them, "that the Protestant religion had never been in so much danger," and "that the Catholic religion had never had such hopes since the death of Queen Mary."

This, of course, was shocking enough to the jury; but Coleman, when confronted with Oates and Bedloe, was able to prove that they had never seen him before in their lives; on which Oates declared that his eyes had been dazzled by the lights on the table, and his memory confused by fatigue.

Nevertheless, Coleman was found guilty, and hanged on the 3rd of December. Next, the five peers were impeached; but their trial was put off, and then five Jesuit priests and one lay brother were brought before Scroggs. Oates deposed that two of these had gone about with "long skrewd pistols and silver bullets champt to render the wound incurable," for the King's benefit. Even the historian, Rapin Thoyras (a Huguenot), thinks their conviction was justified because Oates's evidence was positive and their denial negative.

Absolutely innocent as these victims were, their execution and the cruel injustice done them was the retribution for the crimes of the 16th century. The death of William the Silent, Henri III., and Henri IV., and the Gunpowder Plot, had made the popular mind believe the Romanists capable of any amount of treachery and murder.

"Gentlemen," said Scroggs to the jury, "you have done your duty like very good subjects and good Christians—that is to say, like good Protestants. And now much good may their thirty thousand masses do them!"

Still the actual murder of Godfrey had been saddled upon no one, and Bedloe looked about for two months before he could find a victim. At last, one Wren, who lodged in the house of Miles Prance, a Roman Catholic silversmith, sometimes employed on the ornaments of the Queen's chapel, deposed that his landlord had been absent from home on the supposed day of the murder, on which ground the unfortunate man was apprehended, and Bedloe instantly exclaimed on seeing him, "That is one of the rogues I saw about the body with a dark lantern; but he was then in a periwig!"

Prance was taken to Newgate, though he denied all knowledge of the murder, and proved that he had been absent a whole week before the death of Godfrey. He was however loaded with irons, and so dealt with that he was induced to confess having assisted in the murder, and moreover accused three of the Queen's servants, Green, Berry, and Hill, and two Irish priests, who he said met in a public-house, and agreed to take off Sir Edmondbury Godfrey. It was confirmed that they did meet at the ale-house, but no more. Prance also said that on the morning of the murder, Hill had gone to Sir Edmondbury's house, and made an inquiry there, and this was confirmed by the maid who had answered him. Prance however gave a totally different account of the murder from Bedloe's. He said Girard, one of the priests, had decoyed the magistrate to the railings of Somerset House to stop a fray

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between two men, and there Green first strangled him, and then wrung his neck and punched his breast. Then he was dragged into Dr. Godwin's lodgings, and on the Wednesday carried by Girard and Prance himself in a sedan chair as far as Long Acre, whence Green and Kelly took up the chair, and at Soho the body was placed behind Hill on horseback, and thus carried to Primrose Hill, where the piercing with the sword took place.

He was sent to Somerset House to identify the spots he had mentioned, and like his predecessors, he failed; but he had more conscience than they, and, after a few days, he entreated to be taken before the King ere seeing him in council. Charles caused him to be brought to Chiffinch's house, and shut himself into a private room with him, then opened the door and called on Chiffinch and Richardson to hear what he said. This was, "That all the men he had sworn against were innocent, and all that he had sworn against them false."

"Upon your salvation is it so?" said the King.

"Upon my salvation it is false."

He added that Wren owed him money, and threatened him when he applied for it. As to the confession, as he lay chained in his dungeon, a man had come in and left a candle and a paper with him, with the outline of what he should say, and assurance of being hanged if he did not.

Yet no sooner had he returned to Newgate than the keeper came to tell the King that the miserable creature had retracted, and returned to these accusations.

On this, Dr. Lloyd, who had preached the funeral sermon, and had just beeen made Dean of Bangor, was sent to examine him. He was half dead with cold and fright and the weight of his irons, and crying out, "Not guilty, not guilty;" but when a fire had been lit, and he was placed in a warm bed, he began to make such statements as startled the Dean, who would do no more, though he told Burnet he thought the man sincere. Under the management of the Newgate failers, he completed his accusation and appeared against Green, Hill, and Berry, at their trial.

Mrs. Hill was present, and acted like an able and spirited counsel for her husband; but Scroggs overruled and browbeat her witnesses, and the unhappy men were doomed from the first. Hill and Green were executed first, but Berry, being a Protestant, was respited for a week in hopes of making him confess and accuse others. As before, Charles was absolutely afraid to pardon these men whom he knew to be innocent.

Of course Ireland was to play a part in the affair, and the Duke of Ormond, who, after various changes, was Lord-Lieutenant again, was ordered to put down the plot, and arrest the Romanist Archbishop of Dublin, Lord Mountgarret, and a certain Colonel Peppard. The first two proved to be dying men, one from disease and the other from old age, and Colonel Peppard did not exist at all. Then the informers

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caused the Duke to seize a vessel which they said was loaded with arms, but which turned out to be full of salt; and then as Ormond failed to discover any treason or confiscate any estates, he was accused of "stifling the plot"; but he was bravely defended in Parliament by his son, Lord Ossory; but the Earl of Essex was sent to replace him. Essex was son to the cavalier Lord Capel. But on very poor evidence, he arrested Oliver Plunket, titular Archbishop of Armagh, and sent him for trial to England. The grand jury threw out the bill against him the first time, but fresh false witnesses were suborned, and he was found guilty and executed, declaring his innocence. Essex had besought the King in his behalf. "Then, my Lord, you should not have sent him over," said the King; "his blood is on your conscience. I dare not pardon him."

One person escaped, Atkins, Mr. Pepys' clerk, who was proved to have been supping on board a ship in the river instead of standing beside Godfrey's body.

After this there was a lull. In April, 1679, the articles of impeachment were ready against the five lords, but the case dragged on. In June however a fresh informer was found, Dugdale, once steward to Lord Aston, and the two Jesuits, Whitbread and Fenwick, with three more, Harcourt, Gavan, and Turner, were put upon their trial.

Prance, too, had forgotten his fit of remorse, so that there were now four false witnesses; and Oates improved his evidence by ascribing to Whitbread the observation that he hoped to see the black fool's head laid fast at Whitehall, and if his brother seemed inclined to follow in his steps, he should have his passport too.

The Jesuits showed contradictions in the testimony, made it evident that Oates was totally unworthy of credit, and produced sixteen young men to prove that they had dined with the fellow in the seminary at St. Omer, on the very day when he pretended to have been listening to the treasonable council in London! And two of the others showed by the evidence of the servants that they had not been in England at the time; but all this was overruled. A fire in a house in London had been supposed to be a fresh attempt to burn down the city, and the public mind was in such a state that it was said that if an Apostle had spoken in favour of the prisoners, he would not have been attended to. Gavan demanded the ordeal of walking over red-hot plough-shares; but this was said to have been abolished for six hundred years—no doubt, reckoning from Queen Emma's supposed ordeal in Winchester Cathedral—and was not permitted. They were all sentenced; and the next day a lawyer was tried, Mr. Langhorne, who had come under suspicion because he was a Romanist, and was naturally legal adviser to others. Oates and Bedloe came forward with the usual stories of expressions of approval of the plot, and the witnesses called in his favour were so maltreated by the mob outside that Lord Castlemaine came in to appeal for their protection. Sentence was passed on him by

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Execution of the Jesuits.
1679.

Sir George Jeffreys, Recorder of London, who was thus beginning his career of infamy. The five Jesuits were all executed in a few days. When the ropes were round their necks, there was a cry of "A pardon! a pardon!" but it proved to be only on condition of full confession and denouncing their associates; and as they were not going to act the part of Prance, they all suffered in patience and constancy.

Langhorne was reprieved for a month, while offers of pardon were made to him if he would confess and reveal the amount of property of the Jesuits in England. To this last he consented; but their means only amounted to between twenty and thirty thousand pounds, and Shaftesbury told him that he must make further disclosures to save his life. Accordingly he too suffered.

But the tide was beginning to turn. Chief Justice Scroggs confessed afterwards to have had his doubts as to Mr. Langhorne, and to have perceived that all Bedloe's evidence against him could not be true.

Sir George Wakeman and three monks next were tried; and on this occasion the clerk of the council spoke up unexpectedly when Oates was describing acts of treason committed in his presence. He declared that before the Council, Oates had raised his hands to Heaven and denied any personal knowledge of the physician. This actually led to an acquittal; and Oates and Bedloe were so angry that they declared that they would never again give evidence in a court where Scroggs presided. However the monks were arrested again on a charge of having been ordained in the Church of Rome. Eight clergy of that Church who were accused of being concerned in the plot were executed in provincial towns, two of them over eighty years old.

The Queen must have gone through much grief, sorrow, and alarm during this time; but she had the one great consolation that her husband was kinder and tenderer to her than he had ever been before, and kept her constantly with him. Bedloe absolutely exonerated her when, in 1680, he died, and sent for Chief Justice North to hear his death-bed deposition; but he retracted nothing else, and said the Duke of York was a party to the plot, except as to murdering the King.

Indeed, the whole would have fallen to the ground but for those who wished to drive the King into divorcing the Queen and excluding his brother from the succession.

To keep up the excitement, the first of the five peers, the Earl of Stafford, was tried before the Lords, on his 69th birthday. Monstrous charges were made of his having shared in conversations abroad on murdering the King and invading the country, and a new witness, named Turberville, pretended to have been offered £500 to murder Charles!

The trial lasted seven days. Eighty-six peers were present, fifty-five voted him guilty, thirty-one innocent.

"God's Holy Name be praised," he said. "God's will be done. I will not murmur. God forgive those who have sworn falsely against me!"

CAMEO II.

Death of Lord Stafford. 1679.

Again Charles durst not use his prerogative to save the life of an innocent man, though he interposed to make the manner of death beheading, instead of the ordinary horrible form, and it is hardly credible that the sheriffs of London questioned his right to do this. But the temper of the people had changed. They uncovered their heads as the old man passed to Tower Hill, and when he declared his innocence they cried, "We believe you, my Lord! God bless you, my Lord."

The frenzy was over. The other nobles were released in process of time, and thus ended one of the saddest and most disgraceful passages in our history.

CAMEO III.

THE KILLING TIME.

1679—1685.

England. 1660. Charles II. *France.* 1643. Louis XIV. *Spain.* 1650. Charles II.
Germany. 1658. Leopold I. *Pope.* 1670. Clement X.

CAMEO III. — *The Covenanters.* 1679.

WE are getting into the region made real and vivid to us by the scenes in *Old Mortality*, and it is somewhat invidious to find that much of what is true to life and nature is not also true to fact, although in many respects it will raise Scott's hero higher than he durst place him with the traditions and the partial histories before him.

Resistance to the hierarchy had seemed to be dying out in Scotland, though the more resolute Covenanters still kept up their secret meetings, and the officials of the law kept a strict watch upon them, and availed themselves of every excuse for oppression. One of these officials named William Carmichael, in Fifeshire, was particularly obnoxious, and was accused of citing before his court innocent persons who were known to have scruples about pleading or making oaths, and then fining them for their non-appearance.

A meeting of peasants was held on the 9th of April, 1679, at which a gentleman named William Hackston of Rathillet, was invited to attend. After prayers, and some discussion, he asked why he had been sent for, and was answered by Robert Henderson and Alexander Balfour that it was anent the condition of the shire, the Gospel being quite extinguished there by the faintness of heart produced by Carmichael's violence ; and it was agreed to do something that might scare him from his present course.

He was thought to be a favourite of the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, and something passed about seeking him in the palace, and hanging him over the West Port. There were several meetings for prayer for direction in the matter ; but if the prayers were such as Sir James Turner had overheard, they seem rather to have directed the Almighty than

CAMEO III.
Magus Moor.
1679.

to have asked direction from Him. However, finally a godly weaver, named Alexander Smith, desired them to go forward, and if the Lord saw meet to deliver Carmichael into their hands, He would bring him in their way, and employ them in some work honourable to Heaven and themselves.

Another fast and prayer day was kept on the 1st of May, and they sought out two determined men, who were hiding from the law, John Balfour of Burley, and John Henderson.

Twelve men, with horses and weapons, were collected, Hackston being the only one of rank above a peasant's or farmer's degree, their intention being apparently to frighten Carmichael out of the country, and a field meeting was fixed for the Sabbath after their attempt should have succeeded, to give thanks for the deliverance.

The twelve waited in a house, sending one of their number to Cupar to watch Carmichael, and at 7 A.M. he brought them word that the commissioner was gone out to hunt on Turrit Hill; but by the time they had gone out to intercept him, some alarm had reached him, and he had gone back to Cupar. Still, they believed that there was some work to be done, especially John Balfour, who said that he was pressed in spirit, and that the words, "Go and prosper" were borne in upon him.

In this awful state of self-deception, when a boy came to tell them that the Archbishop's coach was on its way, these men believed that here was the victim to be delivered into their hands, and they resolved on lying in wait for him on Magus Moor, a wide, dreary flat district, far from any help.

Meantime the Archbishop, with his daughter Isabel, was on his way. He had rested at the village of Ceres, and smoked a pipe with the parson; then driving on, as he passed the house of an enemy, he said, "There lives an ill-natured man. God preserve us, my child."

By and by a horseman galloped furiously up, looked in, and fired his pistol into the carriage. The coachman drove on hastily, but the whole party came up, firing volley after volley, till they thought they had done the deed, and were riding off, when they heard voices within, which showed them that their unpractised hands had done little harm in the great cumbrous coach. They turned back again, and commanded, "Judas, come forth." He did not move, but though he had a sword and pistols, the regular equipment of a coach, he did not try to use them, as he was forced out on the ground. Seeing Hackston sitting apart on horseback, with his cloak wrapped about his mouth, the old man crept to him, saying, "You are a gentleman; you will save my life!"

"I will not lay a hand on you," was all Hackston said, but he made no attempt to protect the suppliant, but sat motionless, while another party held the poor daughter, as she struggled to reach her father, during the dreadful forty-five minutes while, with clumsy hands and blunt

CAMEO III.
Murder of Archbishop Sharpe.
1679.

weapons, the murderers were hacking and hewing at their victim. When life was at length extinct, they rifled the carriage, not as robbers, but in search of tokens of his compact with Satan! They found some yellow-coloured thread, like parings of nails, that would not burn, probably belonging to his daughter's needlework. Also, when they opened his tobacco-box, a bee flew out, and this they had no doubt was his familiar spirit.

No one had disturbed them, which they regarded as a special interposition of Providence, and they rode off to a house three miles distant, called the Tenebits, where they spent the evening in prayer, not for forgiveness, but of thanksgiving, for having been, as they thought, guided to a great work.

Then they rode off in the face of day. One of them, William Daniel, hid in an empty house, where a gentlewoman and her daughters brought him food at night, and where he lived in a rapture, in which he believed that it was revealed to him that the Indulgence was hatched in hell to ruin the kirk! Fifeshire was for the most part loyal, under good Bishop Leighton, and the object of the assassins was to reach their brethren in the west. They considered it an inspiration that they pretended to be a troop sent out in search of the murderers, and Hackston, who had been an officer and a dissipated one, played the captain. At the hostel in Dumblane they called for brandy and the clerk of the peace, and actually made inquiries in a jesting tone on the appearance of the fugitives. The clerk, in his merriment, struck perhaps with the accordance of the description, said, "You are one of them," and added to John Balfour, "You are he that fired the first shot."

"If all Dumblane had been here, they could not have judged more right," said Balfour, with a grim laugh.

The clerk found them such good company, that he ordered another gill of brandy, and whispered to them that he could put them on the track of some more Whigs; and they rode out of the city with the general good will of the inhabitants. At Kippen, in Stirlingshire, they were among Covenanters of their own description, and the Sunday saw an armed field meeting ending in a skirmish—but not of importance.

A far more serious matter was at hand however. The murder of the Archbishop was in the eyes of the loyal a horrible sacrilege, and it of course quickened the severity of the authorities. In one district it would have been very hard to have increased it. The steward of the town of Dumfries was Sir Robert Grierson of Lag, the real original of the terrible Sir Robert Redgauntlet, of Wandering Will's tale, and, like him, with the horse shoe on the brow. He was a man of education, but vicious and licentious to the last degree, and horribly savage. Legends survive of his hanging Covenanters to an iron hook, and rolling them down a hill like Regulus in a barrel stuck with knife blades. His wickedness, even authentically proved, is appalling.

CAMEO III.

Claverhouse. 1679.

The officer in command of the regular troops in this district was John Graham of Claverhouse, a kinsman of the Marquis of Montrose, at whose intercession he had received a commission and the command of a troop of dragoons, after having served under the Prince of Orange, whose life he had saved in the battle of Seneff. He was about thirty-five years old, of a singularly beautiful countenance, with delicate, almost boyish features and complexion, large dark eyes, and dark hair, curled—no doubt to avoid the hideous wig—by twisting his locks round lead weights at night, and with a small, slight, active figure. His manners were unusually quiet, gentle, and courteous, his way of life, pure and blameless, and his habits so religious, that they were remarked with surprise by a Presbyterian lady who lodged in the same house at Edinburgh.

Under the orders of Grierson, or Lag, as he was more commonly called, and forced to be on civil terms with him, Claverhouse was supposed to be a sharer and approver of his atrocities, and has come in for an unmerited amount of popular execration. He was supposed to be proof against steel and leaden bullet, and to be possessed of a huge black horse, the gift of Satan, and able, like Douglas Tyneman, "to charge perpendicularly up hill"—and all the most horrible stories of cruelty were laid to his charge; whereas nothing is really proved, but that he carried out the orders of the authorities in an active, honourable, and generally unflinching manner.

In the March before the murder of the Archbishop, he was appointed, together with Andrew Bruce, of Earl's Hall, to the deputy sheriffdom of Dumfriesshire under the Duke of Queensberry, and had been already aware that some scheme was afloat among the Covenanters when the terrible tidings of the tragedy of Magus Moor arrived.

Activity was quickened, and on the 29th of May, Claverhouse was at Falkirk, and sent a despatch mentioning his intention of joining Lord Ross to break up a field meeting from eighteen parishes on the ensuing Sunday.

The spot was Loudon Hill, the place where the counties of Ayr, Lanark, and Renfrew meet; two miles to the east lay the farm of Drumclog, chiefly of swampy moorland, but sloping down to a marshy hollow, through which ran a stream edged with stunted alder bushes. Behind these were ranged the Covenanters, commanded by Hamilton, not as hitherto praying and preaching, and scattering at sight of the soldiers, but in order of battle, and with no women in sight. There were three lines, the first with guns or pistols the second with pikes, the third with goads, pitchforks, or scythes set on poles, and with a few mounted men on either flank, commanded by Balfour of Burley.

How well we know the scene as Scott has drawn it, with Moreton, Mause Headrigg, and Cuddie on the height above as captives, and Mause endeavouring to declaim, and vowing, "I will not peace at the word of any clod of earth, though it be painted as red as a brick of

CAMEO III.
—
Drumclog.
1679.

Babylon, and ca' itself corporal," and the gallant young Cornet Graham riding out with the white flag of truce, and shot down by the ruthless Covenanters.

The incident comes from the great magician's imagination. There was no nephew of Claverhouse's present, no flag of truce sent, only two troopers rode forward to reconnoitre. He seems to have had about 250 men, the Covenanters about 1000, with every advantage of ground. There was a sharp exchange of musketry, and the troopers in parties tried to find a place fit for crossing the stream, but in vain; and they were only picked off themselves by the farmers, who were fair marksmen, and had the advantage over horses entangled in boggy ground. There were crossings however known to the Covenanters, and over these Burley advanced on the one side with the horse, William Cleveland, only sixteen years old, on the other, with the foot. Then there was a general *mêlee*, in which numbers told, and the heavy cavalry do little. With great difficulty Claverhouse saved the colours; and his horse, though fatally wounded by a pitchfork, carried him out of the fight, when he had done all he could to retrieve the day and rally his men. He had lost two officers and about ten men of the Life Guards; the dragoons enough to make the number amount to thirty-six.

The Covenanters found a body with a shirt marked R. Graham, and mangled it with the idea that it was Claverhouse's, and afterwards a story arose that this person had refused to feed his dog at breakfast at Strathaven, meaning to gorge it with Covenanters' flesh, but was instead himself torn by its fangs.

As the horsemen reached Strathaven, they heard their late prisoner, John King, leading a triumphant Psalm, which he interrupted to shout to them "to stay the afternoon sermon." His flock tried to make them do so by force: but they rallied, fell on the townspeople, and broke through, never halting till they reached the garrison at Glasgow, where Claverhouse wrote a hurried despatch, in spelling as bad as Lauderdale's, and ending, "My Lord, I am so wearied and sleepy, that I have written this very confusedly. This may be counted the beginning of the rebellion in my opinion."

He was right. The Covenanters were full of exultation. They had given no quarter, and there were but seven prisoners, five of whom had been allowed to depart, when Hamilton came up, and slew one of the others with his own hand, rating his men for allowing any of "Babel's brats" to escape. The leaders spent the night at Lord Loudon's house. He had absented himself, but they were hospitably entertained by the lady. Then they proceeded to Glasgow, their numbers swelling fast on the way as the news of their success spread, so that they amounted to 6000; but Claverhouse had had time to barricade the streets, and especially the Gallowgate Bridge, and beat them off, so that all that they could do was to take down the heads and limbs of their fellows, which were exposed on spikes, and bury them as those of martyrs.

CAMEO III.

Advance of the Covenanters. 1679.

Orders reached Claverhouse to take the garrison of Glasgow to Stirling, where Lord Linlithgow was in command, and the Council at Edinburgh called out the militia, guarded Edinburgh, and sent an urgent despatch to London to beg for more troops.

The Covenanters meanwhile moved aimlessly about from place to place, not exactly besieging Tillietudlem, but quarrelling quite as much among themselves, and as uncertain who was their leader, as is represented in *Old Mortality*. Robert Hamilton seems to have put himself foremost, not through any military qualities, but as the most furious and violent in language; and viewing not only Papists and Prelatists, but moderate Presbyterians, as Amalekites, whom it was absolutely sinful to spare; and yet his "*Faithful Contendings Displayed*" show him to have been an earnestly devout and pious man. To add to the other divisions in the camp, a large party from Ayrshire was brought by a minister named John Welsh, great grandson to John Knox, and the first deprived pastor, who had held field preachings, as he had done constantly for twenty years in the parish of Irongray, so that he was obliged to be always guarded by men with swords and pistols. But he was a reasonable and moderate man, who held that it was wrong to denounce the wrath of Heaven upon indulged ministers until a General Assembly should have condemned their action. This roused hot opposition and anger, and was supposed to bring a curse upon the host, like the sin of Achan.

Meantime it had been decided by the Court that the true mercy was to send so large an army as effectually to crush all opposition. It numbered 15,000, and the command was given to the Duke of Monmouth, who was called in Scotland Duke of Buccleuch. He was deeply tainted with the licentiousness of the times, but he was very popular, having his mother's good looks, and his father's charm of manner and good nature; and in contrast to his uncle, he was called the Protestant Duke, while some sanguine persons entertained a hope that a valid marriage with his mother might be proved, and he might become heir to the throne.

On his arrival in Scotland, the Council thought him far too lenient and humane, and sent to beg that fierce old Dalziel might be joined with him; but the commission had not arrived when the troops set forth under Monmouth in the end of June, 1679.

Montrose commanded the cavalry, and his kinsman Claverhouse was with him, Linlithgow commanded the foot, and many Scottish nobles and gentlemen had joined the army, as they marched towards the Clyde. The Covenanters had crossed that river by Bothwell Bridge, and were encamped on Hamilton Moss. There, in a barn, there had been a hot dispute on the subjects for humiliation on a fast day; and moreover, some of the moderate mentioned that tidings had been sent from friends in Edinburgh that the Duke of Monmouth was prepared to treat and be merciful. This filled the fanatics with rage. Hamilton declared that he drew the sword as much against the curates and minions of the

CAMEO III.
Bothwell Bridge. 1679.

Indulgence, as against the dragoons, and finding himself in a minority, went away with his friends in a rage, and employed himself in directing the erection of a monstrous gibbet, with cart-loads of coils of rope under it. Welsh, in the meantime, with two other reasonable men, Hume and Ferguson, had gone into the royal camp, and begged to see Monmouth. He received them courteously, and listened to a paper with a statement of their grievances and demands, all perfectly rational and moderate as he allowed; but he told them that he could not treat with armed rebels. If they would lay down their arms, they might hope for present pardon and future toleration; and he gave them half an hour to carry his message to their fellows, and return their answer.

They found confusion worse confounded, and Hamilton so far from listening to them, as to be ready to give them the first taste of his gibbet. Monmouth, after waiting the appointed time, sent the Foot Guards towards the bridge. This was only twelve feet wide, and the river was bordered with alder bushes on a rough bank, so that—

> "One hour of Wallace wight,
> Or well-skilled Bruce to rule the fight."

would have perfectly secured the position, though they had but one gun.

Hackston had been a soldier, and Balfour had a little common sense. The first defended the gatehouse on the bridge, the second the alder bank, each with the very few men capable of seconding them. Hackston kept his post till his powder was exhausted, and when he sent for more, he only received orders to fall back; and he then found the main body dismissing their leaders, and disputing as to who should succeed them. Of course the troops crossed the bridge at their leisure, while their cannon played upon the disordered masses of country folk. One party of Galloway men tried to draw into order and resist the Life Guards, but Hamilton ordered them back, and was foremost in taking flight, leaving the more reasonable men to wonder whether he were most coward, traitor, or fool.

Monmouth ordered quarter to be given whenever it was asked, but the more cruel and violent of his men struck and trampled, so that 400 or 500 rebels seem to have been slain; 1,200 however surrendered, and a great many more fled, and were allowed by the Duke to escape. He recalled his cavalry when only half a mile from the field in pursuit, in mercy to the poor deluded folk. When General Dalziel arrived the next day, he was much displeased. "Had I been a day sooner," he said, "these rogues should never have troubled his Majesty or the kingdom any more."

1,200 were marched, roped together, to Edinburgh, and as no jail could hold them, were penned up in Grey Friars' churchyard. There must have been much discomfort, but these were the longest days of summer, and the prisoners had been voluntarily camping out without

CAMEO III.
The Cameronians 1680.

tents or shelter for weeks past. Most of them were released on giving security to keep the peace, others were deported to the West Indies, and only seven suffered death, all ministers, as prime movers of mischief, two at Edinburgh, five, by way of reprisals, at Magus Moor.

After this there was a lull, during which the Scottish Treasury complained that Claverhouse had not paid in the fines he had received, and he went to London to justify himself, which he did so completely that he was, by the King's command, restored to all his employments.

Meantime, the Duke of York had arrived, in fact, because the English mind had not recovered from the agitation of the Popish plot. He was far more harsh than Monmouth, and little liked. Moreover, his Romanism was offensive to almost all, and his young wife, Mary Beatrice of Modena, not unnaturally objected to the rude old Dalziel being seated at her table.

"Madam," said the veteran, "I have sat at the Emperor of Austria's table where your father would have stood behind my chair," alluding to his rank in the Imperial Army being higher than that of the Duke of Modena.

While he was absent, Richard Cameron, a minister who had become the foremost of the extreme party, devised a Declaration, declaring that the wrath of Heaven had visited the nation for submitting to an ungodly tyrant like Charles Stuart, and going on solemnly to renounce and declare war upon the King and Duke of York. This was first produced publicly on the 22nd of June, 1680, at Sanquhar, whence it is known as the Sanquhar Declaration, and at the Torwood, near Stirling, Cameron further pronounced sentence of excommunication upon King Charles and his brother, delivering them up to Satan. After this a league for mutual defence was signed among these ardent spirits, who were thus marked men, outlaws who lived as wanderers amid the wilds and mosses, aided by the peasants who sympathized with them, even when they did not share their courage. At Aird's Moss, in Ayrshire, June 22nd, 1681, seventy of them were encountered by Claverhouse's Lieutenant, Bruce. Cameron prayed aloud, and declared, "I see Heaven's gates open to receive all such as shall die this day." Hackston was there and fought desperately; but was struck down and made prisoner, and Cameron had the happier fate of being killed on the spot. His head and hands were cut off and carried on pikes before Hackston into Edinburgh. He was honoured as a martyr with passionate veneration, and his name descended to his followers.

Hackston could have no hope of pardon, though he had not himself laid hands on the Archbishop, for he had not raised voice or finger for his protection. He showed himself undaunted at his trial. When reproached by the Chancellor with the dissipations of his youth, he answered, "Then I was acceptable to your lordship. I lost your favour when I renounced my vices."

As to the death of the Archbishop, he declared that Heaven was

CAMEO III. *Cargill.* 1680.

judge which was the greater murderer, himself or those who tried him. All the cruelty of executions for treason was wreaked on him. Strangely enough, the only other of the band who was seized and executed was the man who had held back the daughter, and this the Covenanters held to be punishment, because these two had not actually shed the blood of him who was viewed as Judas.

Donald Cargill became the Cameronian leader, but was soon betrayed by a Dumfries gentleman, and executed at Edinburgh. The Cameronians are said to have taken refuge among the old Moss troopers on the Border, some of whom were still Roman Catholic, and had hardly renounced their lawless habits. The Cameronians are said to have converted them, perhaps because their faith was the most adverse to the English, but they also made them pious men.

These wild fanatics became the saints of the popular Scottish calendar, because of their constancy and martyrlike death. Yet what did they protest against? It was simply the form of Church government, which in their madness they identified with the idolatry of Baal. It was no doubt severely enforced, and often by evil men. And they expected it to lead to the overthrow of Calvinism; but it was mere frenzy in some, mere ignorance and party spirit in others, that led them, even on their own ground, to die rather than own a Bishop, or even listen to a Presbyterian licensed by the State. The enthusiastic admiration lavished on them is surely misplaced when we analyse their cause.

The French and Dutch Calvinists died for witnessing against the absolute corruptions of Rome; but these men were not called on to accept any such thing. Even their fathers who framed the first Covenant had more reason, for they were prejudiced against the Prayer-book, but these were not even asked to accept the Liturgy. Their whole cause for rebellion was simply the appointment of Bishops, and the Indulgence of their own ministers! Noble qualities might be displayed, but in a cause hardly worthy of them, though the feeling of an imaginative people has surrounded them with a halo of romance. These latter years of Charles II. are known in history as "the Killing-time," and it is popularly believed that Claverhouse did nothing but ride over Scotland with his Life Guards like a sort of Nero, hunting out innocent martyrs, and torturing them to death.

Now, in the first place, it was only the wild west that was disaffected. The rest of the Lowlands were in no temper to peril life and goods, and kept their indulged ministers, or saw them replaced on their death by Episcopal clergy without obstruction. Next, torture does not seem to have been employed after the Pentland Rising, when there was good ground for suspecting treasonable practices with the Dutch. Lastly, Claverhouse only obeyed orders as an officer, and was never unnecessarily violent or unmerciful, nor did he ever practice extortion for his own profit like most of his contemporaries.

The law over his head was terrible, but still its enactments were not

unprovoked. A declaration was put forth by the Cameronians in 1684 of their intention to do to their enemies, both civil and military, as had been done to them, and they showed themselves in earnest by deliberately murdering two soldiers of the Life Guards who fell into their hands. An Act was hastily passed, sentencing any person who would not disown this treasonable declaration to instant death, whether he had arms or not.

One person who was shot on this Act was John Brown, called the Christian carrier, who had been in hiding on the hills. The despatch from Claverhouse to the Duke of Queensberry relates the having pursued two fellows across the Mosses, till they were seized, when John Brown, the elder of the two, refused to take the oath, or to swear not to rise in arms against the King, but said he knew no King—"upon which, there being found bullets and matches in his house and treasonable papers, I caused shoot him dead, which he suffered very unconcernedly." The other man, his nephew, offered to take the oath, and, on promise of his life, confessed to having been with his uncle in a late affray, mentioning others likewise engaged, so that he was taken away as a prisoner.

A piteous story was current among the Covenanters, not always agreeing in the different versions, of the good man shot by his own door, in sight of his wife and child; which of course may have been too true; but it was added that Brown's last prayer was such that it ever after haunted the leader. One account moreover said that he was shot by a file of six soldiers, the other that they refused, and that Claverhouse pistolled him himself. No doubt it was a sad affair, and Brown was probably a pious man, but in the fanatical covenanting, rebel fashion, and as the law stood, there was no choice but to execute him, and there is no evidence of additional brutality save in the later tradition.

Another story of cruelty is quite unjustly saddled on him, for he was far distant from the spot, and had no concern in it. The law had made it high treason to refuse to abjure the Covenant or to attend the parish church, and the mode of execution for women in Scotland was drowning. Two women, Margaret Maclauchan and Margaret Wilson, were brought before the magistrates, among whom was Claverhouse's brother, David Graham, the Deputy Sheriff, and the savage Robert Grierson of Lag.

There was no choice but to sentence the women. However the matter was sent to the Council at Edinburgh, and on the 30th of April a reprieve was prepared, but without stating how long it was to last. Either it never reached Wigton, or the period had elapsed by the 14th of May, for on that day the women were tied to stakes in the sands of the Solway Firth, so as to be drowned by the advancing tide.

It is said that they were entreated to save their lives by only saying "God save the King," and that their friends pleaded with them that

CAMEO III. *The Wigton Martyrs.*

there could be no sin in so doing. "But not at the bidding of every profligate," said the elder Margaret, and they sang Psalms together till the waves had washed over her. The younger one said something, and was dragged ashore; but she still held fast to her resolution, and was returned to the waves. Her body was recovered and buried, and later the inscription on her gravestone recorded that here lay the body of Margaret Wilson, who was drowned in the water of the Bledmock on the 11th of May, by the Laird of Lag.

"Murdered for owning Christ supreme,
Head of His Church, and no more crime
But her not owning Prelacy,
And not abjuring Presbytery.
Within the sea, tied to a stake,
She suffered for CHRIST JESUS' sake."

Kirk and stone are both gone, but an obelisk has been erected in their place. Some fifteen or sixteen persons altogether are said to have actually been put to death for refusing to bless the King. One woman to whom the Duke of York sent an offer of pardon if she would only say the words, declared she knew there was no blessing for him, and she would not take God's Name in vain, and another that she would not bless that idol, nor own any King but Christ, and so she was hanged, but the Duke stopped this persecution.

The killing time was not entirely on the royal side. Peter Peirson, minister of Carnphairn, a somewhat surly man, was murdered by an armed party at his own door, and a week later the same men broke into Kirkcudbright, killed the sentinel and rescued the prisoners, going off beating the town drum in triumph. That when four of these men were taken at Auchenley at a prayer meeting, two were instantly shot, two hanged at Kirkcudbright, was scarcely an act of unusual cruelty. Taking all together, there was a fanatic and violent party, whom the Government repressed by harsh enactments, which were carried out sternly; but on the whole Claverhouse was more inclined to be merciful and just than were most of those concerned in this miserable state of affairs, when men and women suffered as martyrs for mistaken notions of the truth, and the cause of the Church was taken up by evil statesmen and a dissolute king.

In 1681, the Duke assembled the Scottish Parliament, which secured his succession to the throne, but prepared a Test Act, declaring attachment to Protestantism, but renouncing the Covenant. The terms were such that eighty Episcopal Clergy scrupled at them, and so did the Earl of Argyll; but he afterwards accepted it, with the reservation that he was not to be debarred from making improvements in Church or State. This was called by his enemies leasing making, and sowing discord, between King and people; he was tried before a jury, with Montrose, his hereditary enemy, as foreman, and condemned to death; but his daughter, Lady Sophia Lindsay, contrived his escape by an exchange

of clothes with her footman. Some of the Council actually proposed that the lady should be whipped through Edinburgh, but James would not hear of such brutality.

CAMEO III.
Escape of Argyll.

The Bass rock, bearing a castle projecting into the sea, fearfully desolate and cold, became for many years the prison of the Covenanters

CAMEO IV.

IRELAND AT THE RESTORATION.

1660–1683.

England.	*France.*	*Spain.*
1660. Charles II.	1643. Louis XIV.	1650. Charles II.
Germany.		*Pope.*
1658. Leopold I.		1670. Clement X.

CAMEO IV.
—
The Restoration in Ireland.
1660.

WHEN it was probable that the Restoration would take place in England, the Irish Whigs held consultation, most of them being men who had become wealthy through the confiscations under Cromwell.

The chief mover was Lord Broghill, a man who had played a double part, his inclinations being to the monarchy, though he had, between self-interest and impatience at mismanagement, joined the ascendant party. During the domination of Cromwell he had amused himself with writing a romance called *Parthenissa*, on the lengthy Scudery model, and at the same time he had corresponded with the Cavaliers and had done his best for them.

On Cromwell's death, he took counsel with the Puritan generals, especially Sir Charles Coote, and they were on the point of sending an invitation to Charles, when they found that England was beforehand with them, and all they had to do was to send £20,000 to the King, £4,000 to the Duke of York, and £2,000 to the Duke of Gloucester.

The condition of things was very strange. Ireland had always been a land of division and hatred, between tribe and tribe, Kelt and Dane, native and English, old inhabitant and Scot, Romanist and Protestant, and now the Cromwellian settlers were a fresh element of combustion among the Protestants.

Families ejected for their opposition to the English clamoured for restoration, and some took the law into their own hands, so that private wars began, and a fresh rebellion was expected. In the Act of Indemnity, the Cromwellians, as the least mischievous element, were secured by the clause that no estates disposed of by the Parliament of Convention should be restored to the former owners, and it was with

difficulty that a clause was inserted in favour of the Marquis of Ormond and other loyal Protestants; but for the loyal Roman Catholic nobility—who had really stood aloof from the massacres—there was no redress, for it would have been both unsafe and impossible to oust the Cromwellians in possession.

Lord Broghill, Sir John Clotworthy, and Sir Arthur Mervyn devised a scheme for forming the forfeited lands, not hitherto appropriated, into a common stock, whence the deserving might be compensated. Expelled Protestants and innocent Roman Catholics were to have their own again—the dispossessed holders receiving the compensation—only where the estates lay within a town with a corporation, the Papist was not to return thither, but to have an equivalent elsewhere. Charles was thankful for the arrangement, and Lord Broghill was rewarded by being created Earl of Orrery. It might have been fairly equitable had it been properly carried out, but the commissioners were all strong in the Protestant interest, and had little or no sense of justice towards those whom they systematically desired to depress, and thus they took every means—often most unfair—of eluding due treatment of the Romanists. Moreover the strange notions of political economy then prevalent led to the opinion that to encourage Ireland and make it prosperous would be to interfere with the trade and agriculture of England, and thus that the cattle and the linen of Ireland must not be imported, except under heavy duties, to protect the English farmer and manufacturer, thus condemning the Irish to poverty and idleness; and the Cromwellian settlers, being more English than Irish, undertook to discourage all attempts to secure an English market for Irish produce.

The Presbyterians in the north petitioned for the continuance of their system; but Charles had no mind to consent, and restored the Church to its former status. Eight bishops survived, among them the excellent Bramhall of Derry, who was appointed Archbishop of Armagh, and the saintly Jeremy Taylor, one of the most eloquent prose writers in the English language, received the see of Down and Connor, and was likewise made Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin. To him also was committed the preaching of the sermon at his own consecration, together with eleven others, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, an event, as he observed, unparalleled even in the time of St. Patrick, who was said to have ordained 5,000 priests and consecrated 350 bishops. At this time Ireland had four archbishops and seventeen bishops, but there was great difficulty in obtaining, not merely of the temporalities of the see, but of the necessary ornaments of the Church, and between Romanists and sectarians of all shades, their position was extremely difficult and perplexing.

The bishops, with some hope of converting the Roman Catholics, persuaded Jeremy Taylor to write a *Dissuasive from Popery*, which shows a very low opinion of the intelligence and morals of the Irish. He says, "They can give no account of their religion, what it is, only they believe as their priests bid them, and go to mass, which they

CAMEO IV.
Irish Parliament. 1661.

understand not, and reckon their beads to tell the number and the tale of their prayers, and abstain from eggs and flesh in Lent, and visit St. Patrick's well, and leave pins and ribbons, yarn or thread in their holy wells, and pray to God, St. Mary, and St. Patrick, St. Columbanus and St. Bridget, and desire to be buried with St. Francis' cord about them, and to fast on Saturdays in honour of our Lady."

As an instance of their superstition, he mentions that he had frequent applications for the restoration of a bell, which a person of quality had got into his own hands during the rebellion. An old man belonging to the family who had always had the custody of this bell was said not to be able to die in peace unless it was rung to him, and, on further inquiry, it appeared that the bell was said to have come from Heaven, that an oath upon it was absolutely inviolable, and that if rung before the corpse at a funeral, it diminished the period of purgatory, so that hiring out had brought an income to the proprietors. It does not appear whether Bishop Taylor obtained restitution for them.

The Cromwellian soldiers were not very superior to the peasant in education. One of them, a justice of the peace, spelt the word *usage, yowsitch,* and on being remonstrated with, said, "Nobody could spell with pens made from the quills of Irish geese."

Several of these illiterate men were elected to the new Irish Parliament, which was a strange collection, including likewise a few Roman Catholics, whom the new settlers extremely hated.

On the 17th of January, 1661, it was opened by the Lord Justices, the Marquis of Ormond, the Earl of Orrery, and the Earl of Mountrath, the title conferred on Coote. All rode in great solemnity to St. Patrick's to hear a sermon from Jeremy Taylor, and then dined in state at Chichester House. Then came the detailed carrying out of the settlement of estates before mentioned, a matter resulting in a great deal of flagrant injustice, as the principle seemed to be that the preference was always to be given to the Protestant, be his claim what it might; and, at the same time, these Protestants, being for the most part Presbyterian and Puritan, were extremely discontented that the Church was to recover her property.

A plot was actually hatched among them, in which was concerned Blood, who afterwards endeavoured to seize the Crown jewels, and with him a brother-in-law of Ludlow, named Kempson, and another old Cromwellian colonel, Alexander Jephson. At a meeting of these and others, among whom was one Sir Theophilus Jones, Jephson, laying his hand on a large sword which he had not worn for thirteen years, declared that he was going to Dublin to adventure his life to secure the English interest. Sir Theophilus Jones objected that an army was wanting, but Jephson said 1,000 horses were in Dublin ready to join them as soon as a flag was put up to show that the Castle was taken, and that there were six ministers going about Dublin in perukes, which they laid aside at prayers, who were to prevent pillage. A thousand copies were printed of a Declaration that the undertaking

was on account of the encouragement given to Popery, and that the English should enjoy their estates. He added that they should overturn the three kingdoms, and that the word to be given on taking the Castle was "For the King and the English interest"; and he urged Jones to take the command of the army which did not exist.

On the contrary, Sir Theophilus at once wrote down all this truly Hibernian project and forwarded it to Ormond, now a Duke and Lord Lieutenant.

About eighty old soldiers were on various pretences to wait about the Castle, and one, as a baker, was to let fall a basket of white bread, for which it was expected the soldiers would scramble, so that the disguised troopers could force their way in. However twelve hours before the time fixed, the Duke of Ormond had Jephson seized, with most of the others; but Blood escaped, and wandered about in county Wicklow. Jephson and two more of the conspirators were executed. Perhaps this made it plain that Protestants could be as dangerous as Roman Catholics.

The Castle would have been easily seized, for it was in miserable repair, and the Duke of Ormond was obliged to live in a house belonging to the Phœnix Park. This house and park, Lady Castlemaine persuaded the King to grant to her; but Ormond would not pass the warrant, and going over to England, explained the case to Charles, and induced him to revoke it. In a towering rage Lady Castlemaine fell on the Duke, abused him violently, and told him she hoped to live to see him hanged. To which he replied, "that he was not in so much haste to put an end to her days, for all he wished, with regard to her, was that he might live to see her grow old."

In 1666 a Bill was brought into the English Parliament to forbid the importation of Irish cattle. It had not yet passed, when, after the Fire of London, the Irish, moved by the distress it occasioned, sent 30,000 head of oxen as a free gift; but the bitter national prejudice imagined this benefaction to be only an attempt to elude the prohibition, and only the faster did the Bill pass the House, declaring Irish cattle a nuisance. The Lords wanted to change the word into a detriment and a felony, and there was a hot dispute between the Houses on the mere word, in the course of which Buckingham said no one could oppose the Bill but such as had Irish estates or an Irish understanding. Lord Ossory, Ormond's son, on this challenged Buckingham; but that Duke complained to the House, and obtained that Ossory should be sent to the Tower. Charles felt obliged to pass the Bill, nuisance and all, contrary to his better judgment, but tried to compensate the Irish by permitting exportations to any country except England.

Ormond then tried, like Stafford before him, to promote the culture of flax; but English jealousy again interfered. Lord Orrery dealt with the Cabal against him, and he was recalled in 1668. Lord

CAMEO IV.
Lord Berkley.
1666.

Robarts of Truro was then sent out, but proved incapable. Then followed Lord Berkley, against whom there was a clamour for not maintaining the Protestant ascendency; but he was held to be too much inclined to favour the Romanists, among whom there was a desperate quarrel at this time—one party disclaiming the temporal authority of the Pope in civil matters, and the other upholding it above that of the King.

Berkley thought well of the former party, and showed toleration, making some of the gentlemen magistrates. A panic prevailed. He was recalled, and the Earl of Essex sent out. He was a good, well-intentioned man, but he pronounced that the state of the lands in Ireland remind him of the carcase of a deer among hounds, when every one pulls and tears for himself. The blot on his government was the sending Archbishop Plunket over to be tried in England for supposed participation in the Popish plot. He almost immediately resigned, and Ormond returned to the post, which he was able to fill better than any one else, though now an old man, and broken-hearted at the death of his son, Lord Ossory, at forty-six years of age.

The churches were as far as possible rebuilt, but sad devastation had been committed both by Romanists and Puritans, and what was poor before was freshly impoverished. Jeremy Taylor died in 1667, but the other bishops were men of piety and fervour, and did their best, in spite of a great scarcity of clergy and the strenuous opposition of two sets of enemies. Robert Boyle, son of the Earl of Cork, a man as noted for his progress in physical science as for his devout piety, was a great assistance to them. At his own expense, he gave a fount of types, in the Irish character, for printing the Erse version of the Bible, which had been made by Bishop Bedell, and was carefully revised by scholars in that language and in the original. It was authorized by the Primate of Ireland, and published, the New Testament in 1681, the Old in 1685; and it was sufficiently like the Gaelic to be used in the Highlands.

In 1685, for the last time, the Duke of Ormond was recalled from the government, which he had faithfully tried to carry out in all loyalty, and he died a year after his retirement, almost the last of the old cavaliers.

CAMEO V.

FRENCH INTRIGUES.

1678-1681.

England.	*France.*	*Spain.*
1660. Charles II.	1643. Louis XIV.	1650. Charles II.
Germany.		*Pope.*
1658. Leopold I.		1670. Clement X.

THE Peace of Nimeguen was on the whole the climax of the glories of Louis XIV. He had indeed made peace with Spain and Holland, but, as Madame de Sévigné wrote, he was only reserving his full conquest of Flanders for another time. The expenses had been enormous, 300,000 soldiers were maintained, and subsidies paid to the King of Sweden, and, alas! to Charles II. and his ministers, and half Germany was either paid to be neutral or kept in arms at the expense of France. Colbert had shown himself a wonderful financier, but even he could not prevent the debts from far exceeding the receipts since the splendour of the Court, the buildings and gardens, and the pensions to endless officials were not abated one jot. Parliament had been beaten into submission, there was no check on the expenditure of the Court, and as the nobles and clergy were exempt, the burthens on those beneath were frightful. There had been a quickening of trade and industry under Colbert's management, which enabled the artisans to bear up, but the misery of the peasants was extreme, so that sometimes they were reduced to eating grass. In some districts lacemaking assisted them. The importation of Venice and Flanders lace was forbidden; and all over Normandy the little shepherdesses in the fields made the *point d'Alençon*, that not only adorned the ladies, but bordered the cravats, sleeves, and even the breeches of the gentlemen. Tapestry, under the painter Lebrun, became very splendid at the Gobelin's establishment at Paris, and silk and wine were flourishing manufactures in the south; but do what Colbert could, war, pomp, and building still swallowed all he could raise by taxes and imposts.

Versailles was costing 600,000 livres a year, and the Court was impervious to the sighs of the miserable poor, while it was amused

CAMEO V.
—
Montague's Plot.
1678.

with Arcadian shepherds and shepherdesses, in powder, hoops, and with crooks.

Strange intrigues with the English public men were kept up, not only with the King and his Ministry, but with the so-called patriots, who looked back regretfully to Cromwell's alliance with Mazarin, and imagined that they might obtain means to restore the Commonwealth, at any rate to exclude the Duke of York from the throne. One of these intrigues was brought to light, not indeed out of righteous indignation, but for the overthrow of Lord Danby, the Lord Treasurer, who had quarrelled with Mr. Montague, the Ambassador at Paris, whom Shaftesbury had resolved to ruin.

While the Peace of Nimeguen was under consideration, Danby, contrary to his own judgment, had been compelled by the King to write to Montague to demand, on certain conditions, a pension of 600,000,000 livres in return for the King's mediation. The terms were not accepted, but the dangerous letter remained, and Montague was the channel of much more communication with the French Court than met the eye. He further quarrelled with the Duchess of Cleveland (Barbara Villiers), who had retired to Paris on being discarded for Louise de la Querouaille, and, in course of their dispute, he threatened to let his master know of her intrigues with the French. To be beforehand with him, she wrote an abominable letter to Charles, telling him that Montague despised and hated him, called him a dull, governable fool, and his brother a wilful fool; said that he always chose a greater beast than himself to govern him, and moreover that Montague had bribed an astrologer to make predictions to the King according to his own direction.

Charles apparently took no notice of this amiable letter, but Montague suddenly came over to England, contrary to express orders, entered into close intimacy both with Barillon, the French Ambassador, and with Shaftesbury, and stood for Grinstead, where he was defeated, and for Northampton, where he was returned.

Expecting an attack, Danby resolved to forestall it, so he declared to the Council that he had received information of Montague's having visited the Pope's Nuncio at Paris, whence it was to be inferred that he was connected with the Popish plot. Messengers were at once sent off to secure his papers, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced the proceeding in the House of Commons.

Mr. Powis however declared this to be a breach of privilege, unless information had been taken upon oath, for which opportune suggestion Barillon rewarded him with five hundred guineas, and another friend, Harboard, was sent to get instructions from Montague. Some of his papers had been seized, but not the really dangerous letter from Danby, so that the Ambassador could turn the tables by rising in his place and declaring that he had proofs of the guilt of a great minister.

A casket was laid on the table of the House containing two letters,

one of which was this proposition for the subsidy from Louis. There was violent excitement.

In point of fact, Montague was by far the worst traitor of the two; but he knew that Danby could not defend himself without betraying that the King was deeply implicated. Indeed, only two letters proved to be available for production, and these, though forming a fair vindication, were not regarded, but a majority of sixty-three voted that the Lord Treasurer should be impeached for high treason, and Sir Henry Capel carried the message to the Upper House, demanding that he should be sent a prisoner to the Tower.

He defended himself with much spirit, and the Lords refused the committal to the Tower, but by a small majority, and appointed a day for a full investigation. Charles however put off the matter by proroguing the Parliament for five weeks, and then dissolving it in the January of 1679, after it had sat for eighteen years, and the wits had called it his wife. Beginning with enthusiastic confidence, it had passed to distrust and hostility towards the King, who had disappointed every hope, and outraged every better feeling, even while no one could personally dislike him.

Shaftesbury and Danby both strove to influence the elections; but the returns were so evidently in favour of the former, and it was so likely that an attack would be made on the Duke of York, that Danby urged the King to send his brother an order to quit the kingdom for a time. Charles could not bear to do so, but sent the Archbishop to endeavour to bring about a recantation to content the nation; but James stood firm, consenting however to withdraw to Brussels on two conditions—first, that the King should give him an order in writing that he might not seem to be taking refuge in flight like a coward, and next that his rights to the crown should not be sacrificed to Monmouth, who, it was reported, had found four persons ready to swear to his mother's marriage. Charles gave the desired order in the most affectionate terms, and further took a solemn oath before the Council that he had never been married to any woman except Queen Catharine, signing the declaration and making all the Council attest it.

The Duke started with his young wife, Mary Beatrice, who always afterwards said that this banishment had ended the five happiest years of her life. She had to leave behind her infant daughter, Isabella, the only one then living of the three babes, who had barely come into existence; and the Duke's daughter, Anne, was also left behind, lest it might be said that her father wanted to pervert her. The King came to their ship with them, and shed tears at the parting. Landing at the Hague, they visited their elder daughter, the Princess of Orange, who was out of health and very forlorn at the Hague.

The poor young thing, not seventeen, was not much regarded by her busy political husband, and she could not control her maids of honour, especially the English ones, Elizabeth and Anne Villiers,

CAMEO V.
French Bribery.

who had been her companions in girlhood and took all manner of liberties. Her chief comforter was her almoner, the excellent Dr. Kenn, who kept her firmly attached to her own Church instead of joining the Calvinistic Dutch Establishment.

At home the new Parliament met in March, 1679. The great object of the King was to prevent a trial of Danby, lest disclosures should be made which might bring his own royal self into ill odour with the nation; and when the Lords ruled that a dissolution did not annul an impeachment, he declared before the two Houses of Parliament that whatever Danby had done had been by his own authority, and therefore was shielded by a free pardon, which he was ready to renew a dozen times.

However both Houses disputed his power to do this, and a bill of attainder was prepared in the Commons, which the Lords altered into a bill of banishment. As soon as it had passed the two Houses, Danby surrendered, was sent to the Tower, and received the King's pardon, though he was not released for five years.

Thus for that time closed the embroilment about French bribery, not that the bribery ended; for the public men on both sides, even the most anxious for a Protestant succession and liberty, were in the pay of Louis. Probably that king's object was to be able to embarrass the Government, and pull the strings as he pleased, for Charles and James must have been far more congenial to him than the alternatives of the Duke of Monmouth or the Prince of Orange, who was certainly his greatest enemy and the chief obstacle to that constant ambition of the French to making the Rhine their frontier. However as soon as the war was over, a marriage took place between Charles II., King of Spain and Marie Louise of Orleans, the eldest daughter of poor Henrietta Stewart. The poor girl was wretched at being sent to the stiff, formal Court, where the name of France was detested, and where her bridegroom was feeble, sickly, and almost imbecile; and she was greatly disappointed at not being given to the Dauphin.

"I could not do more for my daughter," said Louis to console her.

"Ah, sire, you could do more for your niece!" she answered.

The Dauphin, in spite of being a pupil of Bossuet, was a very dull youth, and Marie Christine of Bavaria, to whom he was married in January, 1680, was not much more brilliant.

A new influence was however coming over the French Court. Agrippa d'Aubigné, the friend and historian of Henri IV., had left a scapegrace son, Theodore d'Aubigné, whose little daughter Françoise, was bred up by his relations in the Roman Catholic Church. She was so poor that when a mere girl a marriage with the deformed but most kindly old poet Scarron was gladly hailed for her, and in his apartments she became accustomed to the most cultivated and wittiest society in Paris. Devout, decorous, and well-educated she was extremely agreeable and highly esteemed, and when she was left a widow, after a few years of poverty, she was selected by

Madame de Montespan as governess to the children, though the King at first objected to a *bel esprit*. The eldest of these, whom Louis had caused the Parliament to legitimatize and had created Duke of Maine, was a clever child, but very weakly. Mme Scarron was devoted to him and his sister, called Mademoiselle de Nantes; and the King, who was very fond of them, was struck by her tenderness to them.

"She can love," he said; "it would be pleasant to be loved by her."

One day, when the King was playing with the children, he was so pleased with the boy's answers that he said—

"You are very sensible."

"So I ought to be," returned the child; "I live with a lady who is sense itself."

"Tell her," said the King, "that you will give her 100,000 livres for your comfits."

This enabled her to purchase the estate of Maintenon, from which she took the title by which she was known for the rest of her life.

The King began to enjoy conversing with her. She was not dull like the poor Queen, nor sentimental like Louise de la Vallière, nor passionate and exacting in the midst of brilliancy like Madame de Montespan, but equable, thoughtful, religious, well-informed, and yet with plenty of wit. There was a repose in her which Louis delighted in, and Madame de Montespan began to grow jealous, though there was no question of such relations being recommenced as her own had been with the King. Madame de Maintenon was a religious and virtuous woman, who commanded respect, and was a year or two older than the King, who was not far from forty when their acquaintance commenced; but there was peril to the favourite lady in any one who had an attraction for him, and she began to dislike the governess for being too much beloved by the children if not by their father. As Madame de Maintenon wrote, "The mother makes trouble for me with the King, the son reconciles me. I am never on the same terms two days together, and I cannot accustom myself to this kind of life, I who thought I could get used to anything!"

She often thought of retiring, and in 1675 wrote to her confessor, Abbé Gobelin: "As I tell you everything sincerely, I will not say it is for the sake of serving God that I should like to leave my present situation, for I think I can be saved here as well as elsewhere; but I can find nothing that forbids one thinking of rest, and of freeing one's self from a continual state of vexation."

Still she never did leave the Court, except when her pupil, after violent convulsions, developed his complaint and became lame. Then she took him to the springs of Barèges, which were just becoming known. There was hardly any accommodation, but the boy was out of doors all day, living on milk and simple food; and this, together with the waters, so restored his health that on his return he astonished his father by walking into the room, with no more than a slight lameness.

CAMEO V.

Corruption of the nobility of France.

The King was so much delighted that the return was a triumph; and his preference for the governess's conversation became so evident that Madame de Montespan began to reproach her as a supplanter. Once, when they had to go in the same Court carriage, "Do not be the dupe of this affair," said Madame de Montespan; "let us talk as if there were nothing amiss; but we will go back to our disputes afterwards."

To both King and Duchess Madame Maintenon spoke with seriousness of their duties, but the lady only took the remonstrance as a token of an understanding with the lover who had grown weary of her, and there were tears, upbraidings, poutings, and attempts to bring the King back again, which, poor woman, only wearied and alienated him more.

When the Dauphin was married, the post of *dame d'atours* was given to Madame de Maintenon, so that she became independent of her former mistress, and had apartments, where the King spent hours in conversation with her. She succeeded in bringing him back to his neglected wife. "The King never has been so kind and tender to me as since he has listened to her," said the poor Queen; and she could not show gratitude enough to the lady. Moreover the young Dauphiness had a forest of flaxen hair so thick that every one who combed it hurt her, except Madame de Maintenon, who in after years used to say, "You cannot think how much a talent for combing contributed to my elevation! No one quite believed in the continuance of her influence, and Madame de Sévigné says, "They call Madame de Maintenon, Madame de Maintenant." For full ten years the King vacillated, before his conscience and old habit; but at last, in 1681, Madame de Montespan finally left the Court. But the evil example had been set, and the society of France, nay, the Courts of Europe, were infected by it long after Louis was in his grave.

There was terrible corruption all round, chiefly in the highest classes of society. In 1676, a fearful disclosure of crime had taken place. The Marquise de Brinvilliers, a handsome and rich young woman, was suspected of having poisoned her husband, and, on the demand of her family, her lover, Sainte Croix, was also imprisoned in the Bastille, as well as an Italian named Exili.

This last studied the art of poisoning at Rome. Innocent X., though a good man himself, had left preferment in the hands of his sister-in-law, Donna Olimpia Odescalchi, who took bribes extensively, and when she had promised a benefice, employed Exili to remove the holders. It was said that a hundred and fifty clergy were thus poisoned. Sainte Croix had taken lessons in the art, and had taught Madame de Brinvilliers. While she pretended great devotion, this wretched pair made experiments on all around—on the lady's father, her two brothers, her sister, the sick in the hospitals. The record was all given in her own handwriting, in fifteen or sixteen pages, by way of preparation for Communion! She was taken to the torture-chamber, where three buckets of water were prepared to be poured down her

CAMEO V.

"*Succession Powder.*"

throat to make her confess. "It is not necessary," she said; and she spent the whole day in telling the horrible story—how she had tried ten times before succeeding in killing her father, and the like details.

Madame de Sévigné actually took a place in the window of one of the sixty-one houses on the bridge of Notre Dame to see the wretched woman pass to her execution, lying back on the straw *en chemise*, and with a low cap, a priest on one side and the executioner on the other. All Paris was in the utmost excitement. She made confession in front of Notre Dame, then being taken to the Place de la Grêve, where she was beheaded, then burnt, and her ashes cast to the winds; but the populace tried to obtain her bones, and called her a saint!

The poisoning mania continued, and deaths and unaccountable sicknesses directed suspicion to a woman named La Voisin, who dealt in cosmetics, philtres, and the like. She grew rich, set up a carriage and servants, and, in 1679, there was reason to trace to her what by euphemy was called "Succession Powder!" She was arrested and taken to the Bastille with forty accomplices. Under interrogation as to her customers, she named two of the nieces of Mazarin, the Duchess of Bouillon and the Countess of Soissons, and the Marshal de Luxembourg. The Countess was the wife of the son of the Prince of Carignano, of the ducal house of Savoy; and the King, with a tenderness for the memory of Mazarin and his own intimacy with the nieces, sent her warning by her brother-in-law, the Duke of Bouillon, and she escaped beyond the frontier. Her son, Prince Eugene, was to have been provided for by Church preferment, and was called "Le petit Abbé du Roi," though not in Holy Orders. After his mother's disgrace, the Court became intolerable to him, and he fled to the Austrian army with some other young nobles, wearied to death of the stately pride of the Court. They wrote lively letters, which were seized and read by Louis himself, and when he found himself called a chess-king in war and a stage-king in peace, the offence was unpardonable!

The Duchess of Bouillon was proved to have been more giddy than criminal, and several more ladies were shown to have gone to La Voisin only as a fortune-teller, so that no one was actually put to death except the woman and her meaner accomplices.

In 1681, there were great rejoicings over the King's first grandson, an event the more important as the Dauphin was the only surviving child of the Queen. The King gave his hand to be kissed by every one. One person actually bit his finger, and on his crying out, said, "Sire, I beg pardon, you would not have heeded me had I not bitten you."

All this time, in spite of the peace, there were fortifications in full progress, especially on the eastern frontier. Strasburg was an old free city, Protestant, self-governing, and, like Hamburg, Frankfort, and other free cities, only acknowledging the Emperor as superior. But Lanvais found means to bribe the municipal corporation, and they actually sold the great old town and their fellow-citizens to Louis! On

CAMEO V.

Seizure of Strasburg. 1661.

the 30th of September, 1681, they opened their gates to the Baron de Montelar, and soon after Louis made his entry in great state. The Cathedral was restored to Catholic worship, and the Bishop and Chapter reinstated, while the fortifications were strengthened so as to render it one of the strongest places in Europe. Germany was greatly aggrieved, but for nearly two hundred years was forced to endure the usurpation, a simple exertion of the right of the strongest.

CAMEO VI.

WHIG AND TORY.

1680–1682.

England.	*France.*	*Spain.*
1660. Charles II.	1643. Louis XIV.	1665. Charles II.
Germany.		*Pope.*
1658. Leopold I.		1670. Clement X.

CAMEO VI.
—
Reign of Charles II.

THERE is no period in all our history more humiliating and disappointing than the reign of Charles II. So many hopes, so much thankfulness had greeted his return, the cause of the Church and of the Crown had been so heroically patient in adversity, and the hand of Providence had been so visible in the Restoration, that it would have seemed as if a general renovation of the country must have taken place; and it is most bitter to find the whole character of the Court and of public men sunk to a far lower point than perhaps had ever been the case before.

Something was due to the reaction from Puritanism and from the hypocrisy into which forced strictness drives lower natures, and something to the corrupt example of the French Court, where society was utterly indifferent to the grossest scandals. Moreover the personal pleasantness and *insouciance* of the King, and his powers of drollery, lessened disgust to vice in those who came in contact with him; and there was probably never a time when there was so little moral indignation against immorality, dishonour, untruth, and treachery. Even those who kept themselves pure, innocent, and devout, condoned evil in others so as to do little or nothing for the purification of the world around them.

On the one hand, there was nothing more dreaded than an overthrow of peace by another civil war, and therefore Nonconformity was to be as much as possible stamped out, being regarded as the handmaid of rebellion; on the other, the ancient dread of Popery was as strong as ever, and the perversion of the heir to the Crown was a terrible blow.

The remnant of the men of the Commonwealth might indeed have

CAMEO VI.
Exclusion Bill.
1679—80.

been discontented with the supremacy of Cromwell, but they looked back with regret to the moral and religious tone of his surroundings, to the honourable relations of England with foreign countries, and to what they began to believe had been the greater liberty of the subject achieved by Parliament. Hatred of the corruption that reigned around Charles II., dread of the gradual establishment of such a stifling autocracy as they beheld in France, and fear of the popery of the Duke of York, impelled them to actions entirely unworthy of their characters and principles, and actually in the hope of preventing the accession of James, to allow themselves to be subsidised by the enemy of their country and of liberty, when his whole object was to prevent England from assisting Holland and interfering with his ambitious schemes.

The Parliament of 1679 was vehemently Protestant. Shaftesbury was its guiding spirit, and profiting by a fire in Fetter Lane, which was of course ascribed to the Papists, and by a report that the Duke of York was coming home with a foreign fleet and army to recover his rights, caused a Bill of Exclusion to be brought in, passing over the Duke, apparently with a view to his daughter Mary, but really in the hope of bringing in the Duke of Monmouth. The King, who was determined not to give up his brother's rights, offered, by way of compromise, that the powers of a Roman Catholic sovereign should be limited by restrictions, and also to disband the standing army; but his offers were hardly heeded, and the Bill of Exclusion passed the Commons, two hundred and one voting for it, one hundred and twenty-one against it.

Upon this Charles prorogued the Parliament, and then dissolved it, by the advice of Lord Sunderland and Sir William Temple, and to the extreme wrath of Shaftesbury, who declared that he would have the heads of the counsellors of the measure. Just before the prorogation, however the King amongst other bills, in May, 1679, had given his sanction to one of the most important measures ever passed, namely, the act called *Habeas Corpus*, which compels the production of a prisoner at the first competent Court of Justice after his arrest, thus preventing all arbitrary imprisonments without trial, such as were too common in France. There, not only political prisoners were immured for any length of time, but a private person sometimes obtained a *lettre de cachet* for the imprisonment of a person obnoxious to him. A son, likely to contract a marriage disapproved by his father, would sometimes thus be sent to the Bastille, and kept there as long as was convenient to the family. Thus had Richelieu imprisoned St. Cyran, and moreover inconvenient inventors; thus did Lauzun spend ten years at Pignerol; and thus was immured for life the mysterious person known as "Le Masque de Fer," because throughout his life as a captive at Pignerol, lasting from youth till death, he wore a barred mask, securely padlocked, and never was seen without it, nor was his name ever known. Conjectures have varied whether he were a twin-

brother of Louis XIV., or an obscure Italian intriguer, who vanished at about the time of the commencement of his captivity.

Contemporary examples such as these might well make England rejoice in the security thus gained, and in spite of all his faults, feel grateful to Shaftesbury for carrying through the measure.

The King had a very serious illness in August at Windsor, and James hurried over from Brussels, incognito, with as few attendants as possible, among them however John Churchill. When he reached Windsor, he found his brother much better, and delighted to see him, declaring that nothing should part them again, and sending Monmouth out of England for a time. In a couple of months James was summoned back in order to be sent to Scotland to give assistance in quelling the Covenanters. The King had wished the journey to be made by sea, but the Duchess suffered so much from sea-sickness, that they were forced to travel by land, when they received an ominously cold welcome first from the Earl of Salisbury at Hatfield, and then from the City of York. They were recalled however in the winter.

Charles, having prorogued the new Parliament for a twelvemonth, and called Temple and Sunderland to his councils, began to venture more, especially as Louis gave him half a million of livres to enable him to dispense with supplies!

Shaftesbury was removed from office, and threw himself into opposition. It was now that the two great party names of Whig and Tory came into use; Whig, apparently taken from Whigamore, originally meaning sour whey, but the Scotch nickname for West countrymen, commonly applied to the Covenanters, and thence given to the supporters of Protestantism at all costs and hazards; and therewith of extension of the power of the people, and restriction of that of the Crown; and Tory the Irish term for an outlaw.* Probably the Cromwellian settlers caused it to be applied to the successors of the Royalists, as supporters of Crown and Church.

Cavalier and Roundhead, Court and Country, had become Tory and Whig, as these in process of time were to change into Conservative and Liberal. Shaftesbury set himself to keep up the excitement of the Popish Plot. Not content with a grand Guy Fawkes procession on the 5th of November, he followed it up on the 17th with a torchlight procession in honour of the accession of Queen Elizabeth.

First marched a bell-man, shouting in sepulchral tones, "Remember Godfrey," then came an effigy of that gentleman's corpse borne by one in the habit of a Jesuit, afterwards figures of nuns, monks, priests, Roman Bishops in capes and mitres, Protestant Bishops in lawn sleeves, six Cardinals in red hats, and the Pope in a litter, attended by his Arch-Chancellor the devil. At Temple Bar there was a great bonfire, and here the Pope and all his followers were thrown into the flames, with shouts of ecstasy from the populace, who were so delighted that the pageant was repeated on the two next anniversaries!

Also Monmouth made his appearance in London, not having had a

CAMEO VI.
Monmouth.

very warm welcome in Holland, where he was viewed as a dangerous rival. The King ordered him back again, but he declared that as a dutiful son he was bound to remain to protect his father against the plots that were rife, and obstinately refused to depart; while it was alleged that the return of the Duke of York rendered his presence only fair play. Moreover half the country believed that the proofs of Lucy Waters's marriage were in a black box, under the care of Sir Gilbert Gerard, son-in-law to the Bishop of Durham; and it made no difference in the general opinion that nobody could be found who had ever seen or heard of the Black Box, an imitation of which always figured in the Protestant processions.

In fact, the country was greatly and justly alarmed at the non-assembly of Parliament, forgetting that it was the consequence of the injustice of excluding the legitimate heir of the throne, and petitions poured in upon the King to re-assemble Parliament, and secure the Protestant succession, while counter petitions were presented by the Tories, who were for a time called Abhorrers, as hating disloyalty.

The King had dismissed Temple as his Minister, and had around him Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, second son of Clarendon, a strong Tory, but dissipated; also Sidney Godolphin, an able man, of whom Charles said, "he was never in the way and never out of the way," unscrupulous and pleasure-loving, yet with good enough about him to have attached the affections of that saintly Maid of Honour, Margaret Blagg, to whom he was secretly married. John Evelyn has written of her perfect happiness with him for a year, at the end of which she died, leaving an infant son, and he always was constant to her memory.

It must always be borne in mind that Ministers were still little more than private secretaries to the Sovereign, and that he could change them at will, without reference to the nation, the Government depending far more on the monarch than on them; and Charles, for all his pleasure-loving indolence, spent many hours daily upon affairs of State.

Morever, his ability was very great, and he was absolutely determined not to endure Shaftesbury's dictation, nor to allow his brother to be excluded from the throne. He had a large amount of the old Cavalier spirit of the country on his side, though the Londoners, who beheld his vicious habits, were against him, and he profited by his popularity, and by the secret supplies which he obtained from France, to avoid being coerced by Parliament, and to turn the tables upon the enemies of his brother, so as to verify the warning he had given Danby and Shaftesbury when they were bent on fostering the Popish plot, that it would prove their destruction. It did, in fact, turn out a cockatrice egg to all promoters. It had been too profitable a speculation for the example of Titus Oates not to be followed, and one Dangerfield, a young man of education, but of infamous character, who had been whipped, branded, pilloried for different offences, concocted an accusation against the Presbyterians. Prisoners in Newgate were left to such frightful destitution, that one of the charitable acts of good ladies was to send them

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The Meal Tub Plot. 1681.

alms, and pay off the small debts for which many were confined. Mrs. Cellier, a professional nurse, was employed by several ladies like herself, Roman Catholics on this mission; and thus she made acquaintance with Dangerfield, whose debts she paid, and then imprudently employed him to collect moneys due to her husband.

He then informed her that he had discovered a plot for murdering the King and Duke of York, and she introduced him to Lady Powys, the wife of one of the noblemen who had been imprisoned for supposed complicity in the Popish plot. She brought the man to the Earl of Peterborough, who took him to the Duke of York. James, without quite believing him, gave him twenty guineas and took him to the King, to whom he showed a paper giving commissions in a Presbyterian army to gentlemen mentioned by name and connected with Shaftesbury. Charles was somewhat uneasy, gave him forty guineas, and bade him be on the watch.

Dangerfield showed two trivial letters from the envoy at Brussels to Shaftesbury, and directed the revenue officers to search the rooms of Colonel Mansel one of the persons nominated to the supposed army, telling them they would find a bundle of lace in a truss of hay. Instead of lace they found perilous-looking papers but these were at once shown to be clumsy forgeries, and Mansel was able to show that Dangerfield had had access to his quarters. The man was sent to Newgate, and there turned about declaring that this was only a sham plot to hide another Popish one of Mrs. Cellier and Lady Powys, and that the proofs would be found in a meal tub at Mrs. Cellier's house. There, indeed, a paper was found, showing the origin of the same plot, Lady Powys was sent to the Tower, but the Grand Jury threw out the bill against her, and when Mrs. Cellier was tried, she showed Dangerfield to be so unworthy of credit that she was acquitted.

Charles's new Parliament was summoned to Oxford, as being more secure than Westminster from the violence of the tumultuous Londoners, but finding it as intractable as the last, he dismissed it after an eight days' session. An unfortunate carpenter, Stephen College, a Presbyterian known as "the Protestant," was accused by Dugdale, and the informers who had sworn away Archbishop Plunket's life, of being concerned in a plot against the King's life at Oxford. The object seems to have been partly to convince the public that Nonconformists were as dangerous as Papists, and partly to frighten him into fabricating evidence against Shaftesbury, after the example of France. College however was made of stouter stuff. The London Grand Jury threw out the Bill against him, but on the ground that the offence was to have been committed at Oxford, he was sent thither to be tried. Oates gave evidence of his innocence, and for that redeeming act lost his pension, and the poor joiner, after being shamefully abused by the judges, was condemned and suffered death.

A higher victim was aimed at, Lord Shaftesbury himself was accused by Dugdale and the Irish witnesses of having tried to suborn them to

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Fall of Shaftebsury. 1681.

accuse the Queen and Duke of York of complicity in the Popish plot. He was sent to the Tower, deriding the accusation, and declaring that if he could have dealt with such creatures, Bedlam was the fittest place for him. One of the Roman Catholic noblemen, who were still prisoners, owing in great part to his machinations, expressed surprise at his being among them. "I have been lately indisposed with ague," he said, "and am come to take Jesuits' powder."

He offered to leave the kingdom and spend the rest of his life in Carolina, whither an English colony had gone out under his auspices; but the King insisted on his being tried by his peers, and as these would have been selected by the King, they would have been his personal enemies; but a true bill had first to be found by a Grand Jury, and the Londoners were mostly Whigs, and viewed him as a patriot. While the Crown lawyers were endeavouring to find a sufficient indictment against him, hosts of pamphlets came out against him. Anglicans called him "the Apostle of schism"; Romanists, "the man of sin"; Tories, "Alderman Shiftesbury"; and the poet Dryden published his famous satire, *Absalom and Achitophel*, names which every one knew to indicate Monmouth and Shaftesbury, marvellously clever and biting in sarcasm.

Shaftesbury was actually indicted for compassing and imagining the death of the King, and declaring that he would make England a republic like Holland; but the evidence utterly failed, as did the attempt to overawe the Grand Jury at the Old Bailey. When the officer of the court read out the word *Ignoramus*, there was shouting that lasted above an hour, bonfires and rejoicings. Charles said, "It is hard that I am the last man to have law and justice in the whole nation."

Shaftesbury was playing at cards when the result was announced to him, perhaps in imitation of the Elector of Saxony's game at chess, and he continued as if nothing had happened.

On his release he attempted to prosecute the false witnesses, but the Court of King's Bench showed causes for having the case tried outside the county of Middlesex, and as this would have removed the cause to a place where his enemies had chosen sheriffs and magistrates he dropped the attempt, and never dared stir beyond London, where his Whig friends protected him.

William of Orange made a visit to his uncle's court early in 1682, perhaps to look after his future interests, but ostensibly to obtain assistance against the encroachments of France, in which object he failed, Charles being too dependent on Louis to quarrel with him. His visit made the Duke of York uneasy, and he obtained permission to come and meet the King at Newmarket Races, and they then agreed that things had so far improved that he might return to England as soon as he had settled the affairs of Scotland.

James embarked at Margate on the 4th of May in the *Gloucester* frigate. The weather was foggy, and on the Suffolk coast, the Duke, who knew

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Return of the Duke of York. 1681.

the soundings full well, cautioned the pilot that he was too near the land; but he was not attended to, and at 5.30 on the morning of the 6th, the vessel was run aground on a sand-bank called the Lemon and Ore. There was at once eight feet of water in the hold, and Sir John Berry, the captain, begged the Duke to go off in the boat to one of the yachts in company. He was very unwilling, but was prevailed on. The boat would only hold six persons besides the rowers, and he called these by name, no one stirring except at his summons. John Churchill was first, brother of a lady to whom James had once been attached—Lord Roxburgh and Lord O'Brien did not come—Lords Aberdeen, Winton, and two more gentlemen made up the number. Another boat, overloaded, went down, and the Duke saw Montrose in the water, and though some objected, dragged him in with his own hands; also a poor musician, whom the crew tried to beat off with their oars. "Only a poor fiddler! Let us save him!" The man was picked up, but his professional pride swallowed up his gratitude, and he never forgave the expression of poor fiddler!

The boat reached the yacht *Mary* in safety, and that vessel and the *Happy Return* sent out all their boats, but the *Gloucester* foundered before these reached her, and many lives were lost, though a fair number were saved by keeping themselves afloat. The Duchess's almoner, Rouché, was one of these, and the captain, Sir John Berry, clung to a rope. The physician, Sir Charles Scarborough, and the Duke's dog Mumper, had a struggle for a plank, as was testified by Lord Dartmouth when Bishop Burnet in his memoirs published the ill-natured and false story that the Duke had cared to save nothing but his priest and his dog, a bit of spite too often repeated by modern histories.

Immediately after the Duke came back again to England with his wife and family, and was reinstated in his office of Lord High Admiral. This however brought Monmouth home again, almost as a declared rival to his uncle. The young man made an almost royal progress, attended by a suite of a hundred splendidly equipped persons, and was received with princely honours by the Whigs of Lancashire, Staffordshire, Worcestershire, and Cheshire. In the towns, processions were formed to meet him, and he rode in state in the midst, giving public dinners to two hundred persons at once, and admitting the public to gaze at him. At Liverpool he even touched for the King's evil, and where there were country sports he took part in them, and delighted the people by his grace and agility. Bells were rung, salutes fired, bonfires lighted, and the air rung with shouts of "A Monmouth, a Monmouth!' and "Soho!" a sort of watchword. Monmouth Street and Soho Square are memorials of his popularity, though the cry seems to have been taken from the square—not the square named from the cry.

These proceedings were reported, and cut short by his arrest at Stratford, just as he was going to dine in the street with the whole population.

CAMEO VI.

Death of Shaftesbury 1631.

The warrant was for passing through the kingdom with a multitude of riotous persons so as to disturb the peace of the realm. He was bailed out by his friends, Lords Russell and Gray, but at this time the Court was quite in the ascendant. Sir John Moore, a Tory, was Lord Mayor, and attempted to appoint one of the sheriffs by drinking to him as such, reviving a custom which had been put down in the last reign. The citizens would not submit, and elected their own Whig sheriffs. The Lord Mayor called their proceeding a riot, and the judges favoured him, so that his nominees were thrust in, and as they chose the Grand Juries, there was no further chance of bills against Whigs being thrown, but a former sheriff, Pilkington, was prosecuted for having said that the Duke of York had fired the City of London before, and was coming to cut all their throats. He was fined £100,000, and having no such sum, surrendered himself as a prisoner.

Shaftesbury, in despair at the illegal measures of government, tried to persuade Lord Russell, Algernon Sidney, and others, to begin an insurrection in the City in favour of Monmouth, but they saw no chance of success; and his plans being suspected, he received warning that he would be arrested.

Disguised as a Presbyterian minister, he left London with a young gentleman named Whelock disguised in like manner. They were detained for ten days at Harwich at a little inn. There one of the maids surprised Mr. Whelock, with his black wig off, showing a fine head of light hair. She told her mistress, who came to warn her guests, promising herself to keep the secret, but saying she could not answer for the maid.

Shaftesbury answered that he entirely trusted her sense of honour, "and as to the maid," he said to his friend, "you must go and make love to her to keep her quiet."

He safely reached Amsterdam, where he requested to be made a magistrate of the city, which, mindful of his former denunciation of Holland, "*Delenda est Carthago*," replied, "*Carthago, non adhuc deleta, comitem de Shaftesbury in gremio suo recipere vult.*" He was however soon after seized with a violent attack of gout, and died on the 21st of January, 1682, the second of the Prime Ministers of Charles II. who died in exile, but after a far less respectable career.

Charles thought himself strong enough to issue an inquiry into the powers of the Corporation of London. The lord-keeper North and the judges found some plea for pronouncing against them, and on the 12th of June, 1683, the time-honoured Corporation of London was deprived of its charters, and the lord mayor and sheriffs were henceforth to be nominated by the King. Sir George Jeffreys, on his circuits, examined the charters of the cities he visited, and found flaws in them, bringing back the surrenders thereof. It was said he had made them fall like the walls of Jericho, and England seemed about to be as much at the King's mercy as France was at that of Louis.

CAMEO VII.

OUTSIDE ENGLAND.

1683-1685.

England.
1660. Charles II.

France.
1643. Louis XIV.

Spain.
1665. Charles II.

Germany.
1658. Leopold I.

Pope.
1676. Innocent XI.

Death of Colbert.
1683.

THERE was no question that Louis XIV. was the leading character in Europe, but in 1683 he had a loss that had a great influence in the decay of his latter years. Colbert, his excellent minister, died, it was said, partly from vexation at the preference shown for the more unscrupulous and flattering Louvois; and with him ended the able management of finance which had hitherto supported the King's enormous expense. Yet Colbert had been so much hated as the instrument of oppression that the populace were ready to throw his remains into the gutter, and hardly allowed them to receive Christian burial.

For eleven years, Lauzun had been a captive at Pignerol, where Fouquet had died a repentant man. At last Mademoiselle, by giving a large amount of her wealth to endow the Duke of Maine, son of Madame de Montespan, purchased his liberty and permission to marry him privately, though he was not allowed to appear at Court.

The lady was no longer youthful, and, as already shown, was imperious and conceited though kind-hearted and constant. No doubt she was not easy for a husband to live with, but gratitude might have made Lauzun less selfish and violent towards her. Angry scenes took place, and he is even said to have thrown his boots at her head before they finally parted, he to continue his gay life, she to keep a sort of romantic and literary court at Eu, and to write her own most amusing memoirs.

Louis's next achievement at this time was the reduction of the Algerine pirates who infested the Mediterranean. Provoked by their outrages, he sent his fleet, under the brave Huguenot Admiral Duquesne, to bombard the pirate city. Horrible execution was done by the shells, and the Dey sent back 600 Christian captives and begged

CAMEO VII.

Attack on Algiers. 1677.

for peace, but the conditions were too hard, and were refused. The people rose, murdered the Dey, seized the French in the town, among others a mission priest who acted as consul, and blew them from the mouths of cannon. Duquesne then recommenced his fire, and destroyed shipping, arsenals, and all within reach. Peace was at last made, a French fort was erected on the coast, and a consul established at Algiers, who was to inspect the captives taken by the corsair ships, and obtain the release of French subjects without ransom.

But if Louis fought with the Moors on the coast, he encouraged the Turks on the frontiers of Hungary, out of hatred to the House of Austria. Profiting by the increasing weakness of his hereditary enemies, he continued to encroach in the Spanish Netherlands, interpreting the Treaty of Nimeguen in his own way. Courtrai was seized, Oudenarde and Luxembourg were shelled, Brabant laid waste, and all annexed to France; while Spain was too feeble and exhausted to commence a fresh war on their behalf.

In truth the line of Hapsburg was almost worn out. The morbid tendency to insanity inherited from Juana *la loca* of Spain had been intensified by frequent intermarriages between the two branches of her descendants in Germany and Spain, and there had hardly been a generation without some member being either idiotical or falling into deep melancholy. The reigning King of Spain was almost imbecile; and his cousin the Emperor Leopold I. was a little, thin, dark insignificant man, shy, dull and reserved enough, with a great talent for music, so that the compliment was once paid to him by a great performer, "What a pity your Majesty is not a fiddler."

His third wife, Eleonore Magdalene of Neuburg, sister to the claimant of the Palatinate, was a deeply religious and beneficent woman; she went to the opera to please her husband, but with a devotional book hid by the libretto; she knitted for the poor even on her way to church, and for her husband's sake prepared dainty dishes with her own hands, thongh she lived on the hardest fare. Leopold was likewise devout, and thought to evince his religion by persecuting. Hungary still contained many Lutherans, but a disturbance there in 1673 gave him a pretext for declaring that the Magyars had forfeited their freedom. He sent in troops, imprisoned the nobles, pronounced the kingdom hereditary, and instituted courts for trying cases of heresy. Five hundred and fifty Lutheran pastors were seized, and sold for fifty crowns apiece to row in the galleys at Naples, where, as it may be remembered, De Ruyter obtained their liberation. This oppression stirred up a revolt under Count Emmerich Tekeli, who obtained the aid of the Turks, the Sultan, Mahomet IV., being actually encouraged by Louis XIV., who forgot Christianity in his hatred to the House of Austria. In 1682, Tekeli accepted from the Sultan a sword, vest and standard, and was then created Prince of Upper Hungary. Most of the Protestants joined him, and he took numerous towns.

CAMEO VII.

Siege of Vienna. 1682.

The next year, the Grand Vizier, Kara Mustafa, invaded Austria itself with 200,000 men, and being joined by Tekeli, advanced towards the very gates of Vienna. The Emperor's distress was great, the fortifications were out of repair, the garrison insufficient, the people flocking into the city in terror. Leopold sent in every direction for aid, especially to John Sobieski, the brave nobleman who nine years before had been raised to the elective throne of Poland, and who made haste to raise his forces. As to the German army, it was slow in collecting, and there was much desertion, so that when Charles, Duke of Lorraine, the Emperor's brother-in-law, brought it to Leopold for review at Presburg, there were only 40,000 men, among whom the young fugitive from France, Prince Eugene of Savoy, was making his first campaign.

The Turks were advancing, and all that the Duke of Lorraine could do was to retreat, devastating the country so as to prevent them from obtaining supplies.

The Emperor hurried back to Vienna, whence, with his wife and family, he fled as far as Linz, where a son was born, on whose face the Empress Eleonore declared she would not look till the enemy had been driven back. The Duke found Vienna in dreadful terror and confusion; the citizens reviling the Jesuits and the Emperor for having caused all this mischief by their persecution in Hungary, and then leaving them to their fate. He did much to encourage them, in concert with the Governor, Rudiger, Count of Staremberg, and the Archbishop, who had been a knight of Malta; the walls were repaired, and the citizens and soldiers trained to the defence. He left 8,000 men to assist the garrison, and fell back with the cavalry to harass the rear of the Turks, and cut off their supplies.

The siege began on the 14th of July, 1683, and lasted three months, so that provisions were exhausted, and the people reduced to living on horses, dogs and cats, *dache hasen*, roof hares, as the name of the cats was disguised. The Duke did his best, defeating Tekeli, who had been detached to secure the passage over the Danube at Presburg, and keeping back Tartar invasions towards Moldavia; but time went on, the German troops did not arrive, and the Polish army was only mustering. Messenger after messenger was sent to hasten them, and the Emperor wrote to John Sobieski to hasten his march without waiting for his army. "The bridge over the Danube at Tuln is ready to afford you a passage," he said; "however inferior in number, your name, so terrible to the enemy, will insure victory.

Sobieski started at the head of 3,000 light horse, and dashed on to Tuln; but there he found the bridge unfinished, and no imperial troops, except a corps under the Duke of Lorraine. He was greatly angered.

"Does the Emperor take me for an adventurer," he said; "I quitted my army to command his; it is not for myself but for him that I fight!" The Duke had formerly stood for election for the crown of

CAMEO VII.
Relief of Vienna.
1682.

Poland against him, but they met as hearty coadjutors and friends. Staremberg sent a messenger, who swam the Danube, bearing a note with the words, "No time to be lost!—No time to be lost!" The Polish army came up on the 5th of September, the German, under the Electors of Saxony and Bavaria, on the 7th, and together they crossed the Danube; but several fortresses had to be secured on their advance, and Vienna was at the last extremity, outworks taken, sickness prevailing, and starvation causing intense misery.

The Turks themselves were extremely weary of the blockade, and the soldiers, looking towards the hills, exclaimed—

"Oh, ye infidels, if ye will not come yourselves, let us at least see your crests over the hills; for once seen, the siege will be over and we shall be released."

To content the murmuring troops, on the 12th of September, Kara Mustafa commanded a general assault. The struggle was desperate, the great Turkish cannon did such damage, and the garrison suffered so terribly that the citizens thought the end had come, when, as darkness came on, they beheld five rockets fired from the summit of the Kahlenberg mountain, the signal of deliverance.

The Vizier sent 10,000 Tartars to watch the hill; but Sobieski, after a spirited address to his troops, descended and drove these in to the main body, and so routed all who came out to oppose him, that Kara Mustafa decided on retreating in the night, after having first given orders that every captive should be slaughtered, as well as every Turkish woman who could not be conveyed away. Before the next evening his vanguard had reached the Raab, while Staremberg and his garrison sallied out and hung on the rear preventing any rally.

The Poles descending, found an enormous booty, so that, as Sobieski wrote to his wife, "The Grand Vizier has left me his heir, and I inherit millions of ducats. When I return, I shall not be met with the reproach of the Tartar wives, 'You are not a man! You bring no booty!'" The great Ottoman standard was taken, an immense treasure, 180 large cannon, jewels without number, and provisions, including coffee in such quantities that it then became a popular beverage, and Staremberg's faithful messenger set up the first coffee-house in Europe. Five hundred deserted infants were found whose mothers had perished in the massacre, and these the good Bishop Kollowitisch and his clergy took under their care.

Sobieski was rapturously greeted when he entered Vienna, the people rushing to kiss his horse and his garments as their deliverer, as he rode to the cathedral and knelt at a grand *Te Deum;* after which he dined in public and returned to his camp.

Leopold, on hearing the news, was more embarrassed than grateful. He wanted to know what precedents there were for the meeting before him. "How should an elected king be received by a kaiser?" he asked.

"With open arms," said the Duke of Lorraine.

Leopold however had the narrowness to insist that Sobieski should

be informed that he could not be received as if he were an hereditary prince; but King John would abate none of the honours he considered due to his country as well as his services.

Finally it was arranged that the two sovereigns should meet between their armies and advance within two paces of each other. The scene was a very curious one—Leopold, stiff and shy, was plainly clad and meanly mounted, while John wore a splendid Polish uniform and rode a superb charger. At the same moment each monarch doffed his hat, and then the Pole spurred forward and a species of embrace passed between them. The German authors say that Leopold uttered his thanks, the Poles that Sobieski began with a flowing Latin harangue, declaring that the victory was due to the Almighty, and that he had done no more than one Christian should do for another. The Emperor, who probably did not half understand him, only mumbled something in return; and the King, presenting his son James, said, "This is a prince whom I am rearing for the service of Christendom.'

The Emperor returned only a movement with his head, not even touching his hat, and Sobieski, after introducing some of his officers, left them to do the honours of the army to the ungracious Kaiser, and retired to his tent much offended. The next day however Leopold sent young James a sword with a jewelled hilt, and a letter of apology, and 3,000 ducats to each of the generals. Probably his discourtesy was as much from awkwardness as from pride, but he was an incapable person, and his officers kept their allies, Polish and German, ill-supplied with provisions, nor were the sick admitted into houses nor the dead into the cemeteries.

Prince Eugene was, however, made a colonel, and thus attached to the Austrian service, and Staremberg received the Order of the Golden Fleece. Sobieski's high-spirited Poles were so much disgusted that they would fain have returned home at once, but Sobieski persuaded them to follow up the retreat of the Turks, though the tardiness of the Germans kept them back for five days.

In vexation Sobieski attacked a strong body of janissaries at the Bridge of Barkan, without consulting the Duke of Lorraine. He was in great danger, his hussars deserted him, and he had, with two hundred men, to cut his way through the midst of the enemy, and at last reached the German lines with only six followers, and threw himself panting on some straw. However in two days more he and the Duke together gave the Ottomans a complete and entire defeat, driving them across the Danube with terrible loss; and following up their success by taking the city of Gran. After this Sobieski, having done his work against the Turks, returned to Warsaw; but the insurrection of Hungary, headed by Tekeli, continued, and greatly weakened the resources of Leopold.

The Magyars were always a standing difficulty ever since they had been acquired by Austria, and were sometimes said to be to her what Ireland was to England.

CAMEO VIII.

THE RYE-HOUSE PLOT.

1683-1685.

England.	*France.*	*Spain.*
1660. Charles II.	1643. Louis XIV.	1665. Charles II.
Germany.		*Pope.*
1658. Leopold I.		1676. Innocent XI.

CAMEO VIII. — *The English Court.*

"OPPRESSION maketh a wise man mad," and the English had begun to despair when they saw Charles II. dispensing with a parliament by means of French gold, crushing the municipal freedom of the cities even of London, and when they knew that the next heir was of the much-hated Romanist communion, and, though a more sincere, yet a harsher man than his brother.

"Never fear for me, James; no one will kill me to make you king," Charles had said, with great truth. If there was hope in the Princess of Orange, yet this was very uncertain, since the young Duchess of York, every two or three years, gave birth to an infant, though all died in early childhood. It is curious that this century was remarkable for the mortality of infants, probably immediately owing to some unhealthy mode of treatment, but also a memorable accompaniment of an age of peculiar vice, crime, and temptation.

The Protestant party were however gratified by the Princess Anne's marriage. At seventeen, Anne, a plump, blooming, fair-faced girl, had had a tender correspondence with the Earl of Mulgrave; but one of the letters was surprised by Anne's favourite confidante, Mrs. Churchill, and shown to the King. The Earl was sent in command to Tangier in the same ship with one of the King's sons. The vessel turned out to be unseaworthy, and whenever the King's health was proposed Lord Mulgrave used to say, "Let us wait till we get safe out of his rotten ship."

A brother of General Churchill's was in the service of the Court of Denmark, and the connection seems to have suggested to King Christian V. to propose his brother George as the husband of Anne of York. The King was satisfied; the Duke of York, though not pleased,

CAMEO VIII.

Marriage of Anne. 1683.

could not object, and the suitor was accepted, the marriage taking place on the 29th of July, 1683. Prince George, a heavy, silent, good-natured, inoffensive person, was contented to reside in England, with fair hope that the succession to the crown would fall into his family, as the Duchess's infants all died, and the Princess of Orange was still childless. This was the one hope of England; meantime the men who remembered with sympathy the resistance to Charles I. felt no scruple in the like resistance to his son, a far worse man, and who had belied so many of the expectations, and, as they felt, the conditions of his restoration.

The Whig party, of which Shaftesbury had been the head, were determined to take strong measures for, as they held, preserving the religion and liberty of the country; while on the other hand, the Tories held that their duty was to accept the hereditary succession, and obey in all things lawful, trusting that, as long as they acted rightly, Providence would protect their religion and liberty.

Both were views that good men could conscientiously hold, but the dregs of each party as well as the scum, were men of evil spirit. Among the Whigs was noted William Lord Russell, the eldest son of the Earl of Bedford, a good and religious man, married to an excellent wife, Lady Rachael Wriothesley, daughter of the Marquis of Southampton. He thought the crimes of the sovereign fully justified schemes, if not for overthrow and destruction, at least for coercion, and for preventing the succession from passing to a Papist heir. So too conscientiously thought Hampden, the grandson of John Hampden, and so did the Earl of Essex and Algernon Sidney. This last was now an elderly man, being nephew to Sir Philip. In politics he was a republican, as far as might be, of the old Greek or Roman type; in religion something of a freethinker, but anxious for general toleration. He had been an active member of the Long Parliament and had manifested great disapprobation of Cromwell's usurpation, and he had since watched the progress of affairs with great displeasure. These were the superior and conscientious stamp of conspirators, though, strange to say, they corresponded with the ministers of Louis XIV. and received his subsidies.

With these were joined the Duke of Monmouth, with much of his father's attractiveness, and all his licentious habits, acting merely out of ambition; also Lord Grey, a man of bad character, who had lately been the subject of a scandalous trial; Lord Howard of Escrick, an intriguer, and the exiled Earl of Argyll. There were plans for a general rising, in Scotland, in the Whiggishly inclined counties and in London, obtaining money and ammunition from Holland, and the noblemen supplying what they could raise themselves. Argyll corresponded with many gentlemen, who were indignant at the persecution of the Covenanters, and would have joined an insurrection.

There were a considerable number of inferior plotters connected with these; and some of these, notably Goodenough, a displaced under-

CAMEO VIII.
The Rye House.
1683.

sheriff of London; West a lawyer; Rumbold, a maltster, all citizens infuriated by the attack on the Corporation of London, devised a scheme for a party to lie in wait at the Rye House, in Hertfordshire, a country house of Rumbold's, and there, as the King and Duke returned from the Newmarket races, for two men disguised as labourers to draw an empty cart across the road so as to delay the coach while half-a-dozen others on horseback fired into it.

The assassination part of the conspiracy was so immediately quashed as they thought, by the Duke of Monmouth and the noblemen that they heard no more of it, and may have thought it abandoned. On the 1st of June, 1683, a letter was seized which excited some suspicion, and on the 12th a vintner named Josiah Keyling came to Legge, Lord Dartmouth, a gentleman of the Duke of York's, to make a disclosure of the plot. The King and Duke had indeed been at Newmarket, and safely passed the Rye House but they had returned sooner than was expected, and Rumbold had not got his men together, and the attempt was only deferred.

Keyling and his brother seem to have given warning to as many of the conspirators as they could, and so many escaped that only one, named Barber, was taken, an instrument-maker, who denied any knowledge of designs against the King. West, the lawyer however surrendered, and turned witness in the expectation of pardon, describing meetings held at his chambers, and accusing Robert Ferguson, a Scotch minister intimate with Monmouth, Argyll, and Shaftesbury. Rumsey, an officer engaged in Shaftesbury's plans, then surrendered, and these men offered evidence; but Charles, warned by the monstrous inventions of the Popish plot, refused to promise them immunity. However they were only the more determined on earning it, and Rumsey made five, West fourteen depositions, Shepherd, a wine-merchant followed, describing meetings at his house, and implicating for the first time the noblemen. He declared that, before Lord Shaftesbury's escape, that personage had met the Duke of Monmouth, Lords Grey and Russell, Sir Thomas Armstrong, Colonel Rumsey, and Mr. Ferguson, and concerted measures for overpowering his Majesty's guards. On this a proclamation was issued for the apprehension of all those named. Monmouth, Armstrong, and Ferguson escaped to Holland. Probably the council wished Russell to do the same; for, though the front of Southampton House, where he was lodging, was openly guarded, the back door was left unwatched; but he thought escape would argue guilt, and waited to be quietly arrested in his study, and was taken to the council. There the King declared his assurance that he acquitted Russell of designs against his life, but that he was aware of treason against the Government. On being asked whether he had ever been at Shepherd's, Lord Russell said, "Yes, but only to taste wine." He owned to having met Monmouth there, but would name no one else. He was then sent to the Tower, and on entering it, told his servant that his life was sworn away, the devil was loose. Grey

CAMEO VIII.

Arrests. 1683.

was arrested, and denied all knowledge of the plot, requesting permission to live in his lodgings instead of being sent to the Tower. He was permitted to live in the house of the Serjeant-at-arms, where he so abused the liberty granted to him as to escape while his host was asleep after a carouse, and make his way to Holland.

Howard of Escrick was left at large for some days longer, though the King was convinced that he was deep in mischief, and in point of fact it was he who had drawn in first Sidney, and then Essex and Russell. At last West accused him and a party of horse was sent to his house at Knightsbridge to apprehend him. He was not to be found at first, but his bed was warm and his clothes lying about, and on a close search he was discovered in a cupboard. When brought before the Council he begged to confess in private to the King and Duke of York, and the immediate effect of this interview was an order for the arrest of Essex, Sidney, and Hampden.

Essex was brought from his house at Cassiobury, putting on so cheerful an air that his wife was not alarmed. Means of escape were offered him, but he thought his evasion would incriminate his friends, and refused, standing firmly before the Council, but sinking into great depression of spirits in the Tower. Algernon Sidney was cool as an ancient Roman, refusing to answer any questions, and Hampden showed the same spirit. Several Scottish gentlemen were accused of intending to assist in Argyll's rising, and orders were sent for their arrest through the Justice General. On the very morning of their coming, this official saw Macarthur, the servant of one of them, his friend, Lord Melville, arriving from Fife to make preparations for his master's stay in Edinburgh. The only warning he ventured to give was, "Get back, you Highland dog." Macarthur began to explain, but only heard the same words in a gruff voice, "Get back, you Highland dog!" He began to suspect there was meaning in this incivility from such a person so much interested in his master, and turned about to return home. At the ferry, across the Forth, he saw a party of soldiers embarking, and, by making great exertions, he outstripped them and warned Lord Melville, who hid himself and escaped to Holland.

Robert Baillie of Jerviswood, an upright man, but involved in this unfortunate correspondence, was captured at Edinburgh, and a party of soldiers were sent out to seize his friend, Sir Patrick Hume, of Polwarth. They halted for refreshment at the house of one of his friends, where the lady gathered their intentions, but durst not send either a verbal or a written warning. She therefore wrapped a feather in paper, and sent a little boy across the hills to give it into Sir Patrick's hand.

He understood, and had time to conceal himself in the vaults under the old church a mile and a half distant, before the soldiers arrived, and, not finding him, took up their abode with the family. No one knew his hiding-place except his wife and Grisell, the eldest of his

CAMEO VIII.

Grisel Hume. 1683.

large family, and a carpenter named James Winton. Grisell was only eighteen years old, but to her was committed the charge of supplying her father with necessaries. On the first night, she and James took him bedding, most needful in the dark, damp vault, where light and air only came through one small slit in the wall. She had always been afraid of ghosts, and, on her return, her mother asked if she had been frightened. "Only," she said, "by the barking of the minister's dogs," which she feared might betray her. Lady Hume, by affecting an alarm of mad dogs, prevailed on the minister to get rid of them. Every night Grisell carried her father food, which she had great difficulty in securing without exciting suspicion, and there were often merry laughs over her adventures, especially when one day at dinner she had conveyed a sheep's head into the napkin on her lap, and her little brother, Sandie, much aggrieved, shouted out, "Mither, look at Grizie! While we were supping our brose, she has eaten up the haill tup's head." By day, Sir Patrick's sole occupation in his dark hole was repeating passages he had learnt by heart, especially Buchanan's Latin version of the Psalms.

Meantime the trials went on. Baillie of Jerviswood was offered free pardon if he would furnish evidence; but he indignantly answered, "Those who can make such a proposal know not me nor my country!" But there was no lack of very doubtful evidence. Three inferior plotters, Walcot, Rouse, and Hone were first tried and executed, the two first owning to the scheme for insurrection, but denying all designs of murder. Hone confessed to have discussed the killing the blackbird and the goldfinch, namely the King and Duke, but he said it had gone no farther than words.

Then Lord Russell was tried at the Old Bailey. He was not a peer, only an eldest son, and therefore there was an ordinary jury, the list of which his wife carefully studied to see if there were any names which it would be well to challenge. The prisoner asked that the trial might be deferred, as some of his witnesses had not had time to arrive, but the Attorney-General, Sir Robert Sawyer, brutally answered, "You would not have given the king an hour's notice for saving his life. The trial must proceed."

Lord Russell asked for pen, ink, and paper, and for permission to take notes of the evidence. The Chief Justice, Pemberton, said he might have a servant for the purpose.

"My wife is here to do so," he replied; and so that sweet saint, that sat by Russell's side, quietly worked for him all through the trial.

Two witnesses made unimportant depositions, but the traitorous villain, Lord Howard, then was brought forward. He faltered in his speech, and excused himself by saying he had just heard of an unhappy accident. This was the suicide of the Earl of Essex who, on that very morning had asked for a razor, and in a few moments had cut his own throat. He was a man of grave and melancholy disposition,

and the crisis had no doubt, affected his mind. Perhaps the words of the King as to Archbishop Plunket preyed on him, "His blood be on your head, my lord," when he found himself, in the like evil case, accused of planning a murder he had never thought of. The announcement of his fate at such a moment was said by the Tories to have been accidental; by the Whigs, to have been intended for effect; and the crown lawyers certainly availed themselves of it. The Attorney General said, "My Lord Russell was one of the council for carrying on the plot with the Earl of Essex, who has this morning prevented the hand of justice upon himself," and Sir George Jeffreys followed suit, declaring that only knowledge of guilt could have caused such a deed.

Howard's evidence was of Russell's intimacy with Shaftesbury, and of his presence in Hampden's house at consultations for an insurrection; but he durst not utter a word of any plan of assassination, and it appears that Russell had withdrawn from the scheme, thinking civil war a greater evil than tyranny for a time, and, as the defence pointed out, all the strongest evidence adduced by this witness were hearsay.

Jeffreys, springing up, insisted on knowing if the prisoner had made any open objection to the plan for overpowering the guards. The leading question was answered "No!"

West was then examined, and declared Russell's innocence as to any murderous plan, but said he was one of the lords on whom the conspirators chiefly depended, "because of his sobriety," Lord Russell's defence was, that a design to levy war was not treason without some overt act, and brought witnesses to his peaceableness. One of them said, "I took him to be one of the best sons, one of the best fathers, one of the best masters, one of the best husbands, one of the best Christians we had."

Before the jury withdrew to consider their verdict, he thus addressed them: "Gentlemen, I am now in your hands entirely, my honour, my life and all, and I hope the heats and animosities that are among you will not so bias you as to make you in the least inclined to find an innocent man guilty. I call heaven and earth to witness that I never had the least design against the King's life. I am in your hands, so God direct you."

At 4 o'clock however the jury brought in a verdict of high treason, and the next day the sentence followed. No stone was left unturned to save the prisoner. His old father offered the King, through the Duchess of Portsmouth, £100,000 to buy his life; Barillon, the French ambassador, interceded in vain; Lord Dartmouth represented that much was due to Lord Southampton, Russell's father-in-law. "If I do not take his life, he will soon have mine," said Charles, no doubt meaning that a revolution might bring him, like his father, to the block. Lady Russell carried a petition to the Duke of York, who was thought to be her husband's chief enemy; but she was only able to deliver it to the gentle young Duchess. She threw herself nearly fainting at the feet of the King, but Charles would not look at her,

CAMEO VIII. — *Lord Russell.* 1684.

and no hope was left. Lord Cavendish tried to persuade the prisoner to exchange clothes with him and thus escape, but Russell would not endanger his friend. His mind was made up, and as he said to Bishop Burnet, he only permitted his wife to make so many useless and harassing efforts on his behalf because he thought it would be a comfort to her afterwards to feel that she had left nothing untried. He spoke of his gratitude that it had never entered his head to propose the baseness of denouncing his friends to save his life, like Lord Howard, and rejoiced to leave his children to such a mother.

They spent their last day together like a Sunday, with an early communion celebrated by Dr. Tillotson, and then in peaceful, devotional converse. He saw and blessed his three young children, two girls and a boy, and then supped alone with his wife, parting at ten o'clock, calmly but with many kisses. "The bitterness of death is passed," he said; and the only break in his calm devotion was when on his way to execution he passed Southampton House, and then the tears fell fast. He was beheaded on the 21st of July, 1683, full of devotion and resolution, and the crowd of spectators were entirely silent and awe-stricken.

It was on that same day that the University of Oxford published a declaration, founded on the whole attitude of the primitive Church towards the Cæsars, and on the injunctions of SS. Peter and Paul, namely, that passive obedience was the badge and character of the Church of England; by which the divines meant that the "powers that be" should be obeyed in all things lawful, and that, in the case of their enjoining anything contrary to the conscience of a Christian, there must be disobedience with patient submission to the consequences even to the death, insurrection or armed resistance even to the worst of sovereigns being absolute rebellion, and therefore coming under a curse. They also held that direct hereditary succession pointed out the Divine appointment of the ruler, and must not be interfered with, whatever the heir might be. To this doctrine and declaration a large body in the Church stood firm at a heavy cost, holding it as the only form of loyalty, their favourite virtue. In point of fact, there will always be a doubt whether loyalty be duty to the Sovereign or to the law.

Algernon Sidney was not tried till the next term, and in the meantime Sir George Jeffreys, a coarse, hard-hearted, violent, and unscrupulous man had been made Chief Justice at thirty-four years of age in the room of Pemberton. Lord Howard again was the principal witness, showing Sidney as one of the council of six, together with Russell, Essex, Hampden, and Armstrong, and that he had sent one Aaron Smith as an emissary to Scotland to concert measures with the malcontents there. Further, a treasonable manuscript had been found on Sidney's desk, which three not very competent witnesses swore to be in his handwriting. Passages were read from it which were entirely generalties against misgovernment, and defence of popular rights,

without any special application to the present time, and the main body of it had been written long before. The defence was, first, that it was not proved to be in his writing; next that it was a private paper, never published; and, lastly, that it was not treasonable. Would a defence of the destruction of Nero and Caligula, he said, prove a plan for assassinating King Charles? It really was an answer to a pamphlet on the right of resistance written many years before, and the colour of the ink proved its age.

Then Sidney showed how utterly unworthy of credit Lord Howard was—how he was deeply in debt to himself, and that he, moreover, was, like the inferior witnesses, earning his pardon by accusations. He had even been heard to say that he should not have his pardon till he had done some other jobs and gone through the drudgery of swearing. A number of witnesses of high rank declared that Lord Howard had expressed his utter disbelief in any plot at all, and his own brother, Edward Howard, even assured the Court of his having said it was a mere sham, forged by priests and Jesuits. Lord Howard might have said so; but, though there was no definite project formed by the men of higher stamp for a rebellion, and none at all of murder on their part, the lower sort, either from fanaticism or from indignation at the wrongs done to the corporation of London, had certainly aimed at the assassination of the King and Duke. Charles, one of the acutest men of his time, availed himself of the vague connection to destroy the leading men, who he foresaw would sooner or later cause a revolution in which he and his brother might not indeed be murdered, but might meet their father's fate. This was the secret of his permitting the law of treason to be put in force against high-minded men, who, on their own principles, might easily begin a civil war. So Sidney's defence was unavailing; he was found guilty, and Jeffreys pronounced sentence with all its horrors.

"Then," cried Sidney, "oh, my God, I beseech thee to sanctify these sufferings unto me, and impute not my blood unto the country. Let no inquisition be made for it; but if any, and the shedding of blood that is innocent must be revenged, let the weight of it fall only on those that maliciously persecute me for righteousness' sake."

To which Jeffreys replied:

"I pray God work in you a temper fit to go to the other world, for I see you are not fit for this."

Sidney held out his hand and said:

"My Lord, feel my pulse, and see if I am disordered. I bless God I never was in better temper than I now am."

Efforts were made to save Sidney by Lord Halifax, his nephew by marriage, but in vain. Only his noble blood availed him to be beheaded—he died with the grave, self-concentrated dignity with which he had lived.

Halifax thought it well to bring home Monmouth to counteract the

CAMEO VIII. — *Return of Monmouth.* 1685.

influence of York. The Duke signed some submissive letters to his father, came over and met him at a private house, where Charles showed himself displeased, but affectionate, and promised pardon on condition of unreserved submission. On this Monmouth surrendered, and there followed a strange tangle of confessions and retractations. He seems, in fact, to have told his father and uncle all he knew, but to have drawn back as soon as he found his words likely to be used against the remaining prisoners, and heard the reproaches of those Whig friends on whose support he relied; and when in the spring he was subpœnaed as a witness against Hampden he again fled to Holland.

The flight saved Hampden's life, for the only witness available was Howard of Escrick, and two were needed in cases of treason. So he was only indicted for a misdemeanour, fined forty thousand pounds and imprisoned till the amount should be paid. Holloway, a merchant of Bristol, and Sir Thomas Armstrong, were sentenced and executed. Sir Thomas Armstrong's daughter was present at the trial, and shrieked out, "My Lord, do not murder my father!"

"Take her into custody," said Jeffreys.

"God's judgments light upon you!"

"I am clamour proof," said Jeffreys.

Charles rewarded the Chief Justice with a valuable ring, which the wits called a "blood stone." But the significant advice was added, "My Lord, you are going on circuit, do not drink too hard."

Jeffreys at this time tried the saintly Richard Baxter for libel, some words against the Church of Rome being thought to reflect on the English Church. Never was more insolence displayed: "Richard, Richard! thou art an old fellow and an old knave; thy books are as full of treason as an egg is full of meat."

He was found guilty, had to pay a fine of £500, and was imprisoned for two years.

There were no more executions on this unhappy plot in England, and in Scotland the only person put to death was Baillie of Jerviswood, though on the evidence of Ferguson, surnamed the plotter, full 2,000 were denounced as outlaws. Baillie was, no doubt, in correspondence with the Earl of Argyll, and from him the Scotch branch of the conspiracy, such as it was, is known as the Jerviswood plot. He was a devout, much-esteemed man and received his doom with the words, "My Lords, the sentence is sharp, and the time is short; but I thank God Who has made me as fit to die as you are to live." His wife remained with him to the last moment on the scaffold, and his son George fled to Holland, and entered the Regiment of Guards of the Prince of Orange.

Thither too escaped Sir Patrick Hume in disguise, guided by his steward. His wife and ten children followed, and, to eke out the £150 a year allowed out of his forfeited estate, he practised as a physician at Utrecht, and his son joined his friend, George Baillie in the guards.

Poor and exiled as they were, they led a most happy life, always looked back to by the children as their most joyous days and with Grisell as the great element of peace, gladness, and usefulness, as commemorated by her descendant's daughter, Joanna Baillie.

CAMEO VIII.
Exiles in Holland

"And well, with ready hand and heart
Each task of toilsome duty taking,
Did one dear inmate take her part—
The last asleep, the earliest waking."

CAMEO IX.

MONMOUTH'S REBELLION.

1685-1686.

England.	*France.*	*Spain.*
1685. James II.	1643. Louis XIV.	1650. Charles II.
Germany.		*Pope.*
1658. Leopold I.		1670. Clement X.

CAMEO IX. — *February* 1 1685.

PERHAPS the reign of Charles II. may be thus summed up: He came with great abilities and fair intentions, but with habits corrupted by vicious surroundings and principles overthrown by professing to be of one communion, while his faith was with another.

His course under any circumstances would have been hard, but his brother's open Romanism maddened the nation, and made them believe in the Popish plot. He had not courage to withstand their fanatic violence lest his real proclivities should be suspected and cause his ruin, but he was resolved to support his brother's lawful claims to the throne. Therefore he avoided assembling Parliament, and kept himself afloat by French bribes, gradually advancing in power, and at last, when the Rye House plot gave him the opportunity, availing himself of it to destroy those leaders whom he thought most perilous to his throne and to his brother's succession. It was a miserable policy, a miserable time, and the stain long rested on English statesmen.

Charles, the object of so many hopes, all so grievously disappointed, endowed with so many gifts, all thrown away, had reached the term of his trial. He was only fifty-four years old, and full of energy, apparently in strong health, though he did not walk as much as usual, but worked in his laboratory. On the last Sunday of his life, the scene in the evening of February 1st, 1685, at Whitehall is described by Evelyn:—

A game at basset was going on with a bank of at least £2,000 in the midst, while the King sat a little apart, with the Duchesses of Cleveland, Portsmouth; and Mazarin listening to love-songs sung by a French boy. Already the King was unwell, and had hardly tasted food, and somewhat later, he went to the Duchess of Portsmouth's rooms and asked

CAMEO IX.

Illness of Charles I.

for some "spoon meat," but he could not eat it, and said it was too strong for him. He rose early, but seemed drowsy and confused, stumbling in his speech, and forgetting what he was going to say. At about eight o'clock, as he came out of his dressing-room, he fell into Lord Aylesbury's arms in an apopletic fit.

Dr. King was in the next room, and having no lancet at hand, opened a vein in the arm with a penknife. The Queen came instantly, and was at once followed by the Duke of York and his wife. They found the King, purple and distorted in the face, held up in a chair a hot iron on his head, and his teeth held apart by force.

Presently the Queen made her way to Mary Beatrice and whispered to her, "Sister, I beseech you to tell the Duke, who knowing the King's sentiments with regard to the Catholic religion as well as I do, to take advantage of some good moments."

The effort of speaking brought on a hysterical convulsive attack, and poor Catharine had to be carried out of the room. The Duchess had long to wait to speak to her husband, and when she told him, he replied "I know it, and think of nothing else,"—all in the wonted spirit of their Church, striving for a deathbed reconciliation.

In a little more than two hours, Charles recovered consciousness, and asked for the Queen. She was not yet in a state to come, but sent a message to beg his forgiveness if she had ever offended him. "Ah! poor lady," said Charles, "she beg my pardon! I have much more cause to beg hers."

She was able to come to him after he had been placed in bed, but she was too much overpowered to speak.

There was a rally during the next two days and the whole city rejoiced sincerely, the bells were rung and bonfires lighted, for there was so much that was lovable about Charles that he had the hearts of his people in spite of his grievous faults; but on the Thursday morning his case became manifestly hopeless. The Archbishop and the Bishops of London, Durham and Bath and Wells were in attendance, and to the last of these, the saintly Ken, fell the office of warning him that his hours were numbered.

Charles listened calmly, and Ken read the office for the Visitation of the Sick, asking the King if he repented of his sins. He replied by a general expression of contrition and the Bishop gave him the Absolution, asking afterwards if he would receive the Holy Communion. He did not answer, and on the question being repeated more distinctly, he said "There was time enough for that." Preparations were made, but when all was ready, he would only say, "he would think of it."

The Duke of York meantime was in great perplexity. He was a sincere Roman Catholic himself, and knew his brother's real faith was the same. He believed that Charles's final salvation depended on being received into Communion with his Church, and absolved by her authority. He knew the Queen trusted to him, though she, poor woman, had fallen into another swoon, and was lying unconscious on

CAMEO IX.

Reception of Charles into the Roman Church.
1685.

her bed. The Duchess of Portsmouth, Louise de Querouaille, a true Bretonne in faith, was roaming about the palace in misery, not admitted to the death chamber, and bemoaning to the French Ambassador, Barillon, the difficulty of introducing a priest, among all the Protestant Bishops and courtiers.

One of Barnet's many falsehoods is that she was present, supporting the King, but Barillon's account shows that this was a calumny. There were crowds enough there already, five bishops, twenty-five peers and privy councillors, all the ambassadors, the Queen's ladies, the doctors and servants. The poor King with his wonted courtesy said once or twice—

"Gentlemen, I am sorry to incommode you by being so long a-dying."

The oppression of their presence must have been terrible. The two brothers could not speak in confidence to one another, though James was kneeling close to the bed; Barillon requested him to come for a moment into the apartment of the poor Queen, who lay fainting on her bed, and according to the barbarous practice of the time, was just about to be bled. There the ambassador gave the Duchess's message.

"You are right," said the Duke, "there is no time to lose, and I will venture everything rather than not do my duty."

On his return he found the bishops again entreating the King to communicate, and Charles faintly answering that he would consider about it. James then begged them to draw back, knelt down, and putting his lips to his brother's ear said—

"Sir, you have refused the Sacrament of the Protestant Church, will you receive those of the Catholic?"

"Ah!" said Charles, "I would give everything in the world to have a priest."

"I will bring you one," said the Duke.

"For God's sake, brother, do," he exclaimed; "but, ah! will you not be in danger?"

"Sir, though it cost me my life, I will bring you one," said James, hurrying out in search of Barillon, who undertook to send a priest.

The Queen's chaplains were at hand, but none of them could speak English. However, Father Huddlestone appeared, an aged man, the very same in whose Chamber at Moseley, Charles had been hidden thirty-five years before, and had read the book which shook his faith in the English Church. On this account the Father was a privileged person as well as a fearless one. Other English priests had been sent for, but none had dared to obey the summons.

One of the Portuguese chaplains provided all that was needful, and James then said to the courtiers: "Gentlemen, His Majesty requests you all to withdraw, except the Earls of Bath and Feversham."

This being complied with, Father Huddlestone was brought in through a private door near the bed's head, the Duke saying: "Sir, I bring you a man who once saved your life, and is now come to save your soul."

"He is welcome," faintly said Charles.

He made such confession as he was still capable of, and Huddlestone dictated a brief act of contrition, then absolved him, and gave him the Holy Communion and Extreme Unction. This was manifestly not merely one of those almost unconscious and involuntary reconciliations *in articulo mortis*, so frequent in families of mixed faith, Charles had lived in continual dissembling of his real faith, and was glad to welcome these assurances of the Church that his sins could be pardoned. It is not for us to judge how real was his repentance, and whether his was a saving faith. Only half-an-hour could be given to these rites, and when the English bishops again urged him to communicate he said he hoped he had made his peace with God. They probably understood what this meant, but he joined fervently in Ken's prayers.

There was a rally, during which he again saw the Queen and asked her pardon; but she was too much agitated to remain with him during the night of suffering that ensued. To James he clung to the last, calling him the best of friends and brothers, while James was in an agony of grief, and promised all he asked, of protection to his sons, and to the Duchess of Portsmouth, and "not to let poor Nelly starve."

At six in the morning, he asked to have the curtains drawn that he might see the sun for the last time, and he reminded the attendants that it was the day for winding up his eight-day clock. Soon after pain in the side and difficulty of breathing set in, and by twelve o'clock, the end had come, February 6th, 1685. He was buried in Westminster Abbey on the 14th at midnight, Prince George of Denmark being chief mourner. Catharine of Braganza remained at Whitehall, most affectionately treated by the new King and Queen, and then took up her abode in Somerset House.

In spite of all that had passed, James II. succeeded to the crown without opposition. His first speech to the Privy Council declared his intention of maintaining the Government in Church and State, and said that "he knew the Church of England was favourable to monarchy, and that he should therefore support it, and that he trusted never to invade the rights of any man." He returned their staves of office to all the ministry, and his declaration, which was published, gave general satisfaction.

It was only to be expected that he should go to Mass publicly. The Duke of Norfolk, carrying the Sword of State, stopped at the threshold of the Chapel.

"Your lordship's father would have gone farther," said the King.

"Your Majesty's father would not have gone so far," returned the Duke.

James was devoid of his brother's charm of manner, and was far more hard and stern in character, but more honest and sincere without the same shiftiness. He was by no means free from the

CAMEO IX.

Coronation of James II. 1685.

immorality of the Court life, and strangely combined decorum and profligacy submitting to a mischievous influence, more from habit by this time than from inclination.

The Coronation was a difficulty, as the King and Queen had scruples on being crowned by a Protestant Prelate. Archbishop Sancroft was equally disturbed, lest the King should prove an enemy to the Church, and a minor trouble was that all the regalia appertaining to the Queen had been destroyed during the rebellion.

These were renewed, and on the King's renewed undertaking not to disturb the rights of the establishment, Sancroft was willing to crown them on St. George's day, with the wonted ceremonies, but omitting the holy Eucharist. The Crown then made, has ever since been used for Queens consort, and James endeavoured to compensate for its costliness by omitting the royal procession from the Tower to Westminster Abbey. His oath was to preserve the Church as in the time of Edward the Confessor, an oath which he and the Archbishop no doubt interpreted differently. The Crown was too large, and was only kept on his head by Henry Sidney, Algernon's brother, who whispered: "This is not the first time that my family have supported the crown" a boast that was hardly befitting the last generations of Sidneys.

The ceremonies of the banquet and the champion were observed with full detail, and in honour of the day, eighty debtors and all the prisoners for Nonconformity were released, whether Romanists or Dissenters, among them 1,500 Quakers.

On the other hand, Titus Oates, who was already in prison, was tried again before Jeffreys, and sentenced to be whipped at the cart's tail from Aldgate to Newgate one day, and two days later from Newgate to Tyburn, hands tied, bared to the waist, and flogged with thongs, and to stand in the pillory five days every year. It was a horrible sentence, wretched false witnesss though he was, and he continued to declare that he had spoken truth, very possibly having actually come to believe in his own inventions, as has often been the case with great liars and calumniators. He survived the whipping, but Dangerfield, who was sentenced to the same frightful process, made up his mind to die of it, choosing the text of his funeral sermon, and actually expired, it was said from a blow in the eye from the cane of a barrister, Mr. Robert Frances, who was tried for murder, and executed, public feeling being strong against him.

The new Parliament was chiefly Tory, and met on the 22nd of May, the first news it had to hear was that the banished Earl of Argyll, with a band of rebels, had landed in the Western Isles, and proclaimed him a usurper of the rights of the Duke of Monmouth.

That Duke was at the Hague when the news of his father's death arrived, living on the most friendly terms with the Prince and Princess of Orange. He was heard weeping, sobbing and even shrieking with grief in his bedroom the night after the news arrived. His difficulties were great. His father had always loved him and supplied him with money, but to his uncle he was nothing but a dangerous rival from whom he could

hope for nothing. The Prince of Orange was sorry for him, and perhaps also considered him a rival, but gave him good advice, offering to fit him out with an equipage to win name and fame in Hungary against the Turks, as Prince Eugene was doing. Monmouth however chose to retire to Brussels, accompanied by Henrietta, Baroness Wentworth, of Nettlestede in her own right, whom in the jargon of self-deceivers, he called his wife in the sight of Heaven. There he lived for a short time till English and Scottish exiles persuaded him to strike a stroke for the crown, and the unhappy lady fanned his ambition, and used her estates to provide the means.

These perils were announced by James to his Parliament. There was a shout "*Vive le Roi*," and James retired encouraged.

Argyll had met a large number of the exiles of England and Scotland who all took refuge in Holland, and who were agreed that something should be done to overthrow the new sovereign. Whether Argyll meant to act in concert with Monmouth is not clear. At any rate he believed that not only his own Campbells but all the Whigs of Scotland would be ready to rise against the tyranny they had suffered, though the prudent Sir Patrick Hume and Sir John Cochrane represented that most of the other Highlanders were the enemies of the Campbells, and that he would be at a distance from such of the Lowlanders as might be likely to co-operate.

However, Argyll obtained three ships in Holland and embarked with about 300 men, with whom he landed at Campbeltown on the peninsula of Kantyre, and sent the fiery cross through his clan. They rose as one man to the number of about 1,000 and he had besides accompanying him two civilians, called commissioners, Rumbold and Ayliffe, Englishmen implicated in the Rye House Plot.

These men considered themselves to be bound to control the proceedings of the army, and this naturally led to dissension and delay. Argyll wished to attack the garrison in his own Castle of Inverary, but contrary to his own judgment was persuaded to march into the Lowlands. The Cameronians refused to march further south, and in the meantime his three ships were taken and burnt, nor would the Lowlanders rise.

He now decided on trying to attack Glasgow, but as he passed through the wild country between Loch Lomond and Loch Long, he was constantly harassed by the royal troops under the Marquis of Athol, and the Commissioners would not let him attack them lest there should be regular soldiers among them. It was decided to try to slip by them in the night, leaving innumerable fires in the camp to deceive them, and to make for Glasgow.

But by mischance or treachery, the guides led the unfortunate army wrong, and daybreak showed that it was near Kilpatrick—far away from Glasgow, and it had moreover melted away to barely 500. There was no alternative but to disperse—each man trying to reach home as best he might—Argyll—covered with a carter's frock—and with a single follower sought shelter in the house of a former ser-

CAMEO IX.
Execution of Argyll.
1685.

vant where he was ungratefully shut out. He then made for Inchinnanford, across the Clyde, his friend, on seeing that they were pursued waiting so as to occupy the attention of the enemy while he reached the river; but there let his horse go, and waded through on foot. Some militia men on the other side concluded that he was no true carter, and attacked him as he landed. As he was struck down, he exclaimed "Unfortunate Argyll!" and they learnt the value of their prisoner.

He was brought into Edinburgh as Montrose had been, bareheaded, with an unsaddled horse and the hangman preceding him. It was decided by the Council at Edinburgh to execute him on his former sentence as a leasing maker and a depraver of the laws, instead of giving him a fresh trial for rebellion, and he was beheaded by the Maiden, a sort of guillotine. Twenty gentlemen of his clan likewise suffered; lands were laid waste, and hundreds of his people sent to work in the West Indies, the men with one ear cut off, the women branded.

Rumbold was taken by a party of royalists and executed, and at the same time, a number of persons obnoxious on account of their religious peculiarities, were decided to be dangerous to the State, and shut up in the dismal Castle of Dunottar, where once the Regalia had been saved, on a rock almost surrounded by the sea. Here 160 persons, including women and children, were packed into a single dungeon vault, with one window towards the ocean, and no bedding and provisions save what they purchased. There were crevices in the wall into which the fingers of the refractory were wedged; and, if attempts to escape over the rocks were made, they were punished by lighted matches being tied between the fingers. Many died, and others suffered horribly from disease. After six weeks, the test was offered to them, and those who accepted were released, while the rest were transported to the West Indies.

In the meantime, the Duke of Monmouth had begun his invasion. He had hoped to start immediately after his father's death; but his preparations delayed him four months. He got together at the Texel about 80 officers and 150 Scotch and English, including Lord Grey and Sir Patrick Hume. The English Ambassador, learning what was going on, applied to the Prince of Orange, who sent orders to Amsterdam that the expedition should be detained; but the city authorities eluded the command by saying that the ships were chartered for the Canaries, and without proof positive that they were destined for England, they could not be prevented from sailing.

William was not likely to be in favour of Monmouth, since the claims of his own wife were put in jeopardy; and he sent his father-in-law three Scotch regiments in his service; but both he and the States refused to give up the numerous English refugees who were living in Holland.

It was six days before the capture of Argyll, that, on the 11th of

CAMEO IX.
Landing of Monmouth.
1685.

June, Monmouth landed at Lyme Regis, in Dorsetshire, at about nine on a beautiful evening. The Duke knelt down and returned thanks; the militia in the town ran away; the townspeople shouted "a Monmouth! a Monmouth!" and a proclamation was put forth by a Scotch minister named Ferguson, in which he declared that the Duke of York was endeavouring to overthrow the English Church and State, and to bring in Popery, also of having caused the Fire of London and the Popish Plot, of murdering Godfrey and Essex, and poisoning the King, all which accusations Monmouth knew to be utterly false, and only allowed to be inserted for the sake of inflaming the populace.

In this he succeeded. The previous summer had been hot and dry, the winter very severe, and the spring had been devoid of rain; there was much distress and discontent, and the people charged their sufferings upon the Popish King. To them Monmouth, handsome, graceful and winning, appeared the princely heir dispossessed by his cruel uncle, and come to deliver the country from the tyranny and the Popery indelibly associated in their minds with the fires of Smithfield and the Gunpowder Plot, and which the Huguenot refugees from the oppressions of Louis XIV. showed to be still full of the spirit of persecution.

No less than 1500 men on foot and a few horsemen flocked round him the day after his landing from Dorsetshire and the adjacent parts of Devonshire, and no troops were near but 300 militia stationed at Bridport. Monmouth sent out Lord Grey to attack them, and these behaved with spirit, while their leader, in a panic, came galloping back to Lyme, declaring that they were defeated.

"What shall we do to Lord Grey?" asked Monmouth.

"You are the only general in Europe who would ask such a question," was the answer.

The Duke however durst not offend the man of highest rank who had joined him, nor alarm his followers by an example of severity, so he left Grey in command of his cavalry. In point of fact, the so-called cavalry were for the most part mounted on rough untrained colts from the marshes which would neither obey the rein nor stand fire, so that Monmouth probably knew that the fault might not be that of the commander, and his ablest man, Fletcher of Saltoun, had (fortunately for himself), to be sent away from the army on board a ship on account of a quarrel about a war horse.

The Duke of Albemarle was at Exeter training militia, and marched out, but he found them so untrustworthy, that he retreated; and Monmouth, instead of following him, proceeded to Taunton where his welcome was very warm, not only the mayor and corporation, but a number of the inhabitants, among them sixty young ladies, earnest in the cause, and full of the romance of the oppressed nephew, and hatred of Popery, appeared in white dresses, strewing flowers, and on their knees presenting him with a Bible and with a standard embroidered by their own needles.

CAMEO IX.
Sedgemoor.
1686.

Here, Monmouth, inflated by his reception, took the fatal step of proclaiming himself King, as the legitimate son of Charles II., by which means he deprived himself of all chance of aid from Holland, as this excluded his cousin Mary, the next heiress, and offended many Englishmen who looked to her and her prudent husband as their future hope.

He then applied himself to drilling his army of rough husbandmen—a work that could not be done in the time, and prevented the chances of surprising the King's forces. The militia were mustering under their Lord Lieutenants to oppose him, Louis Ducas, French but Protestant, Lord Feversham, commanded 2,500 men, and the Blues were under Colonel Churchill, who had been created a baron.

Meantime, King Monmouth, as he was called, advanced upon Bristol; but the Duke of Beaufort, with the militia, was so formidable, that he gave up this intention, and marched away to Keynsham, and thence from one place to another in Somersetshire, in incessant rain, which made him lose many stragglers in the bad roads and muddy fields, while the supporters of higher rank whom he expected failed to come in. His spirits began to sink, and when he heard the news of Argyll's failure, his courage became lower, and some of his party even proposed to escape and leave the unfortunate army to its fate. However, it was decided to endeavour to reach Cheshire and Shropshire, where he had made such a triumphal progress a few years previously.

The Royal troops under Feversham were dogging him, and on the night of the 5th of July were encamped on Sedgemoor, a dreary open marshy moor, intersected by ditches, called rhines. Monmouth decided on attacking them at night, and mustered his forces at Bridgewater at eleven o'clock at night, giving express orders that not a musket was to be fired till they had reached the enemy's lines. On the Sunday the nonconformist pastors preached to the insurgents. Ferguson's text was actually, "If it be in rebellion or in transgression against the Lord, save us not this day!"

Rebellion indeed it was—most wrong-headed, deluded rebellion, though, alas! the poor fellows who joined in it, were most of them individually better men than the savage soldiery who defended the crown. Grey was still in command of the horse, and when reminded of his behaviour at Bridport, Monmouth said: "I will not affront my Lord Grey, and what I have given him in charge is easy to be executed." Monmouth would not have said so if he had been properly informed of the rhine in front of the camp. It brought Grey to a standstill, a pistol shot woke the Royalists to resistance, and the untrained cavalry galloped away. Colonel Wade tried to cross; but his men fired wildly in the dark, the royal artillery opened on them, and the rebel cavalry could not be brought to charge them. The troops sallied out of the camp, and carried all before them, though the poor countrymen fought stoutly with scythes and axes.

Grey told Monmouth all was lost, and they rode away together, without a word to the unhappy throng they left behind them, closely

CAMEO IX.

Capture of Monmouth. 1688.

pursued by the pitiless Colonel Kirke, who only overtook to slay; 1500 were killed, 500 made prisoners.

Kirke's regiment had served at Tangier against the Mohammedans. They had a Paschal Lamb on their colours, and were therefore called Kirke's lambs; they were thought to have learnt cruelty among the Moors, and certainly the savagery with which they hunted down the fugitives, wherever any had taken shelter, was most frightful and unprecedented on English soil.

Monmouth at first had ridden for Wales, but on the persuasion of his evil genius Grey, turned towards the New Forest. There on the 7th of July, two days after the battle, Grey was taken in a peasant's disguise, and the next morning a Brandenburger officer, who confessed that he had only lately parted from the Duke.

After a close search, the miserable man was found, crouched under long fern and grass in a ditch, dressed as a peasant, and with a few peas in his pocket, besides a book, in his own handwriting, of spells, charms, recipes and prayers, and another on fortification. Utterly exhausted in body and mind, he was taken to Ringwood, whence he wrote a piteous and abject letter to the King, imputing his rebellion to the ill-advice of "horrid people," and earnestly begging for an interview. He also wrote to Queen Catherine, who had always been kind to him, to intreat her to intercede for him, as she did with all her heart.

On their arrival in London, Monmouth and Grey were both taken to Whitehall, and separately brought with pinioned arms to Chiffinch's apartment, where James was attended by Sunderland and Middleton, the two Secretaries of State. Nothing is known of what passed between the uncle and nephew, except from James's own letter to the Prince of Orange, and a hearsay narrative of Bishop Kennet's. James says: "The Duke of Monmouth seemed more concerned and desirous to live, and did not behave himself so well as I expected from one who had taken himself to be King."

Kennet represents him as crawling to James's knees, and piteously entreating the King, and likewise declares that he was arrogantly insulted by the Queen; but it is quite certain that Mary Beatrice was not present there at all.

A bill of attainder had been passed in Parliament on his first landing, and this was held to make any trial unnecessary. His execution was fixed on the second day after the interview, the 13th of July. He had made himself too dangerous to be spared, and was so popular that haste might be necessary to obviate some rising; but it was a harsh measure. That last day was even more melancholy than were most of such times. For years past Monmouth had forsaken his wife, the heiress of Buccleuch, whose name of Scott he and his children bore, taking in her stead Lady Wentworth, He now refused to see her, declaring that she had gone to plays and assemblies while he was in trouble; but in order to spare his children from any danger from his royal pretensions, he signed a declaration of his own illegitimacy.

CAMEO IX.

Execution of Monmouth. 1688.

The King appointed Tennison, Ken and Turner, Bishops of London, Bath and Wells, and Ely, to prepare him for death; but they could not obtain from him any recognition of the sin, the example of which had been set by his father, though they strove hard to bring him to what they could not but think needful to saving repentance. He said he was sorry for the bloodshed he had caused, and in general for his sins. "May God in his mercy forgive you," they said; and they further begged him to say a few words to the people from the scaffold, owning to the sin of rebellion; but he said, "No speeches—no speeches; I come here to die."

The executioner lost nerve, and made three ineffectual strokes, then cried: "I cannot go on with this business;" but was goaded on by the sheriffs till the deed was done! The populace, who had always admired Monmouth, were horrified, and exalted him into a Protestant martyr. Lord Grey was allowed a respite for life, which he was believed to have purchased for £40,000.

Far less guilty victims were suffering. Feversham, a Frenchman, had hanged twenty persons after the battle, as he seized them; Kirke, nineteen; and violence and pillage prevailed wherever their troops were quartered, only heavy bribes obtained any kind of security during the whole month that Kirke was in command, though Bishop Ken did his best for his people, sending relief to those in prison, and pleading for them with all his might.

James, however, was in a vindictive mood. He had made up his mind that his father's fate was owing to want of judicious severity, and that instead of trimming, as his brother had done, he had better begin by causing terror. Sir George Jeffreys was Chief Justice, and was sent on a special assize into the West, guarded by soldiers, and thus was a very tiger let loose.

The first city was Winchester. Here almost the only case, and by far the most noted, was that of Alice, the widow of Major John Lisle, the regicide, one of Cromwell's lord high commissioners, the same who had been assassinated in Switzerland; but she was loyal, and had remained at home. Living in the New Forest, she was much respected for her religious and charitable habits, and was by this time a very aged woman. She had, unfortunately, sheltered in her house a Nonconformist minister named Hickes, but as soon as she learnt that he had been with Monmouth's army, she had given him secret warning to escape while she gave information to the nearest magistrate.

For this she was brought to trial at Winchester, and Jeffreys showed himself furiously malignant against her, in a way for which it is not easy to account, unless it was for her name, and because she was the first victim in his way. Hickes had not been taken, and it was with great difficulty evidence could be found that he had been with the rebels. Lady Lisle—as the popular voice called her—was allowed no counsel; but she argued for herself that unless he had been tried and found guilty,

she could not justly be tried for harbouring him, and indeed her only son had joined the royal standard against the invaders.

Nothing, however, availed her. Jeffreys summed up in his most savage and abusive manner, and stormed at the jury for retiring. The foreman when they came back said that the evidence was not clear that she knew that Hickes had been with the army. Jeffreys then grew more furious, declared it was certain, forbade further speech, and when the jury had thus been baited into finding a verdict of guilty, he pronounced sentence that she should be burnt alive, the legal penalty of treason for women not noble.

Strong interest was made for the good and pious lady, Lord Feversham himself interceding; but James said he had pledged himself to the Chief Justice not to pardon her, and he only commuted her sentence into beheading. She walked calmly to the place of execution, and with her last breath prayed for the King. Hickes was afterwards taken and executed.

At Salisbury there were only a few whippings for indiscreet words; but at Dorchester the gaol was overflowing with the deluded men who had risen on Monmouth's landing. There were hundreds to try, and Jeffreys was in haste, having heard of Lord Keeper Guildford's death, and the assurance of the Great Seal to himself. So to save time, he gave out that the persons who pleaded guilty should find him a merciful judge. Mistrusting his tender mercies, a smaller proportion than he expected did so, and of those who pleaded "not guilty," he hanged thirteen the next day, including the constable of Chardstock, for having been robbed of a sum of money by Monmouth's men, for the payment of the militia. When this man attempted a defence, the judge exclaimed, "Villain, I see thee with a halter round thy neck!"

Whether pleading guilty or not guilty, 292 were sentenced the next day, of whom 74 were executed, and in their own villages, where their ghastly remains were exposed.

At Exeter only thirty-three suffered; but Somersetshire was in terrible case, in spite of the exertions of Bishop Ken. There were 1,100 citations for high treason altogether, between Wells and Taunton, and at the latter place the twenty-six poor girls who had embroidered the banner, were kept in a loathsome dungeon till their friends compounded for them by heavy fines, which were actually presented to the Queen's maids of honour, as the price of their intercession. Two hundred and thirty-nine persons were executed, others sent in herds to the West Indies. Bristol was the last place in this "Bloody Assize." There were only three cases of treason here; but Jeffreys had the satisfaction of bullying the mayor and aldermen, coarsely and passionately, but not quite undeservedly, for their custom of selling convicted felons to the planters in the West Indies.

Jeffreys was often half drunk, and was in bad health, so as sometimes hardly to know what he said; but his barbarities were the most fright-

CAMEO IX.
The Bloody Assize.
1688

ful ever committed in the name of the law. Three hundred and thirty executions altogether, 800 transportations and heavy fines, or rather briberies, from those who escaped.

Brutal as was Jeffreys, it is impossible to acquit the King of permitting these atrocities knowingly. The one seems to have enjoyed them; the other to have been actuated by that cruelty which is born of terror, and to have imagined his best policy to be a severity, the actual effect of which he perhaps hardly realized. Jeffreys himself said that his instructions were more terrible than his sentences, and that in the main he was approved, was shown by his being promoted to be Lord Chancellor and Baron of Wem. His own father refused to see him, so shocked was his family at his cruelties, and the appointment was the more scandalous that he had a very slight knowledge of his profession. Old Serjeant Maynard, who was past eighty, the most practised of lawyers, and called the father of the Bar, was the only person who could ever put his bullying temper down for a moment. Once, when Jeffreys had rudely reproached him with being so old as to have forgotten the law, the Serjeant answered: "True, Sir George, I have forgotten more law than you ever learnt."

The miserable rebellion entailed a few more prosecutions. Another poor lady was actually burnt in London—Mrs. Gaunt, of Wapping—for assisting a fugitive to escape. She died like a martyr, declaring she had obeyed the precepts of the Gospel, which bade her shelter the wanderer and outcast.

The rebellion had really strengthened James's hands considerably. The regiments he had brought over from Holland had been only volunteers raised on speculation in England for William's service on condition of their return if needed. These were now added to the few troops of guards, infantry, and dragoons, who had been maintained by Charles II. for special services, such as the guarding his person and palaces, garrisoning the fortresses in England and at Tangier, and reducing the Scottish Covenanters. It was James's desire to keep together this regular army and add to it; but almost the whole country was against his doing so. The recollection of the dominion of Cromwell's army was still fresh and galling, and these soldiers were far worse men, and worse tyrants than the stern but moral and orderly Ironsides. As there were no barracks, they were quartered for the most part in public-houses, and often made themselves very offensive to the neighbourhood. Besides, there was a strong suspicion that such a force in the King's hand might be used to bring in Popery, and this sentiment was fanned by the report of a sermon by the French Bishop of Valence, in which Louis XIV. was praised as not only putting down heresy himself, but encouraging his brother monarch to do the same.

The gentlemen fancied the militia, raised from their tenants, and officered by themselves, was sufficient for defence against invasion, and when asked what it could do against regular troops, they brought

CAMEO IX.
Dispensing Power.

in and passed a bill for its better training and greater efficiency, much to the King's displeasure. However, with the supply they granted him, together with the property of the Crown, and the money which Louis continued to send him, he kept his army on foot ; and though the Test Act excluded Roman Catholics from command, he admitted them by his dispensing power. He was thus at this juncture nearer despotic power than any English Sovereign had been, when he prorogued his first and only Parliament.

CAMEO X.

THE REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES.

1679-1688.

England. 1685. James II. *France.* 1643. Louis XIV. *Spain.* 1650. Charles II.
Germany. 1658. Leopold I. *Pope.* 1670. Clement X.

CAMEO X.
Port Royal 1679.

THE attitude of Louis XIV. towards religious matters was very curious. He was quite as much determined to be his own Pope as Henry VIII. could have been, only he did not say so as openly, and being within reach of the Pope, he was able to get his own way more effectively.

In the first place he made a final ruin of Port Royal. The Duchess of Longueville, who had long been its protector, died in 1679, a woman who by forty-five years of penitence and consistent religious practice had effaced the memory of the aberrations of her early womanhood.

A month later the Archbishop of Paris directed, by the order of the King, that all, save the professed sisters should leave it. Novices and postulants were dispersed into other convents, *pensionnaires*, many of them, of the highest birth, sent home, and the old nuns were only allowed to remain there as one by one they dropped off through a course of thirty years.

The Jansenists, were however not extinguished. Arnauld withdrew to Flanders, where he spent the rest of his life. He had thoughts of proceeding to Rome, where Innocent XI. was ready to receive him with all honour, and had even thought of giving him a Cardinal's hat, but he decided otherwise, not being able to trust the possible turns which might make French influence predominate. However some of the best Bishops, especially the saintly Pavillon of Alet, were well known to hold Jansenist opinions, but gave no opportunity for censure; and even to the days of the revolution, there were families, clergy, and religious houses well known to be Jansenist.

The persecution of the Jansenists was one of Louis's compensations for his great struggle with the Pope. As a general rule, all benefices

CAMEO X.

The Régale. 1673.

in France were subject to the *Régale*, by which the Crown presented to them, and moreover enjoyed their revenues during a vacancy, but there were a certain number of churches in the kingdom, chiefly in the provinces recently acquired, exempt from this rule. On the 10th of February, 1673, Louis XIV. put forth a declaration, not only claiming the *Régale* of all Benefices which had not made distinct terms with the Crown, but requiring all the Bishops of sees hitherto exempt to register their oaths of allegiance in order to obtain restitution of the benefices they were stated to be illegally enjoying.

Pavillon of Alet and Caulet of Pamiers sturdily refused to comply with this exaction, and neither registered their oaths, nor would induct nominees of the King to appointments within their dioceses. There was an appeal to the Archbishop of Toulouse, and then to the Pope, Innocent XI., Benedetto Odescalchi, an excellent and upright man, to whom the ambition and tyranny of Louis were most distasteful, and who was not, like most Popes, under Jesuit influence. He supported the two Bishops with all his might, sending briefs of remonstrance to the King, and writing to them privately to persevere.

Bishop Pavillon died in 1679. He had been a noble Bishop, promoting all that was good in his diocese, and providing for the religious training of the poor in the mountains, by sending pairs of ladies, whom he called *Régentes*, to instruct them. His friend at Pamiers held out, and actually endured from the King the spoiling of all his property, even the funds with which he was rebuilding his cathedral and founding two seminaries for his clergy. He died in August, 1680, and then came a desperate struggle in the cathedral itself, between the Chapter and the *Régalistes* appointed by the King for the election of a Grand Vicar. Cerle, who was appointed by the old Chapter, was not a moderate man, and in his indignation used expressions which caused him to be tried, in his absence, by the Parliament of Toulouse, and burnt in effigy in the market-place.

The Pope strengthened his hands by excommunicating all who acknowledged the *Régaliste* Vicar-General, and the dispute proceeded hotly. Louis convened a Council of Bishops, men who were almost all under the spell of his overmastering character, though many of them were holy and devoted in their lives. The question was an exceedingly difficult one. On the one hand it might be looked on as concerning the liberty of the Gallican Church from the Ultramontane yoke, on the other hand as asserting temporal power instead of spiritual.

The preliminary Council of Bishops decided that the previous decisions and the precedents were uncertain, but for the sake of peace it was better to submit to the *Régale*. Of course this did not satisfy the Pope, and a general assembly of the clergy was convoked on the 1st of October, 1681. Bossuet was the leading spirit and preached the opening sermon. He was anxious for the lawful freedom of his national church, but on the other hand most desirous to guard against any such rupture with Rome as England had made. The upshot of the conference was that

CAMEO X.

The Four Articles. 1680.

the King's claim should be acknowledged, but that his nominees must have canonical institution. To this, however, the Pope would not agree. He said that he echoed the complaint of the prophet, "The sons of my mother have fought against me," and he was further indignant at the four articles drawn up by the assembly. In substance these are :—

1st. That the State is independent of the Church in temporal matters.

2nd. That the Canons of the Council of Constance are affirmed.

3rd. That thus the Papal decisions must be regulated by the Canons and consent of the Church.

4th. That though the Pope has the principal voice in deciding questions, his judgment is not irreversible till confirmed by the consent of the Church.

Bossuet had been averse to opening such a controversy, but as the other Bishops were bent upon so doing, he took the principal theme in the summing-up of the declaration. He was much distressed, and though certain that the declaration was the right doctrine, yet he grieved over the necessity of its publication, and the indignation it excited at Rome. The exiled Arnauld used all the influence he possessed to prevent the Pope from promulgating such answers as would make the breach wider, and as neither Innocent nor Louis wished to render it irreparable, the matter remained in the condition of a war of criticism. But Louis was the more bent on showing himself a sound Catholic, and the assembly did not break up without an *avertissement* to the Huguenots to return to the bosom of the Church unless they wished to incur more rigorous treatment.

There were, at this time, it was computed, 564,000 Huguenots in France, 1,200 pastors, 844 temples, as their places of worship were called. Vigorous preaching and arguments were set on foot by missions. Bossuet published an exposition of Catholic doctrine, and obtained that a translation of the New Testament, and some of the prayers of the Church, should be distributed; and the preaching was carried on by Jesuits, Capuchins, all the orders, often very effectively; and numerous Calvinists, coming to a better understanding of the Church, became honest converts. Moreover, there was a fund called "*La Caisse des Conversions*," originally set apart for the compensation of recanting ministers, and this, in the hands of a convert named Pelisson, became a system of bribery.

"M. Pelisson works wonders," wrote Madame de Maintenon. "He may not be so learned as Monseigneur Bossuet, but he is more persuasive." She consoled herself for the venality of these converts by saying, "At any rate their children will be Catholics."

Madame de Maintenon was gaining in favour. On the 30th of July, 1683, died poor Queen Mary Thérèse, after a dull and dreary life, during which she had believed herself despised by every one; but latterly had been somewhat happier owing to the King's return to her. There is no doubt that at some time or other in the course of the two subsequent years, Françoise d'Aubigné, widow of Scarron, and Marquise de Main-

CAMEO X.

Madame de Maintenon.

tenon, was married to Louis XIV., the proudest monarch in Europe. She never took rank upon her, and suppressed all the proofs: but the marriage was an open secret in the Court, and was confided to Harlay, Archbishop of Paris, to Père la Chaise, the King's confessor, and to several ladies.

The influence of this secretly-married wife had certainly rendered Louis a much more religious man; and to her has been attributed the form of zeal he manifested in the conversion of the Huguenots; but it seems that to blame her for the persecution that began to set in is a great injustice, for, as far as any one at Court understood the violences that were practised, she disapproved. Gradually the privileges secured by the Edict of Nantes had been revoked. All sorts of offices were forbidden to the Huguenots; they could not be magistrates, schoolmasters, doctors, surgeons, printers or postmen. The "chambers" in the Parliaments for their legal affairs were done away with; they were forbidden to become guardians to minors, or to send their children out of the country under sixteen years old for education, thus of course driving them to the converting schools, as none could be kept by Huguenots. Moreover, it was decreed in 1681 that the abjuration of a child of seven years old was valid, and that after it had been made, the parents had no right to interfere, but were bound to maintain it under Catholic guardianship. This enactment caused much wretchedness and distrust. A maid, a playfellow, a visitor might entice a child at any moment, and, on the declaration before a magistrate that the little one had kissed the Madonna, made the sign of the cross or tried to go into a church, it was captured, to be brought up by guardians appointed by the Church. Thus Madame de Maintenon obtained the little daughter of her cousin, the Marquis de Villette, whose own account of the being taken from home was "I cried a good deal; but the next day I thought the King's mass so beautiful that I promised to be a Catholic provided I might hear it every day, and never be whipped. That was the whole controversy used with me, and my only abjuration."

Besides all this, converts were permitted to wait three years before paying their debts, and for the same period were free from all taxes and imposts, the staunch in faith having to pay double by way of compensation to the revenue.

Doctors were commanded to inform the authorities of the dangerous sickness of Huguenots, in order that they might be visited and persuaded to abjure; and if a convert were again admitted into a Reformed temple, it was shut up for ever, and the pastor banished with confiscation of property. A single traitor could thus ruin a congregation; and thus were destroyed the noted old temples of Montauban and Montpellier, with two more.

These measures were adopted in the genuine belief that Calvinism, *la religion*, as everybody called it, was a crime—as displeasing to God as the idolatry of Canaan; and that it was absolute duty, as well

CAMEO X.

The Dragonnades. 1681.

as true charity, to bring its professors into the the Church by any means whatsoever. If the converts were coerced, and insincere, still all would be well with their children.

Many were already making their escape into England, Holland, or Switzerland; but the diminution still was not rapid enough, and Louvois bethought him of another form of compulsion which had been already practised in Scotland. In March, 1681, he wrote to Marillac, the Intendant of Poitou, that his regiment of dragoons was to be sent into that province, always a stronghold of the Reformed. "His Majesty," wrote the minister, "is much rejoiced at learning how many persons in your department continue to be converted; he desires that you should still attend to this; he will be pleased if the larger proportion of privates and officers are quartered upon the Protestants. If, according to a fair division, a religionist should have ten, you may have twenty billeted on them."

Such was the commencement of the *dragonnades*. The soldiers, bred up in the terrible wars of Germany, were placed in the midst of peaceful families with directions to use any violence short of killing them. They beat the old, the women and the children, dragged them into church by the hair, fastened the men to carts and ploughs, and pricked them on with sword-points, like oxen. Crosses were fastened to the handles of muskets, and held to the mouth to be kissed, and on resistance were forced against the face or body. Some clergy were shocked at these cruelties, but others cried, "Courage! messieurs, it is the King's will."

So many Huguenots fled, that when M. d'Aubigné. Madame de Maintenon's brother, had a grant of 800,000 francs, she advised him to lay it out in Poitou, where land was to be had almost for nothing, left desolate by the Huguenots. There were a great number of sailors, and these departed to such an amount that the naval administration was in difficulties. There was a slight relaxation of persecution of actual Protestants, but at the same time an attempt to escape was punished by condemnation to the galleys, and any return to his old faith by a convert was cruelly punished. "Are we Turks? Are we infidels?" wrote Jurien, a pastor who had escaped to Holland. "We believe in Jesus Christ, we believe Him to be the Eternal Son of God, Redeemer of the world. Our moral maxims are pure; we respect kings, we are good subjects, good citizens, and are as true Frenchmen as reformed Christians."

Rebellions had, in fact, long been over among the Reformed. Richelieu's treatment after the capture of La Rochelle had been wise and moderate, and had been continued as long as Mazarin lived; and the universal temper of submission had extended itself to the Huguenots. A considerable number had voluntarily joined the Church, and the King and Madame de Maintenon were convinced that only gentle force was necessary to fulfil the text their preachers quoted. "Compel them to come in." "Convert, but do not persecute," was the lady's maxim;

and both she and the King were convinced that to bring the entire kingdom to unity of faith would be the crowning glory of his reign. Politically the Huguenots were an object of dread, as men who durst think for themselves; religiously, it was thought due to the Church to extirpate schism, and true charity to the individuals to bring them into her pale.

Nor did Royalty know the methods employed. Orders were sent that the dragoons should be under the most strict discipline; and the officers interpreted this as they chose. Whole districts professed conversion on the mere report that the troops were coming. Thus Louvois wrote, five weeks after giving orders to Marshal Boufflers: "60,000 conversions have been made around Bordeaux, 20,000 at Montauban. There are not ecclesiastics enough to receive the converts."

The King was assured that in effect the work was done, the remnant of heresy remaining, and the means employed, being alike suppressed. For instance, the Count of Tessé wrote to Louvois—"Not only in a single day was the whole city of Orange converted, but the whole state; and the Parliament gentlemen who tried to manifest a little more obstinacy, adopted the same resolution twenty-four hours later. All was done gently, with no violence nor uproar; no one save the Minister Chambrun, the patriarch of the country, persists in not hearing reason, for M. le Président, who aspired to the honour of martyrdom, would have turned Mohammedan if I had desired it. You would hardly believe how infatuated all these folks were and still are, for the Prince of Orange, his authority—Holland, England, and the German Protestants. I should never end if I told you all their folly and impertinence."

Nor does he explain that he had carried off all the pastors of Orange, who were kept in prison at Pierre Encise. Poor old Chambrun gave way under torture, and exclaimed, "Well, I will write!" He afterwards escaped, and ended his days in Holland, bitterly lamenting his weakness, and calling himself a cowardly soldier who had turned his back in the day of battle.

No doubt Calvinism is a schism, and involves several false and mischievous doctrines; but, on the other hand, Romanism, especially as it was presented to these unfortunates, involved much obviously unscriptural teaching and practice. Turenne might, under Bossuet's controversial instruction, be honestly convinced; but it was a very different thing to be called on to offer what appeared absolute worship to an image of a saint, or to have the cross forced on the lips at the sword's point. Resistance acquired the dignity of martyrdom, and the Huguenots were actuated by the same spirit as their fellows in Scotland, and with far more reason on their side, since it was the most corrupt side of Catholicism that was presented to them.

Those who were not deeply in earnest conformed, in sufficient numbers to be gloried over, and a good deal of exaggeration on the one side, and of omission on the other, persuaded the King that Protestantism was so far extirpated that the Edict of Nantes, by which Henri IV. had established toleration and granted civil rights to the Reformed,

CAMEO X.

Revocation of the Edict. 1685.

might be repealed. It had always been regarded as a blot on the legislation of France, like the endurance of high places by the Kings of Judah; and there was great rejoicing and thanksgiving when the King signed the Revocation on the 15th of October, 1685. No voice was raised against it, except an anonymous memorial which was read aloud by the Dauphin, representing the dangerous consequences of what was in fact the proscription of thousands. The King said he had foreseen and provided for all; he was prepared to crush rebellion, and he preferred religion to prosperity.

Everybody was with him. His old Chancellor Le Tellier, whose last public act was the drawing up the document, repeated the *Nunc dimittis* when he died twelve days later. Bossuet, Fénélon, Bourdaloue, the great Churchmen and preachers, lauded to the skies "this second Constantine, this second Theodosius," forgetting that the first Constantine and Theodosius certainly never attempted to uproot or exterminate the Arians. Even Antoine Arnauld in his banishment fully approved, citing the laws against the Donatists. La Bruyère and La Fontaine, far from being courtiers, approved and rejoiced. In point of fact the whole world had for several centuries been persuaded that it was the duty of a sovereign to force his people to accept the truth, and only a few here and there had arrived at the perception that since souls cannot be controlled by any human power, there is nothing to be done but to grant free toleration and civil rights, so long as no crime against morality and security is committed. The State cannot deal with Faith; but, while it was thought that it could do so, Louis was acting as conscientiously as were his victims.

The Edict of repeal took for granted that Calvinism was abolished. It enacted that the remaining temples should be demolished, prohibited all assemblies for worship, and banished all obstinate ministers within fifteen days; but forbade all the other Huguenots to leave the country, under pain of the galleys for the men, of imprisonment for the women; and to exercise any office of the ministry would thenceforth be capitally punished. Those persons who could remain, or rather could not escape, to exercise any religious rites without being permitted, were allowed a kind of miserable existence.

Few of the higher nobility, as persons in office, remained. Of these, Marshal Schomberg demanded and obtained permission to leave the country, so did the Marquis de Ruvigny and the Princess de Tarente, of the House of Hesse. Permission was refused to Admiral Duquesne, the greatest sailor France possessed, whom the Algerine pirates called "The old French captain wedded to the sea, and forgotten by the angel of death." However permission was granted to him to live in France unmolested on account of his religion. "For sixty years I rendered unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," he said, "it is time to render unto God the things that are God's."

And when Louis expressed regrets that he could not be rewarded on account of his religion, he answered, "Sire, I am a Protestant, but I

thought my services Catholic." His sons succeeded in leaving France, and when he died, were not permitted to obtain his body. They erected a monument at Aubonne, in Switzerland, with the inscription—

"This tomb awaits the remains of Duquesne: Traveller, if thou askest why the Dutch have raised a superb monument to the vanquished De Ruyter, and the French refuse one to his victor, fear and respect for a monarch of far-reaching power forbid the reply."

Of the other nobles attached to the Court, almost all were too much accustomed to idolatry of the King to hesitate long. "Is it not easy to make one's self believe whatever one pleases?" said a worldly-wise lady to her granddaughter. The country *noblesse* were more staunch. Some had invested property abroad, and followed it as they could, knowing that if captured, the galleys would be their lot. A relation of the Duke de la Force was thus condemned at the age of seventy-five; and with him Louis de Marolles, an old companion of the King's.

The pastors were forced to depart in flocks, leaving all their children above seven years old behind them. There were old men between eighty and ninety, some of whom died before reaching the frontier; but in Switzerland and Holland they met with a warm welcome and succour.

They were forced away; but for others to leave the country was called criminal "disobedience" and "ingratitude." The ports were closed, the high roads watched, and all was done that Government could devise to prevent the departure of the Huguenots. Still thousands escaped. Passports could be secretly purchased from the clerks of the officers—some from venality, some from pity; nor were all the Catholics so devoid of compassion as the court. Maps of the route were handed about, and, disguised as shepherds, pilgrims, soldiers, hunters, pedlars, beggars, they travelled, generally by night, spending the day in caverns or forests. Ladies of sixty or seventy years old, who had never walked beyond their own stately terraces and avenues, went on foot eighty or one hundred leagues to some appointed place. Girls of fifteen or sixteen of all ranks had to travel, sometimes wheeling barrows, carrying manure, bundles or baskets, with faces and hands stained, and even wrinkled by some preparation. Some went as men, some, too small for grown men, went as servant boys behind a guide on horseback representing some grandee. A troop of these came to Rotterdam straight to church before changing their clothes. A lady at Grenoble persuaded a Savoyard iron-dealer to pack her in the middle of a bundle of iron rods. She was weighed with them at the custom house, and only released six miles beyond the frontier! Children were hidden in all manner of strange ways—in barrels, faggots, ovens. Many families in England have traditions of the strange adventures of their ancestors, and their wonderful endurance.

The sea-board was a blessing to the Norman and Gascon Protestants. English sailors eagerly helped them; but the voyage was often terrible—even from Normandy. The Count de Marancé, with thirty-nine more, women, children, infants, was kept for many days tossing in the

CAMEO X.

Flight of the Huguenots.

Channel in a fishing-barque, with nothing to eat, only moistening their lips with snow.

In Normandy alone 184,000 persons emigrated, 26,000 houses were left empty; and it is reckoned that in three years, half a million of families quitted France. Vauban, the great military engineer, deplored the loss of 100,000 men, and the increase of the enemies' forces by 9,000 of the best sailors, 12,000 veteran soldiers, 600 officers; and this was certainly under the mark.

A large number sank under the hardships of the journey, many were shot down on the way, taken and forced to work at Brest or Marseilles, chained to the worst felons, while the women were shut up in the Tower of Constance at Aigues Mortes; but very considerable numbers reached England, Holland, Prussia, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden. Berlin, a rising city of 15,000 inhabitants, was increased by 20,000 Huguenots. Indignation at the barbarity of the expulsion warmed the hearts of the English at their first arrival; even James II. made them welcome and granted help. There was an enthusiastic subscription, regiments were formed for those willing to take up arms; comprising most of the nobles. From the southern provinces, where Henri IV, and Sully had encouraged silk growing and weaving, came a whole population who settled in Spitalfields, and, for at least 150 years, were the chief silk weavers in England, retaining their own language and habits, and with twenty-two chapels of their own. Bishop Turner of Ely, a very strong Churchman, was especially forward in assisting them. The crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, the old God's House, a hostel at Portsmouth, and other disused chapelries were given up to them, and Rye in Sussex was almost peopled by them. Gilbert Burnet owns to some disappointment at finding at Southampton these persecuted martyrs often common-place, business-like people, not showing any wonderful Christian zeal or knowledge; but he was a somewhat hard judge of every one, and the need of earning a livelihood in a foreign land was pressing.

At first the King himself seemed carried away by the general enthusiasm, and readily promised contributions, and gave permission for collections to be made in churches on their behalf. But finding that this offended Louis, he changed his note. A book written in French describing the sufferings of the proscribed, he ordered to be burnt as a libel, although even Jeffreys demurred as to the legality of thus treating a book in a foreign language printed abroad. He said it was the duty of kings to stand by one another!

After putting off the collection Sunday as long as he could, he sent orders through the Archbishop that the sermons should be brief, and not touch on the sufferings of the exiles. Nevertheless, such was the English feeling for the persecuted, that the alms amounted to £40,000, "out of Whiggish spite," said the King.

To prevent its being of use to the unhappy exiles, he now sent orders that no one should receive any portion of it who did not com-

CAMEO X.
Refugees in England.

municate after the English ritual! Had this been the order of a sincere Anglican it would have been harsh and almost treacherous; but whereas it came from one who had no faith in that communion, it was absolute wickedness! To the sincere persons bred in Calvinism, it caused cruel misery, distress, and disappointment.

However, persons of energy enough to accomplish their evasion in the face of such difficulties were sure to be of considerable intelligence, and they worked at and improved many arts and manufactures, paper making, metal work, silk weaving and others, so that when the first enthusiasm was over in England, distrust and jealousy of foreigners began to break out, and some had much to suffer from the persecutions of the ignorant. On the whole, however, England was free soil to them, and many readily became absorbed into the English Church. Numerous valuable writers on theology, history, and other subjects were exiles of the first or second generation, and many families who have won high respect and esteem still show, not only by their names, but by their features, their French extraction. The immigration continued for several years, the Huguenots clinging as long as possible to their homes, and only attempting the perilous journey when they found life intolerable.

Missions were undertaken for them, one in Saintonge by the Abbe de Fénélon, then thirty-four years old. He stipulated that the soldiers should be removed, and no compulsion or violence permitted; and his methods were argument, backed by charity and kindness, not enforcing those really un-Catholic practices and devotions which were most repugnant to the Protestants. For this he was reprimanded as lax and indulgent, and he does not seem to have been very successful.

The Pope censured the employment of violence in private letters, but in public was forced to approve of the extirpation of heresy. The Huguenots of Normandy, between conversion and flight, were indeed disposed of, but in the south they were in much larger numbers, and had the advantage of mountain districts. The persecution was more savage, the race more excitable, and a spirit of wild prophecy began to awaken among them, leading at last to resistance.

The mischief done to the prosperity of France was very great. Intelligence and industry had been expelled, and when Louis deliberately chose between national welfare and what he considered religion, he was taken at his word. His prosperity actually declined from the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He acted conscientiously, but it was a conscience blinded by pride and *self-will*.

Indeed that this was the case was shown in his relations with the Papal See. The foreign ambassadors at Rome had long been allowed to exercise jurisdiction over the surrounding districts of the city which thus became a refuge for thieves and vagabonds, as if these gentry had not already sanctuaries enough in the countless churches and convents. A succession of Popes had protested, and Innocent XI. procured the resignation of these claims from all the Roman Catholic sovereigns,

CAMEO X.

Quarrel of the Ambassador at Rome.

except Louis, who absolutely refused to give up these franchises as they were called, charging his ambassador, the Marquis de Lavardin, to defend them. Accordingly, Lavardin sent before him to Rome 400 military men, who came a few at a time, but all lodged round the Palazzo Francese, and he himself arrived with a suite of 800, almost all officers of the army or navy. On his side, Innocent published a bull of excommunication against any ambassador who upheld the franchises against the officers of justice, refused to receive Lavardin as an ambassador, and forbade honours to be paid to him. When the armed troops entered Rome, with Lavardin at its head, an interview with the Pope was refused, and the Cardinals were forbidden to hold any intercourse with him. When he attended the Church of St. Louis at Christmas, the Pope placed it under an interdict because an excommunicated man had been allowed to communicate there; but Lavardin continued to visit the churches, and kept his house in a state of defence.

In the sixteenth century the danger to Europe had been in the predominance of the house of Austria, in the seventeenth the peril was from the house of Bourbon.

Louis XIV., hitherto successful during a reign of forty years, and unable to distinguish gratified ambition from true glory, was on the watch every moment to profit by the feebleness of Charles of Spain, the dulness of Leopold of Austria, or any other circumstance which could be an excuse for adding territory to France.

The large family of the unfortunate "winter king" Frederick, Count Palatine of the Rhine, had dwindled in a remarkable manner in the next generation. Of his sons only two had married, namely Charles Louis, who had regained a fragment of the Palatinate, and Edward; and of his daughters only the youngest, Sophia, the wife of Ernest Augustus, of a younger branch of the House of Brunswick. Charles Louis, who had married Charlotte of Hesse, was a very rude and unpleasant person in his family, most of whom were very superior to himself. Prince Rupert, who died in 1682 was noted not only in warfare in sea and land, but for his chemical and artistic powers; and of the sisters, Elizabeth was said to be the most learned, Louisa, the best artist, and Sophia the most accomplished of the princesses of Europe. Almost the entire family of the Protestant champion of the Thirty Years' War had Romanized. Of those who lived to old age, Rupert and Sophia were the only exceptions, and their sisters for the most part became abbesses.

Charles Louis left only two children, Charles and Elizabeth Charlotte, the latter of whom was the wife of the Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV. She was a clever, coarse-minded, satirical woman, much more German than French, and has left memoirs valuable as a picture of court life in France, but almost unreadable from their unblushing openness of expression.

Charles was the last of his race, and when he died in 1685, the Palatinate, which was a male fief, had to find an heir in Philip William,

CAMEO X.
The League of Augsburg.
1686.

Duke of Neuburg, brother to the Empress Eleonore Magdalen, descended from that Elector Rupert who had been Emperor in 1294. Leopold gave investiture to his brother-in-law, but the Duchess of Orleans was heiress to all property not attached to the Palatinate; and Louis made this claim include a large amount of territory, all the personal possessions, and even the artillery and ammunition of the fortresses, and he declared himself ready to enforce her pretensions with his troops.

William of Orange had from earliest youth made it his greatest object to traverse the ambitious designs of France, and he seems to have been the prime mover in what was called the League of Augsburg, the object of which was to maintain the provisions of the treaty of Nimeguen. An army of 60,000 men was to be kept on foot paid by the subscriptions of the parties concerned, and under the command of the Elector Maximilian of Bavaria, the Prince of Waldeck, and the Markgraf of Bareuth. The League was for three years, and included the Emperor Leopold, the Kings of Spain and Sweden, the Electors of Bavaria and Saxony, and all the other princes of the Empire. It was signed on the 9th of July, 1686.

Louis could not obtain full information of this league, and was angry and impatient, but Madame de Maintenon used her utmost endeavours to prevent a fresh war with all its horrors. Louis had formed the habit of holding his cabinet councils in her apartment, where she sat at a side table with her book or her distaff, but he often turned round to her, asking "*Qu'en pense votre solidité?*" and yet if she ventured to volunteer an opinion unasked, he would be angry, and say that he did not choose to be governed. She could only influence him by the most careful and delicate tact.

She was trying to persuade him to economise, representing the impoverishment caused by crushing the industrious artizan Huguenots, and begging him to discontinue not only his wars but his buildings. He yielded so far that he retrenched his yearly purchase of two millions worth of diamonds, and he talked of stopping some of the works at Versailles and Marly; but at a new year's *fête* at Marly in this time of economy, he gave 15,000 pistoles worth of jewellery and ornaments to form a sort of bazaar in the great hall, where each stall represented a season. The Dauphin and Madame de Montespan kept autumn, the Duke of Maine and Madame de Maintenon winter, the Duke of Bourbon and Madame de Thianges summer, the Duchess of Bourbon and Madame de Chevreuse spring. The purchases were made, not with money, but the results of card playing, and when the games were over, the King and Dauphin gave away the remains.

The Duke of Bourbon was grandson to the great Condé, the Duchess was one of the six Montespan children, and was a great favourite with the old Prince. She caught the small-pox at Fontainebleau, and though weak and unwell, he insisted on going from Chantilly to be at hand, and seeing her every day. He rapidly grew worse, but hearing that the King had arrived, he insisted on going to meet him and prevent his entering

CAMEO X.

Death of Condé. 1686.

the sick room. The exertion caused a fainting fit, the old man was carried to his room, and never quitted it again. During the last two years he had become very devout, and he showed much piety during his illness; but though he sent 50,000 crowns to be distributed in the places which had suffered most at his hands during the Fronde, he did not forgive his unfortunate wife, Claire Clémence, but sent a request to the King still to keep her in confinement at Chateauvaux. Louis came to see him, but he was speechless, and could only lay the King's hand on his breast in gratitude. He died on the 11th of December, 1686, the last of the great men who had made the early half of Louis's reign illustrious.

The old Elector-Archbishop of Cologne, who had always been subservient to him, died on the 1st of July, 1688. His chief minister, Cardinal Furstenburg, had always been a creature of Louis and had filled up the Chapter as far as possible with Canons of the same politics, but a mere majority did not suffice for an election unless it consisted of two-thirds of the number. The Imperialist party proposed for election Prince Clement of Bavaria, who was only seventeen years old, and thus could not be canonically elected. Nine canons voted for him, fourteen for Furstenburg, and thus the election was referred to Rome, where such was Innocent XI.'s feelings against France that he annulled the election of Furstenberg and granted all the dispensations needed for Clement of Bavaria.

Louis really had valid cause of complaint now, and he sent a manifesto to Rome to be read to the Pope by Cardinal d'Estrées. The parliament of Paris, such as it was, supported the King. So did the French clergy, who were indignant that in consequence of the still unsettled question as to the *régale*, the Pope refused bulls of institution to the Bishops appointed by the King in the disputed provinces. An appeal from the Pope to a general council was actually drawn up, and the French troops were sent to seize the ancient papal city of Avignon, on the 7th of October, 1688. This may be taken as the culminating act of Louis's absolutism, and from this period, when the sufferings from the persecution of the Huguenots were at their height, the star of the French monarchy began to wane.

The war could no longer be prevented. It was said that Louvois, who was superintendent of the buildings at Trianon, had put in a window which the King so disapproved as to administer a sharp rebuke. "He shall have something instead of wars to think about," said Louvois. And the miserable Palatinate was again invaded, and Philipsburg besieged by the Dauphin and taken, so that news came to Paris on All Saints' Day, 1688, in the middle of Mass.

CAMEO XI.

PASSIVE RESISTANCE.

1685-1688.

England.	*France.*	*Spain.*
1685. James II.	1643. Louis XIV.	1650. Charles II.
Germany.		*Pope.*
1658. Leopold I.		1670. Clement X.

THERE is a curious parallel between the two attempts to bring England back to communion with Rome. In each case there was a futile attempt to exclude the hereditary Sovereign, whose hands were thereby only strengthened, and in each the advances to the Pope were received with coolness on account of political combinations. What Lady Jane Grey's claim had been to Mary Tudor, that of Monmouth was to James II., and even as Paul IV. regarded Mary and England as appendages of Philip, the oppressor of Italy, so in the eyes of Innocent XI., James was the devoted ally of Louis XIV., the object of his dread and distrust.

The Jesuit influence ruled in France through Père la Chaise, Louis's Confessor; and in England James was equally led by Edward Petre, a devoted Jesuit belonging to an old noble Roman Catholic family. Like Mary I., James took adherence to the legal line of succession as a token that arbitrary power would be endured; and like Louis XIV., he seemed to suppose that personal immorality was atoned for by exertions in the cause of his Church. However, in justice to Father Petre, it must be said that by him the chief scandal of James's life was protested against and mitigated.

James had neither the ability, acuteness, nor charm of his elder brother, though he was more industrious and conscientious. He was unable to discern the signs of the times and to steer his course accordingly, his character was stern and obstinate, his manners grave and unbending, and though the old free and familiar customs of living in public were continued, he was probably the only Stewart who did not know how to be gracious. Of the strength of the nation's attachment to the Church of England and of their horror and dread of Popery he had

CAMEO XI.
Romish Influence.
1685.

no idea, and he further believed that there was no oppression to which the loyalty of the clergy and the doctrine of passive resistance would not lead them quietly to submit.

Among his brother's papers, James had found one, written in Charles's own hand on the controversy between the Churches. This in his eyes, was conclusive. He showed it to Archbishop Sancroft, who was struck dumb at the duplicity and hypocrisy it revealed in the late master to whom he had so often administered the Holy Communion. It was printed and distributed right and left, and the best mode of winning the royal favour was to profess to be convinced thereby.

The Earl of Perth and his brother Lord Melfort actually did so, and embraced the King's faith, Melfort thus winning a confidence which he used sincerely, but fatally. The Earl of Sunderland, a greedy, unprincipled man, likewise assured the King that he was secretly of the same Church, though not as yet openly, and in the meantime he received £6,000 a year from Louis for keeping up French interests at Court!

Father Petre, the Jesuits and the new converts were all for the strongest measures, urged on by the French, but the old Roman Catholic English aristocracy, such as Lord Powys and Lord Bellasis, knew that the only hope was in moderation. The Pope himself was of the same mind, Bishop Leyburn, his Vicar Apostolic, was a Dominican, a sensible and cautious man; and the Nuncio, Count d'Adda, was also anxious to prevent any violent measures, nor did he assume his office publicly but passed for a visitor.

On his part James sent Lord Castlemaine as ambassador to Rome, but with orders always to consult the General of the Jesuits and the French Ambassador before entering into any engagements; and Innocent XI. was said to be seized with a violent fit of coughing whenever the English ambassador had an interview with him.

What James was unprepared for was Tory resistance. He thought the party would endure anything from the Crown, and was astonished when his brothers-in-law, Lords Clarendon and Rochester, and all the Tory party with them, showed themselves resolved to resist attacks on the Church and encroachments of power.

It seems strange that Jesuit sagacity should have been so much at fault as not to perceive that the only chance of winning their way was by avoiding illegality and violence. If James had been content to act constitutionally instead of again combining religious and political feeling in opposition to him, he would probably have lived and died on the throne, and their cause would have made much silent progress, but they seem to have been entirely ignorant of the English character, and to have disregarded those who could have shown them that the methods to which they urged the King were those most likely to arouse opposition. All moderate counsels they took as manifestations of that Jansenist spirit which they hated above all and even imputed to Pope Innocent himself.

CAMEO XI

Tyrconnel in Ireland. 1687.

In Ireland, Ormond was recalled, and two Lords Justices, the Scotch Lord Granard and the Primate, Michael Boyle, were appointed; but the former displeased the Church people, the latter the sects. And the army was in the hands of Colonel Talbot, who was gradually dismissing the English element; under pretence of their having sympathized with Monmouth; and as a mark of favour he was created Earl of Tyrconnel.

James did not venture at once to place the vice-royalty in his hands, but sent as Lord Lieutenant, his brother-in-law, Lord Clarendon; who did not remain long in that post. His promotion of Roman Catholics to be judges and magistrates caused much offence and distrust; but he was too much of an Englishman to carry out all James's intentions, so that in 1687, he was displaced in favour of Tyrconnel. There was a cry of dismay from all the Protestant population, and 1,500 families actually quitted the island, some to join the other refugees in Holland, and others, of the recent settlers, to return to their original English homes, where some of them showed themselves to have acquired very troublesome, idle, and even knavish habits.

Tyrconnel belonged to one of those old English families of "the Pale," which had become thoroughly Irish; and he was a rude, vulgar soldier, commonly known as "lying Dick Talbot," and hitherto a kind of bravo of the two royal Stewarts, a Roman Catholic by profession, but making no secret of his actual unbelief.

With his vice-royalty the tables began to be turned, by appointments of Romanists to every vacant office possible, and by making vacancies if possible. Bishoprics were not filled up on death, and their revenues were assigned to Roman Catholics; the Protestant clergy could not get the payment of tithes enforced, and justice had become as unattainable for a Protestant as formerly for his opponent. Still, James, as an Englishman, had an instinct of maintaining the national supremacy, and therefore would not let Tyrconnel summon a Parliament, which he knew would be not merely Roman Catholic, but altogether anti-English. All the time, Tyrconnel was in the pay of Louis XIV., and had engaged that if James left only the two princesses as heirs, he would bring Ireland over to the allegiance of France.

As soon as the rebellion was over, James forced from the judges an opinion that a dispensing power was inherent in the Crown, and he then relaxed the Test Act, so as to make persons who would not communicate in the Church of England able to accept office in the State and in corporations. Also he gave general indulgence to non-attendants at parish churches. Dissenters as well as Roman Catholics profited by this toleration; but the former were by no means grateful for the relief, being certain that it was only the first step towards the full establishment of the Popery they hated.

In Scotland, the killing Time was at an end; but neither the Scottish nor the English Parliament would repeal the Test Act. Even the Presbyterians scented danger, and the Bishops in Scotland made

CAMEO XI.

The Court of High Commission. 1686.

strenuous opposition, and as they had been appointed by the Crown, James considered himself to have the power of depriving two of them, Bruce, Bishop of Dunkeld, and Cairncross, Archbishop of Glasgow.

The next act of James was to re-establish that Court of High Commission, which had taken cognizance of ecclesiastical offences as representing the sovereign headship of the Church, which had been one of the chief grievances complained of and abolished in the time of Charles I. It had been hated when used by conscientious men on behalf of the English Church. Now it was reinstated by a member of an alien communion evidently for the sake, not of purifying, but of oppressing. The Archbishop, Sancroft, was named for it, but never took his seat, and there were also the Bishops of Durham and Rochester (Crewe and Sprat) who were both thought to have been talked over by the King, and, moreover, the Lord Chancellor Jeffreys.

The first victim was Dr. Sharp, for his violent language called the Reviling Parson. He was Dean of Norwich, and Rector of St. Giles's in London, where he preached a sermon against Popery. James sent orders to the Bishop of London to suspend him. Henry Compton, Bishop of London, was a Tory, a man of high birth, brother to the Earl of Norwich, and had been tutor to the two princesses. He had, in the House of Lords, strongly opposed the legality of the King's power of dispensing, and he now refused to suspend Dr. Sharp, on the ground that no man can be punished without being heard in his own defence.

On this, Compton himself was summoned before the Court. He pleaded that only his Metropolitan and the other suffragans had a right to try him, that he was a peer, and subject only to the laws of the country, and that he had forbidden Sharp to preach. Nevertheless, the King arbitrarily suspended him, to the alarm and displeasure of all the country.

Lord Rochester, who was a younger son of the first Lord Clarendon, and therefore a brother-in-law of James, objected to this flagrant injustice, and likewise refused to be converted to the Romish Church. In consequence, he was dismissed from the Council, but amply provided for by a charge upon Lord Grey's estate.

A clergyman named Johnson, who had been chaplain to Lord Russell, had in the last reign, written an attack on James, called, *Julian the Apostate.* He was in prison, whence he wrote a letter to the soldiers in the great camp on Hounslow Heath, adjuring them not to be made the tools of a tyrant, bent on exterminating the Protestant faith. For this the Court condemned him to be stripped of his gown, to be whipped through London, and to stand in the pillory.

Certainly such an exhortation to soldiers had a flavour of mutiny about it. And James set great store by the men whom he kept encamped at Hounslow, thirteen thousand in number, under the command of two Roman Catholics, Feversham and Dumbarton,

CAMEO XI.
Declaration of Indulgence. 1687.

They were a standing menace to those who remembered their doings both in Somersetshire and in Scotland, and who were continually welcoming Huguenot fugitives with terrible memories of the dragonnades.

The English Church held strongly the doctrine of passive resistance, namely that it was the duty of a Christian "to suffer and be still," after the example of the primitive church, which had finally prevailed, without disobedience to the heathen emperors in things lawful, but, taking patiently whatever they might have to suffer for non-compliance with sinful practices. Knowing that these were their tenets, James took ungenerous advantage of them by all the means of oppression that came in his way.

By his prerogative, he gave permission to various Religious Orders to have houses and open schools. There were Benedictines at St. James's, Jesuits in the Savoy, Franciscans in Lincoln's-inn-fields, Carmelites in the City. Schools were opened by the Jesuits, and as they were admirable teachers, were quickly filled, but, not contented with this, the King commanded the Governors of the Charterhouse to admit as Master one Andrew Popham, a Romanist. This was successfully resisted by Bishop Compton and Lord Halifax; but, encroachments went on everywhere. Several Oxford men, namely, the Master and two fellows of University College, Romanized and obtained dispensations to hold their preferments, and a lay fellow of Merton, John Massey, was nominated by the Crown to be Dean of Christ Church. Father Petre, James's Confessor, was a descendant of Sir William Petre, the founder of Exeter College, and in this right, he claimed the nomination of seven fellows, but this the University absolutely refused to sanction.

James hoped to obtain the support of the dissenters, and on the 18th of March, 1687, he announced to the Council, that it was contrary to his principles that any one should be persecuted for conscience sake, and he therefore, by his royal prerogative, suspended all penal laws, made worship free, and dispensed with tests and oaths of supremacy, and it ended with an assurance that there should be no disturbance of property in Church and Abbey lands.

How far James had any real spirit of toleration, there is no knowing. He had always been one of those depressed and persecuted, and to these it is natural to talk of toleration. He was at first kind to the Huguenot refugees, and Penn, the Quaker, was his friend; but no one could trust a man of his harsh temper, any more than his Church could be trusted, when once the upper hand had been gained, not to persecute.

In point of fact this Declaration gave what had been gradually granted in the course of the two ensuing centuries; but to the English mind at that time, it was in the first place illegal, since the King had no constitutional right virtually to set at naught Acts of Parliament, and in the next place, it was evident that the real intention was to

CAMEO XI.

Magdalen College. 1687.

destroy the bulwark of the English Church, and the nonconformists understood the traditions of Rome well enough to know that this was a ruse to gain them over for the time, and that to accept these favours would only be a step to their final ruin.

Addresses of thanks to the King were got up. There were about sixty from the Nonconformists, but none of their men of mark signed them. Five bishops thanked the King; these were Barlow, of Lincoln, commonly called Bishop of Buckden, who never saw Lincoln; Wood, of Lichfield, who had been suspended by the Archbishop for scandalous conduct; Crewe of Durham, and Cartwright of Chester, both notorious time-servers, and Watson, afterwards detected in simony. Parker, whom James had appointed to Oxford, could only get one signature among his clergy, and Sir Jonathan Trelawney, then Bishop of Bristol, only two. The Archbishop, being in weak health and much perplexed, held back as long as possible.

But James was taking further steps, most alarming to the English Church. The Presidentship of Magdalen College, Oxford, was vacant, and James commanded the fellows to elect Anthony Farmer, a Roman Catholic of well-known bad character. This they refused, on the ground that he was disqualified by their statutes, and as they received no answer they elected one of their own number, Dr. Hough, and the election was confirmed by their visitor; but it was annulled by the Court of High Commission, and when a deputation of the college was sent up Jeffreys behaved with his usual insolence. When Dr. Fairfax tried to argue the point, and said it was one to be argued in Westminster Hall, he was answered—

"Pray are you a doctor of law or divinity?"

"By what authority do you sit here?" demanded Fairfax.

This enraged the Chancellor, who exclaimed—

"What commission have you to be so impudent in court? This man ought to be kept in a dark room! Why do you suffer him without a keeper? Why do you bring him to me? Let my officers serve him."

The Nuncio d'Adda, had been appointed to a bishopric. James had him consecrated in his own chapel, and then presented in great state. The Duke of Somerset refused to share in the ceremony saying it was against the law.

"I am above the law," said James.

"Your Majesty is so, but I am not," said the duke; and the introduction was performed by James's nephew, the Duke of Grafton, son of Lady Castlemaine.

Soon after the King set forth on a royal progress, with the intention of influencing the parliamentary elections. At Bath, he issued an invitation to the sufferers from scrofula, or the King's evil as it was called, to come and be touched. This curing power, supposed to be inherent in the royal families of England and France, was believed in by the English Church, and the form of prayers on the occasion had

CAMEO XI.

Remonstrance 1687.

been translated and adapted as "The Office of Healing," Bishop Ken was absent at Wells, and no reference was made to him. The ceremony took place with the old pre-reformation form in the Abbey Church of Bath, Father Huddleston reading it while the King touched the sick, and bound on the arm of each an angel of gold.

Ken afterwards wrote to the Archbishop an explanation of his inability to interfere, but said that the next Sunday he had preached a sermon on the Good Samaritan, explaining that though the church doors could not be opened to a different worship, yet they ought not to be closed against an act of charity.

That curious person, William Penn, the Quaker, was in the King's suite, since an honest representative of the principle of toleration might, it was thought, conciliate the Nonconformists. He was also sent forward to Oxford to try to persuade the fellows of Magdalen to submit, but they stood firm, even when the King came in person and threatened them, commanding them to elect as president their Bishop Parker—a man of whom Burnet said—"It was a sufficient lampoon on the times that he *was* a bishop."

Again they refused, and in two months a sitting of the Court of High Commission was held there, presided over by Bishop Cartwright. Hough refused to appear and appealed to the Courts of Law at Westminster, whereupon soldiers were sent who expelled him and twenty-five fellows, the Court of High Commission declaring them incapable of holding preferment. Parker died in a few months' time, and James then nominated an absolute Papist, and Fellows of the same communion. When in 1834, the Duke of Wellington, on entering Oxford, to be installed as Chancellor, passed the beautiful tower and gateway of Magdalen, and asked its name he was answered "That is the college that James II. ran his head against."

And assuredly these arbitrary proceedings had a great effect in alienating the loyalty of the universities. Barillon, the French ambassador, who accompanied him on his journey, could not help observing the want of heartiness in the welcome of the King—no wonder in the counties still reeking with the bloodshed of Kirke and Jeffreys.

But there was a single-minded dulness and obtuseness about James which made him utterly impervious to those signs of the times that his brother would have instantly detected. He had dismissed nearly the whole bench of judges for not ruling that he had the power of abrogating a constitutional law. "Your Majesty can make fresh judges but not lawyers," said one. He had turned out his brother-in-law, Rochester, from the Treasury for not Romanizing. He degraded half the lords, lieutenant for refusing to interfere with the elections; he had expelled the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, and all the fellows of Magdalen College, Oxford; he had set aside officers in the army and navy, including the Rear-Admiral of England, and no redress was to be had. Still the nation was enduring in patience, confident that better times

CAMEO XI.

Discontent. 1688.

would come with Mary, Princess of Orange, and though she was childless, the reversion was to her sister Anne, who was devoted to the English Church. It was therefore not willingly that the clergy obeyed the command to pray that the Queen might become a joyful mother of children, nor was there much sincere thanksgiving when it was announced that the prayer was likely to be fulfilled.

CAMEO XII.

THE SEVEN BISHOPS.

1688.

England.	*France.*	*Spain.*
1685. James II.	1643. Louis XIV.	1650. Charles II.
Germany.	*Pope.*	
1658. Leopold I.	1670. Clement X.	

Command to read the Declaration. 1688.

JAMES II., greatly encouraged by the hope that his work of restoration (as he believed it) would be permanent, and not overthrown by a Protestant heir, took a further step. The Declaration of Liberty of Conscience had been in force for a whole year, and was known to everybody, when on the 4th of May, 1688, an order was put forth calling on all parish priests to read it from their pulpits at divine service on the Sundays the 20th and 27th of that month. It was merely for the purpose of forcing the clergy to take in their own mouths that which they were known to hold as an illegality, not indeed to be met with rebellion, but not acknowledged as right because not assented to by Parliament.

Therefore there was great consternation and Archbishop Sancroft summoned a gathering at Lambeth of his suffragans and the principal clergy within reach. William Sancroft himself was son to a squire in Suffolk. He was born in 1617, was a fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, but had been ejected on account of his loyalty, and, during the Protectorate, travelled abroad. His learning and piety were much esteemed by Bishop Cosin, who made him his domestic chaplain, and availed himself of his assistance in the revision of the Prayer-book in 1661. The next year he was made Master of his college, then Dean of York, and immediately after Dean of St. Paul's. Even then, his gentle spirit was so weary of change that he wrote to his brother on the move: "Only one comfort is that now I shall sit down and may justly be confident that my next remove will be to the grave."

CAMEO XII.
Sancroft.

Little did the quiet student anticipate the shocks that awaited him. First, while trying to repair old St. Paul's, the fire of London left nothing but the walls, and these so much shattered that soon they fell; and while the grand structure of Sir Christopher Wren was rising on the ruins, and the present deanery was newly built, Archbishop Sheldon died in 1677, and the King, to Sancroft's great dismay, made him Primate, forcing on him the appointment, by telling him that his deanery was already given away to Dr. Stillingfleet.

The Earl of Thomond said that the humble and meek had been exalted; and gentleness was always Sancroft's characteristic, so that his compliance was often thought certain, though there were points beyond which he would not go. Resistance and interference cost him far more than they did men of a sterner mould, yet he had reproved the Duke of York for absenting himself from prayers in the House of Lords; he had suspended the Bishop of Lichfield, and supported the colony of Maryland in petitions for spiritual aid. As a High Churchman and strong loyalist, he had been sometimes suspected by the violent Protestants of truckling to James, and there was some disappointment at his not having protested against the Court of High Commission, though he never sat in it, and incurred the King's displeasure on that account. Princess Mary wrote from Holland to intreat him to be firm against Papist encroachments, and he returned an answer that the present state of things was the fault of the ungodly men who had murdered the father and driven out the sons, saying as it were, "Go and serve other gods."

Sancroft was thus an aged man of seventy, whose resolution was so concealed by his gentleness that it was never suspected. The guiding spirit in the matter was Thomas Ken, who was full twenty years younger, having been born in 1637. Losing his mother in infancy, he was bred up like a son by his eldest sister and her husband, Izaak Walton, the author of the *Complete Angler*, and of the *Green Retreat from the Weary World*, where are recorded the lives of Donne, Wootton, Hooker, Herbert and Sanderson. Living on the banks of the Dove through the evil days of persecution, Walton there gave shelter to Morley, Bishop of Winchester. Thomas Ken and Francis Turner, son to the Dean of Canterbury, were both educated together at Winchester College, and became fellows of New College, where Ken became noted as a poet and musician. After the Restoration, he held for a short time a living in Essex, but was invited thence by Bishop Morley, who received the whole Walton family in his palace, and made Ken his chaplain. The needs of neglected parishes in Winchester were attended to by a beautiful devotional manual written for the Winchester scholars by Ken at this time. After holding the living of Brighstone, in the Isle of Wight, he was appointed chaplain to the Princess of Orange. He had a trying life at the Hague, for William was neglectful of his young wife, and rude to the chaplain, whom he justly suspected of preventing her from deserting her own Church for Dutch Calvinism.

CAMEO XII.
Ken.

Ken gave up this unthankful office in broken health, and soon after was invited by Lord Dartmouth, as chaplain-general, to accompany him on a voyage to Tangier to destroy the fortifications. Pepys, as Secretary to the Admiralty, was in the same vessel, and mentions the conversation turning on ghosts, in which Ken expressed his belief, and this was confirmed by strange noises heard by those sleeping in the citadel of Tangier. Pepys also mentions the striking sermons preached in the church at Tangier against the vices of the place, which Colonel Kirke—the commandant—heard as if he heard them not.

During Ken's absence, the elder Izaak Walton died in his ninety-first year, and Bishop Morley, "the repairer of the breach" at Wolvesey and at Farnham, soon followed. Ken had become a royal chaplain, and a canon of Winchester, and had won the respect of Charles II. "I must go and hear Ken tell me of my faults," he said, when about to go to church; and on the canon's refusal to allow Nell Gwynn to occupy his prebendal house, he said—"Though I am not good myself, I can respect those who are!" and requited the denial with the Bishopric of Bath and Wells.

There Ken had continued his brave and holy life, boldly rebuking vice in high quarters, attending the King's death-bed, struggling to save the victims of Kirke and Jeffreys, strengthening the faith and resolution of those tempted by the Court religion, and withal, attending earnestly to his own diocese, where he established schools, preached sermons, confirmed and quickened the activity of the clergy, and he was regarded as quite the foremost man in the defence of the Church.

His friend, Francis Turner, was a more impetuous man, but one with him alike in principle and in poetical taste. He had been married, but had lost his wife early, and had one daughter. Charles II. had made him Dean of Windsor and Bishop of Rochester, before promoting him to the see of Ely.

John Lake had fought in the Cavalier army, before his ordination in 1647, had since held a prebendaryship at York, and for a short time was Bishop of Sodor and Man, before being presented first to Bristol, and then to Chichester, where he found the diocese in a lamentable condition of poverty and neglect, especially in the district of Rye, where no living man had seen a bishop, and many churches had neither surplice nor service book, one church, indeed, being used by the Quaker squire as his lumber-room. All this, and the laxity of the Cathedral, he was labouring to amend, and with good success.

Thomas White, a Cambridge scholar, of great personal strength and vigour, was Bishop of Peterborough, and chaplain to the Princess Anne. William Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph, was the same who had preached the famous funeral sermon on Sir Edmonbury Godfrey, and had examined the unhappy, vacillating false witness, Prance, in his Prison. He was, unlike the former three, somewhat of an ultra-Protestant.

CAMEO XII.
—
Frampton.

The Bishop of Bristol was a Cornish man, Jonathan Trelawney; and his sister, Anne, had been from infancy the companion of Princess Mary, with whom she had gone to Holland. His two elder brothers dying early, Jonathan had succeeded to his father's baronetcy, after he was in Holy Orders, but he was very ill off, and lost nothing for want of asking. He had exerted himself to put down Monmouth's rebellion, and was greatly disappointed that James gave him only the poor Bishopric of Bristol, instead of Exeter, and this threw him vehemently into opposition. Another Bishop present at this conference was Robert Frampton of Gloucester. He was son to an honest Dorsetshire farmer and from the grammar school there was assisted by a beneficent chaplain of Christ Church to be educated at Oxford. Thence, he became a trooper in the King's army, together with his four brothers. They all bore themselves bravely in the skirmish at Hambledon Hill, on the night after which their sister Sarah went out with a lantern to seek their bodies on the field, but could not find them, for, in fact, they had been made prisoners. Robert escaped, and afterwards kept a school at Gillingham. There he was ordained by Bishop Skinner of Oxford, and became chaplain to the Earl of Elgin. From this, he was chaplain to the British factory at Aleppo, where he led a very interesting and useful life with like-minded merchants, who constantly attended his daily service. He studied Arabic, collected books in the language, and had a grand list of Arabic proverbs and their parallels in other languages. He was intimate with the clergy of the Greek Church, and made friends with several noted travellers, especially the Eastern scholar, Pocock, and the French Chevalier Chardin, whose curious book was long the only recent authority on Persia. He visited Jerusalem, Damascus, and Egypt, and penetrated into a Pyramid. Returning to England in 1670, he became chaplain to the Lord Keeper, Sir Orlando Bridgeman, and thence was promoted, successively to a canonry, the deanery, and the bishopric of Gloucester, where, like his brethren, he had to struggle hard against the evils left by the anarchy of the Commonwealth days.

When the order for reading the Declaration of Indulgence came out, he was in London, but he at once sent a servant to admonish his clergy against reading it.

The same resolution was taken by the clergy almost everywhere, and the Bishops met in earnest consultation at Lambeth, together with Stillingfleet, Dean of St. Paul's, Tillotson, Dean of Canterbury, Patrick, Dean of Peterborough, Tenison, Vicar of St. Martin's, Sherlock, Master of the Temple—all the most distinguished divines of the time. They agreed that the Declaration should not be published, and after one or two more consultations, from the last of which Bishop Frampton was absent, having gone down to secure the silence of his diocese, a petition to the King was drawn up, not objecting to the fact, but declaring the dispensing power to be illegal, according to Parlia-

ment, and therefore praying that the clergy might be excused from publishing it. It was signed thus—

W. CANTUAR.
W. ASAPH.
FRAN. ELY.
JO. CICESTER.
THO. BATH AND WELLS.
THO. PETRIBURGENS.
JON. BRISTOL.

"I am sure," said the archbishop, "that our brother, Robert of Gloster, with his black mare, are on the gallop."

And on the drafts stand the further signatures after the word "Approbo."—

H. LONDON. MAY 23RD.
WILLIAM NORWICH. MAY 23RD.
ROBERT GLOCESTER. MAY 21ST.
SETH SARUM. MAY 26TH.
P. WINCHESTER. } MAY 29TH.
THO. EXON. }

Thus full thirteen of the English prelates protested, and those the men of most worth and weight on the bench.

Sancroft had been forbidden to appear at court on account of his refusal to sit in the Court of High Commission; so that only six Bishops actually carried the petition up. They went at ten o'clock at night, and requested Lord Sunderland to procure them an interview. It was granted, James having been assured by the sycophantic Bishop Cartwright that they only intended to explain that the mandate ought to have been addressed to their chancellors. So he received them graciously, and on, Bishop Lloyd's presenting the document, observed, "This is my Lord of Canterbury's own hand?"

"Yes, sir, it is his own hand."

When James had glanced at the paper he exclaimed. "This is a great surprise to me. These are strange words. I did not expect this from the Church of England. This is a standard of rebellion. This is a sounding of Sheba's trumpet, and all the seditious preaching of the Puritans in the year '40 were not of so ill consequence as this."

Bishop Trelawney fell down on his knees, beseeching the King not to use such a word as rebellion. "It is impossible that I or any of my family should be so," he said.

Lloyd declared they would rather shed the last drop of their blood than lift up a finger against his Majesty—Turner that they were ready to die at his feet.

Ken said—"Sir, I hope you will give us the liberty which you allow to all mankind;" and White added—"The reading of the Declaration is against our conscience."

CAMEO XII.

Interview with the King. 1688.

"Do you doubt my dispensing power?" exclaimed the King. "Some of you have printed and preached for it when it was for your purpose."

"Sir," returned White, "what we say of the dispensing power refers only to what was declared in Parliament."

"The dispensing power was never questioned by men of the Church of England," exclaimed the King.

"We are bound," said Ken, "to fear God and honour the King. We desire to do both. We will honour you. We must fear God."

"Is this what I have deserved?" exclaimed James, "who have always supported the Church of England and will support it? I will remember you, that you have signed this paper! I did not expect this from you—especially from some of you. I *will* be obeyed in publishing my declaration. God hath given me this dispensing power, and I will maintain it! I will be obeyed."

"God's will be done," said the Bishops.

The King dismissed them, pocketing the petition, by the next morning it was printed and hawked about the streets, to the extreme displeasure of James, and the consternation of Sancroft, who had copied it himself to prevent its getting abroad; but Lloyd or Trelawney are not unlikely to have connived at the publication. The day was the first Sunday on which the Declaration was to have been read. Only in four of the London churches was it attempted. One was Westminster Abbey, where Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, was Dean. His voice trembled and his hand shook as he began. All the congregation started up, and marched out, so that he finished it to the choir and school-boys.

Only about two hundred clergy attempted the reading all over the kingdom, and in most cases were deserted by their congregations. In one church in the diocese of Gloucester, all followed an ancient lady out of church. Bishop Frampton, who had been brought by his black mare, just half an hour too late to go to Whitehall with his brethren, wanted to go and present a petition on his own account, but was dissuaded by the Primate.

James made no further sign for a week, only taking counsel with Father Petre and Lord Sunderland, who were both adverse to driving matters to extremity, but Jeffreys was for violent measures, and declared that they could be carried out. When on the ensuing Sunday the determination not to read the Declaration was made still more evident, Sancroft and the other six prelates were summoned to appear before the council at five o'clock on the afternoon of the 8th of June.

The King received them graciously, and the Lord Chancellor, taking up a paper, demanded—

"Is this petition written and signed by your grace, which these Bishops presented to his Majesty?"

The Archbishop, instead of replying, addressed himself to the King—

"Sir, I am called hither as a criminal, which I never was before in

CAMEO XII.

Imprisonment of the seven. 1638.

my life, and little thought I should be, especially before your Majesty; but since it is my unhappiness to be so at this time, I hope your Majesty will not be offended that I am cautious of answering questions. No man is obliged to answer questions that may tend to the accusing of himself."

"Why!" exclaimed James, "this is downright chicanery. I hope you do not deny your own hand?"

On his command they acknowledged their signatures, on which Jeffreys asked—

"Did you publish it?"

This, thinking he meant the printing and selling, they all denied, but they admitted the having delivered it to the King at Whitehall.

This the Lord Chancellor termed the publishing a malicious and seditious libel, and called on them to enter into recognisances to appear before the King's Bench to answer for this high misdemeanour.

As peers, they could not be lawfully committed, so they refused bail, having been specially warned to do so. Jeffreys threatened to send them at once to the Tower.

"We are ready to go whenever your Majesty pleases to send us," said the Archbishop, "We hope the King of kings will be our protector and our Judge. We fear nought from man, and, having acted according to law and our consciences, no punishment shall ever be able to shake our resolutions."

On this, Jeffreys with his own hand drew up a warrant committing the seven to the Tower, which he signed and handed round to receive the names of all the Council, except Father Petre, who was excused by the King.

So on that summer evening, the seven venerable men were conducted out of Whitehall by a guard of soldiers, who began by kneeling to ask their blessing. The people who were swarming round, and who had for ten years past experienced the beneficence of the Archbishop, were wild with compassion and rage, and the efforts of the Bishops were directed to calming them.

It was a scene unparalleled in history, when the barge slowly dropped down the broad river, the banks on either side crowded with the population of the great city, all—as one man—falling on their knees with bared heads, like corn bowed by the wind, as the seven reverend men, in their court robes, raised their hands in blessing, and many a tear was shed, many a blessing poured forth in return. There was the feeble form of the gentle, white-haired Sancroft, the beautiful aquiline face of Ken, with its heavenly expression, the stalwart figure of White, the keen, eager countenance of Turner, the strong, resolute look of Lake, the sturdy, eager Lloyd and the stout Cornishman Trelawney, all bound in one determination as they were greatly comforted.

Sir Edward Hales, the Lieutenant of the Tower, and his guards, received them with equal respect, and as it was the hour of evensong they were permitted to repair first to the old Chapel of St. Peter-ad-

CAMEO XII.
The Trial.
1688.

Vincula, and join in the devotions. The Lieutenant gave them the liberty of the Tower, and they were free to see all their friends. Bishop Frampton only left them at night. John Evelyn was one who visited them there, Lord Clarendon, the King's brother-in-law, Lord Halifax, lately turned out of the Cabinet, and even ten nonconformist ministers. These James personally chid as ungrateful, to which they replied that they could not but adhere to the Bishops as men constant to the Protestant religion.

The Princess of Orange caused her chaplain, Dr. Stanley, to write a letter expressing her sympathy, but to this the Archbishop returned no answer, being perhaps afraid that this persecution might be made the pretext of an invasion from Holland, and indeed the Bishop of St. Asaph seems to have expected such a deliverance.

Under the Act of Habeas Corpus they were brought up on the 15th of June to Westminster Hall to plead. Sir Edward Hales demanded fees, but they refused these as illegal. He said he might have put them into fetters, but they replied, "We lament the King's displeasure, but every other man who strives to intimidate us loses his breath."

The Papal Nuncio was astonished at the crowds kneeling for their blessing, while they laid their hands on those within reach.

The hall was thronged with noblemen offering to be their sureties, and with all that was best in England. Seats were given to them, and the Attorney-General moved that the charge against them for making and publishing a seditious libel should be read, and they should plead guilty or not guilty at once.

Their counsel made objections, but these were overruled, the indictment was read, they pleaded "Not guilty," and after entering into their own recognisances to appear on the 29th of June, they were set at large, and received with the same demonstrations of respectful sympathy. At night bonfires were lit in the streets, and a few Romanists were roughly treated.

It was plain that even Jeffreys was alarmed, and attempts were made to induce the Bishops to change their plea and sue for pardon; but nothing could induce them thus to give up their cause.

Still the King had no fear he should not have the law wrenched to his desire, for most of the judges were men subservient to him—one indeed, Sir Richard Allibone, was a Roman Catholic—and he believed that through Sir Samuel Astrey he had packed the jury. Yet the country was in an ominous state—the West, snarling at the cruelties of the Bloody Assize, was ready to rise again, and in Cornwall the song from "one and all" was being shouted forth—

"And shall Trelawney die, boys?
And shall Trelawney die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornishmen
Will know the reason why!"

The Attorney-General charged the Bishops with censuring the Government, and giving their opinion about affairs of state; but

evidence, either that the petition was a libel or that the prisoners had published it, was hard to find. Lord Sunderland, who was carried in a sedan-chair, assailed in the streets with shouts of "Popish dog!" appeared pale and trembling, and gave evidence that the Bishops had explained to him the purport of the petition when asking for an audience.

This might be construed as publishing it, and the Bishops' counsel based his defence on the illegality of the King's dispensing power, since, that being granted, the disputing it was no libel.

Chief Justice Wright observed to his brethren on the bench—"I must not suffer them to dispute the King's power in suspending laws."

To which Judge Powell, though hitherto subservient, replied, "They must touch that point, for if the King have no such power, as surely he hath not, the petition is no attack on his legal power, and therefore no libel."

The counsel then proceeded, and the case was concluded. It all turned on whether petitioning the King against unlawful action was a libel—therefore on whether the Indulgence was legal. Then the four judges each summed up. Wright and Allibone in favour of the King's prerogative, though Wright, in full view of the peers and gentlemen anxiously looking on, spoke, it was said, like a man with a rope round his neck. Holloway and Powell spoke on the other side, and Powell plainly said that if such a dispensing power existed, it made Parliament of no effect.

The trial had begun at 9 A.M., and not till 7 P.M. did the jury retire. They were locked up with nothing to eat, not a light being admitted for a pipe; the court adjourned and the door was carefully watched, lest refreshment should be smuggled in to enable one or other side to hold out. It was a matter of endurance. Nine were for the Bishops, three for the court, among them the King's brewer, who had bemoaned himself that, whichever way the verdict went, he should lose half his custom. Austin, a country gentleman, tried to argue the case with him, but he doggedly said he would not debate, he should not acquit the Bishops. "If you come to that," said Austin, "look at me; I am the biggest of you all, and before I find that petition a libel, I will stay here till I am no bigger than a tobacco pipe." At 4 A.M. a little water for washing was sent in, and every drop was lapped up. At six, the brewer gave in. At nine the court opened, many persons having walked the streets all night to secure a place at the opening. Amid deep and breathless silence, the foreman, Sir Roger Langley, pronounced "Not guilty, my Lord." Lord Halifax leapt up, waved his hat and shouted. Hurrahs seemed to rend the roof of old Westminster Hall. They were caught up by the throng. London rang with shouts of ecstasy,

"And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer."

CAMEO XII.

Rejoicings. 1688.

Salutes were fired, horsemen sprang into the saddles already prepared. And as it were with one mighty throb of the great heart of England the good news had circulated throughout the kingdom, so that here, there and everywhere joyful crowds were shouting, bonfires blazing on the night of that memorable 30th of June. Only forty-three years before a primate had been led from the Tower to the block by popular ill-will. Now the whole of England was in ecstasies at the deliverance of his successor! James had gone down to inspect the camp which was to overawe the city. Suddenly frantic cheers broke out from the whole army.

"That is a rebellion in noise," said he.

"'Tis only," said an officer, "the soldiers cheering for the acquittal of the Bishops."

"Call you that nothing?" said James. "But so much the worse for them."

He actually dismissed Powell and Holloway from the bench, and forbade all spontaneous rejoicings in cities.

The seven Bishops meanwhile had taken refuge from the ecstatic crowd in the Chapel Royal, where morning service had just begun, and the previous day having been the Feast of St. Peter, the Epistle read at the Communion Service was, to the great delight of their thankful hearts, the history of the Apostle's deliverance from prison by the Angel.

In spite of prohibition, London was illuminated that night, most of the windows showing seven candles, the longest in the middle for the Archbishop; and the portraits of the seven prelates were taken, and commemorated on a medal. Never had the English Church won so decisive a victory over men's hearts as now, by her leaders showing themselves

"Firm against kingly terrors in their free country's cause."

James called on the Court of High Commission to try all the parish clergy who had not read the Declaration; but as this would have been the entire body except two hundred, the command was a dead letter.

CAMEO XIII.

FLIGHT OF JAMES II.

1688-1689.

England.	*France.*	*Spain.*
1685. James II.	1643. Louis XIV.	1650. Charles II.
Germany.		*Pope.*
1658. Leopold I.		1670. Clement X.

CAMEO XIII.

Birth of the Prince of Wales. 1688.

ON Trinity Sunday, the 10th of June, 1688, two days after the committal of the Bishops to the Tower, Queen Mary Beatrice gave birth at St. James's Palace to a son, living and likely to live.

She was only thirty years old, and had had four children previously, three daughters and one son, but they were none of them alive; one little girl, Isabella, had died at five years old, and the boy was thought to have been mismanaged by his nurse. The last, Charlotte, who had died of convulsions at eight weeks old, was born as late as 1682, so that there was nothing improbable in the arrival of another child, though Roman Catholics greeted it as a special miracle of the Blessed Virgin, and a considerable section of the Protestants had determined not to believe in its genuineness if it were alive and of the male sex.

Some rumours of this spirit of doubt having reached the King, he took especial pains to secure the attestation of the witnesses always required at the birth of an heir-apparent. His own daughter, Anne, the foremost of the doubters, as she had expressed in some extremely disagreeable and indelicate letters to her elder sister in Holland, excused herself from being present; but the Queen Dowager, Catharine of Braganza, was there, so was the Countess of Sunderland, so was, to the poor Queen's great distress, the Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, and eighteen privy councillors, besides all the great officers of State!

On the cry of the infant, the King exclaimed, "What is it?"

"What your Majesty desires," said the nurse.

"You are witnesses that a child is born," said James.

And as the nurse wanted to carry the babe away to be dressed, Lord Feversham made way in the crowd, crying, "Room for the Prince."

The King called the gentlemen and ladies to see the child before it

CAMEO XIII.

Suspicions. 1688.

was dressed; all were satisfied of its identity, and the King immediately knighted the Queen's physician.

There were rejoicings all over London, but they were manifestly to order, not spontaneous, for the country looked with consternation at the perpetuation of the Romanist sovereigns, and could not but have some hopes in the nursery management which contrived to kill more than half the infants of the time. In fact the poor little Prince of Wales was very near death several times during the first two months of his life, from various medicaments and a diet of water gruel; but when a healthy woman, a tiler's wife, had been imported into the palace of Richmond for his benefit, he began to thrive, and then stories began to be circulated.

The Queen's bed had been warmed for her, and the popular mind believed that in the warming-pan a child had been smuggled in and palmed off upon the numerous witnesses. This was one story; the other was that the real Prince had died, and that the tiler's child had been substituted for him. The two Princesses had all along manifested distrust; Mary never made any kind allusion to her brother, as appears from a note of the Queen to "her dear Lemon," the Princess's pet name, and Anne, under the inspiration of her friend Lady Churchill, was doing all the harm she could. Anne was a woman with little character of her own, and her husband was a nonentity. A spoilt child with weak eyes, she had had very little education, and though her royal Stewart descent enabled her to be stately and gracious on occasion, she was really nothing more than a thorough gossip, with a washerwoman's love of unsavoury details, and the whole atmosphere of the Court had undergone a great change from the poetry and refinement that had been aimed at under Charles I. and Henrietta. She was entirely under the dominion of Lady Churchill, and no doubt sincerely believed all she was told about Mansel and his wife, the nicknames given to her father and his wife in her letters. Lord Sunderland was called Roger in this choice correspondence, and, as is well known, the Princess herself and Lady Churchill were Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman, the latter name having been chosen by Sarah to express the openness of her disposition.

People believed pretty much as they chose, but there were other influences at work exclusive of this foolish suspicion. In May, before the child's birth, Admiral Edward Russell, a naval officer belonging to the Bedford family, had gone to the Hague to make representations to the Prince of Orange on the state of England.

William replied with great caution that he could not make any move in the matter unless he received a regular invitation, saying that he did not wish so much for a number of signatures, as that they should be from men of weight and importance. "*Aut nunc aut nunquam;* now or never," said William to his minister, Dykvelt. On the very day of the Bishops' acquittal—June 30th—Admiral Herbert, in the disguise of a common sailor, started for Holland, bearing a letter in cypher, in-

CAMEO XIII.

Invitation to the Prince of Orange. 1688.

forming the Prince of the general dissatisfaction and alarm of the nation with regard to their religion, liberties, and properties, and assuring him that nineteen out of twenty of the nation desired a change, and would stand by him in making it, that many of the soldiers and sailors would be likewise ready, and that he had better seize the time before there was a remodelling of both Army and Navy. Nor did this letter omit the suspicions respecting the Prince of Wales, saying that not one in a thousand believed the child lately born to be the Queen's, and begging that the Prince of Orange would come to inquire into the matter, with a force of troops to support him, and engaging to attend him and prepare for him.

The letter was signed by the ex-minister, Osborne, Earl of Danby; Courtenay, Earl of Devon; Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury—both of the old nobility, the latter a born Romanist but converted to Anglicanism by Dr. Tillotson; Lord Lumley, who had served against Monmouth and now represented the army; Admiral Russell for the navy; Henry Compton, the suspended Bishop of London; and Henry Sidney, the brother of Algernon.

William began to make preparations under cover of the war with France; but Louis XIV., obtaining intelligence of the real intention, sent warning by Bonrepos to England, offering assistance in ships and men; but James did not believe that his daughter's husband, his own nephew, could intend anything against him, and Mary was instructed to assure him that France was the object of the ships that were being collected.

He did not take the alarm till in September a proclamation was drawn up by William, translated by Burnet, and generally circulated, telling the English people that in consequence of their grievances, of the doubts respecting the Prince of Wales, and invitation of important personages, the Prince of Orange was coming to examine into the state of things, but not as if to conquer, for the needful troops he should bring with him should be kept under the strictest discipline, and sent home as soon as England was free.

Almost at the same time James received a despatch from Sir Roger Strickland, the Vice-Admiral, that the Dutch had a fleet ready. The Queen had a reception at Whitehall, and James told his brother-in-law, Clarendon, that the Dutch were coming to invade England in good earnest. Clarendon asked whether he believed it. "Do I see you, my Lord?" was the King's answer. "And now, I shall see what your Church of England men will do."

"Your Majesty will see that they will behave themselves like honest men," returned Clarendon. Moreover, the King caused full forty witnesses of his son's birth to be examined under oath, and published their affirmations; but though Anne declared that his word was more to her than all, she still spoke satirically of her brother's birth, and the only time she is ever known to have mentioned him as Prince of Wales was when he was so ill that she wrote to her sister that he would soon

CAMEO XIII.

Embarkation of William. 1688.

be an angel in heaven, where she would have had no objection to him.

James sent for the Bishops then in town and asked their advice, which was to redress the worst grievances to the Church, to dissolve the Court of High Commission, to reinstate the fellows of Magdalen, to prevent Romish priests from assuming the benefices of English ones, and to call a parliament; above all, himself to return into the bosom of the Church of England. Also, on being shown the declaration that the invitation purported to come from the Lords spiritual as well as temporal, they all denied having taken part in it except Compton, who had actually signed it.

However, Compton was reinstated, the Magdalen men recalled, the Ecclesiastical Court abolished, the Charter of the City of London carried back in state to the Guild-hall, Sunderland and Father Petre no longer appeared at the council, indeed Sunderland went over to the Hague with all his secrets—but the dispensing power was still claimed, and so far from returning to the bosom of his "Mother-Church," James had his son's state christening—or perhaps reception into the Church—on the 16th of October, with the Pope, represented by the Nuncio Count d'Adda, as godfather, Catharine of Braganza godmother. James Francis Edward was the name, Francis after the Queen's brother, but likewise for the sake of St. Francis Xavier, as Edward was of Edward the Confessor. It was on that very day, the 16th of October, that William was taking leave of the Dutch Estates, telling them that he was going in defence of the Protestant religion and the liberty of Europe, and that in case he should not return, he left his beloved wife to their care. Some of them were actually affected even to tears.

On the 19th he embarked at Helvoetsluys. He had 50 men of war, 25 frigates, 400 fire ships, and 400 transports conveying 4,000 horse, and 10,000 infantry. There had been much debate where he should land, and Lord Danby recommended Yorkshire; but the English fleet under Lord Dartmouth was watching at the mouth of the Thames, and there was a strong west wind, which would have been most unfavourable to the Dutch in case of an engagement. So William decided on making an attempt in the west, where Monmouth had received so much support; but he had to wait till the wind changed to the east, and this was not till the 1st of November, That "Protestant wind," as it was called, carried him down the Channel, and prevented Dartmouth from following him.

It was the very day on which Louis was rejoicing in the capture of Philipsburg that William thus sailed to make a blow at the only ally of France. The fleet was commanded by Admiral Herbert, the army under William himself by Marshal Schomberg, one of the ablest of the French generals, but expelled by the Revocation. The *Brill*, in which William sailed, bore on the flag the arms of Nassau, a lion rampant, impaled with those of England, and his family motto, *Je*

CAMEO XIII.

Landing of William. 1688.

Maintiendrai, was translated and lengthened into "I will maintain the liberties of England and the Protestant religion."

William had wished to land on the 4th, as his birthday and wedding day, but a fog prevented the pilot from finding the entrance to Torbay, and he actually landed on the 5th, without opposition, for Lord Dartmouth's fleet had been unable to leave the Downs.

The huge wooden chair placed for him on his landing is still preserved. Dr. Burnet came up to congratulate him, and he said, smiling, "Ought I not to believe in predestination?" It was 3 P.M., and he used the brief remainder of light to reconnoitre, before taking up his quarters for the night at the village of Newton Abbot. One of the Courtenay family came the next day to invite him to his house, where he remained four days while his army occupied Exeter.

Bishop Lamplugh and the Dean had fled, and for the first four days no one of importance joined him, though the neighbourhood was favourably impressed by the contrast between his well-disciplined troops and those of Feversham and Kirke.

A service of thanksgiving was ordered to take place in Exeter Cathedral, but the canons were too loyal to attend. Dr. Burnet, however, preached, while William sat on the Bishop's throne. The absence of all enthusiasm was chilling, and at first little alarm was felt at Court, though the officer who rode with the news fell fainting at the King's feet; for there were 30,000 well-trained troops in camp on Hounslow Heath, far outnumbering William's, and it was thought that the affair might end like that of Monmouth; but James did not take into account how different a person the cool, cautious William was from the weak, rash Monmouth, nor did he know how completely he had contrived to change the feelings of the nation towards himself.

There were endless shades of opinion in the country. Probably no one not absolutely of his own communion was happy and satisfied under his government, and even the Romanists, on the English and national side of their hearts, could not but dread his arbitrary pretensions. The loyal English Churchmen, who formed the chief body of Tories, were appalled at his proceedings, but felt bound not to raise a finger against the Crown, nor to resist by any save constitutional protests and passive endurance; the more religious among them believing that the Church would be carried through all, as before through the rebellion. These, however, varied in opinion as to whether their consciences bound them to give active support to the cause of a monarch whom they profoundly distrusted. Thus the reports respecting the imposture supposed to be practised in the person of the Prince of Wales had a strong effect on those entirely beyond reach of evidence or investigation.

On the Whig side there were again many who would not personally have stirred against the Crown, and dreaded a civil war; and, without any desire to overthrow the hereditary succession, were anxious that restraints should be put on the spirit of despotism which seemed

CAMEO XIII.

Rising in the West, 1688.

likely to trample down all liberty politically, and to bring on something tantamount to persecution. What had been endured patiently from a King past middle age, in the expectation of an Anglican heiress with a Protestant husband, became well-nigh intolerable under the prospect of an heir bred up in Romanism, and absolutely maddening under the suspicion that his birth was a mere fraud.

The horrors that had been suffered from Judge Jeffreys might cause hesitation in joining the Prince of Orange; but they also made every one anxious that he should not fail. Probably the real wish at this time was that he should use means for preventing the King from acting unconstitutionally in Church or State affairs, and should either detect any fraud in the production of the Prince, or else provide for his education in the Anglican faith. In this there were many quite ready to support the Prince, especially the men about Court, who either feared for the welfare of the nation, or saw no promotion for themselves while the King was surrounded by Jesuits and attached to Louis XIV.

These last were already in correspondence with William, including not merely those who had signed the invitation, but the Earl of Sunderland, who, to please the King, had professed to be a secret Roman Catholic; and Lord Churchill, a curious mixture of the highest and the lowest qualities, who had promised to secure the army to William. Churchill was a genuinely religious, moral, and humane man, an exception to most of his fellows on all these points; but he was avaricious and time-serving even to treachery, and probably was one of those who force their conscience to approve of what is for their advantage; and the beautiful, hot-tempered, ambitious wife, whom he passionately loved, too often swayed his counsels.

Lord Delamere, in the meantime, called up his tenantry and rode through Manchester to rouse the people; Lord Danby, with a hundred gentlemen and nobles, dashed into York, where the militia welcomed him with shouts of "a free parliament and the Protestant religion." The Governor was placed under arrest, and the city was held against the King. The Earl of Devonshire seized Derby, and at Nottingham was joined by the heads of the old Whig families, Lords Manchester, Stamford, Rutland, Chesterfield, Cholmondeley and Grey de Ruthyn, all sons of Parliamentarians. Even the Duke of Norfolk secured Norwich; and Oxford's loyalty had been so outraged by the late proceedings, that Lord Lovelace was welcomed with shouts of "No Popery." However, on his way to join William at Exeter, Lovelace was defeated and made prisoner by the Duke of Beaufort with the Gloucestershire militia.

The King in the meantime had, at the advice of Father Petre, remained in London. There he tried to persuade the Bishops to draw up a paper expressing their abhorrence of the Prince of Orange and his doings; but they avoided compliance, although the Archbishop at his request issued a prayer for his protection and the hindrance of

CAMEO XIII.

Desertion of Churchill. 1688.

bloodshed. The King also touched for the King's Evil once more with Petre as his chaplain.

The peers presented a petition, headed by Sancroft, for the assembly of a Parliament; but James said it was no time for such a meeting when a foreign enemy was in the kingdom.

Almost at the same time came the tidings that Lord Cornbury, the eldest son of the Earl of Clarendon, who was stationed at Salisbury, had gone over to the Prince at Exeter. He had tried to take three regiments with him, but the officers were loyal and he went alone, though sixty-six of the common soldiers straggled after him. The news came just as the King was going to sit down to dinner. He took only a piece of bread and glass of wine, and sent for all the officers within reach, Lord Churchill, as well as his own nephew, the Duke of Grafton (son to Lady Castlemaine), Colonels Kirke and Trelawney, the brother of the Bishop of Bristol, and Colonel Graham of Claverhouse, whom he had just created Viscount Dundee, who all promised to serve him to the last drop of their blood.

London was full of tumult, a new nunnery was pulled down by the mob, and no Romish priest or monk could show himself in his habit. James decided on, while at once joining his army, sending away his son to France, fearing as much for the poor child's safety as lest his name should be used against him.

He himself conveyed the nursery party as far as Salisbury, whence he sent them on to Portsmouth, where the Duke of Berwick was commandant, with orders to Lord Dartmouth to forward them to France.

On the 19th, on his arrival at Salisbury, Lord Feversham reported that the troops seemed disaffected, and recommended falling back to Windsor, as the Prince of Orange was moving from Exeter. Churchill advised an advance, and in the meantime there was a skirmish at Wincanton between the advanced guards of the two armies, in which James's Irish, under Colonel Sarsfield, were driven by the Dutch and the country people, who hated nothing so much as an Irishman.

James decided on visiting his outposts at Warminster under Colonels Kirke and Trelawney; but a terrible attack of bleeding at the nose disabled him, and was renewed the next day when he was about to mount his horse. The mode of checking it was bleeding from the arm, and this rendered him utterly exhausted and incapable. No doubt distress and agitation were the cause; he was almost at the age at which his brother had been cut off by apoplexy, and this relief of pressure probably saved his life, even as the delay it caused prevented his being actually captured by Kirke and Trelawney and carried a prisoner to William; but the loss of blood seemed to have drained away the energy and perseverance of his younger days, and blow upon blow awaited him. That night Lord Churchill galloped off to join the prince, leaving behind him a letter excusing himself for his desertion after all the favours he had received, and which he warmly acknowledged, saying that nothing but his religious duty could have actuated him; and, though

CAMEO XIII.

The Defection in the Army.
1688.

his conscience would not allow him to fight against the Prince, he would always, at a hazard of his life and fortune, endeavour to preserve the King's royal person and just rights. With him went the Duke of Grafton, who was known to have much influence in the navy, and the next day came news that Captain Churchill, the general's brother, had taken his frigate over to Admiral Herbert, and that Lord Dartmouth did not believe that several others of his captains would fight the Dutch fleet.

James sent urgent orders for his son to be carried to France, and finding many of his officers insubordinate, and hearing that the Prince of Orange was at Axminster, decided on retreating to London, rather than hazard a battle which might give opportunity for a mighty treachery. He fell back to Andover, and that very night Prince George of Denmark, after supping with him, went off to the Prince, attended by Sir George Hewitt, leaving a wonderful composition to be delivered to the King.

"My first concern is for that religion in which I have been so happily educated, which my judgment truly convinced me to be the best, and for the support thereof I am highly interested in my native country, and was not England then become so by the most endearing tie?"

Whether James doubted whether any "endearing tie" could make a man a native of the country where he was not born does not appear. He only said, alluding to George's stock reply, "Is *Est-il possible* gone too? I only mind him as connected with my dearest child. Otherwise the loss of a stout trooper would have been greater." But with the Prince went the young Duke of Ormond, grandson to the great old Duke who had died in July, and the Earl of Drumlanrig, eldest son of the Duke of Queensberry, and Lieutenant-Colonel of Lord Dundee's own regiment. The gallant old Schomberg, who had openly solicited and received honourable dismissal from Louis XIV. before quitting his service, did not conceal his feelings when these gentlemen appeared.

"Sir," he said to Churchill, "you are the first deserter of the rank of a Lieutenant-General I ever saw."

The unhappy James felt as if the solid ground had given way under his feet. He really had with him no one whom he could trust except Lords Feversham, Dundee, and the Duke of Berwick, his own son by Arabella Churchill, and thus nephew to the prime mover in the great desertion. Ill and miserable, he drove off for London, and there a still more crushing blow awaited him—his daughter Anne was gone!

There seems to have been some idea of arresting Lady Churchill, and that sentries had been doubled round the Cockpit; but Anne, or more probably the woman who dominated over her, had contrived to have a private stair constructed from her rooms to St. James's Park; and the Bishop of London, her old tutor, had been made aware of her intentions. On Sunday night, the 25th, after supping with the

CAMEO XIII.
—
Departure of Anne.
1638.

Queen, Anne waited till one o'clock, then stole down the stairs with Lady Churchill, Lady Fitzhardinge, and one maid, and met Lord Dorset just outside the palace.

It was raining hard, and before reaching the hackney coach in which the Bishop of London was waiting for her, Anne lost a shoe in the mud; and with its place partially supplied by Lord Dorset's glove, she scrambled forward with his support, giggling with excitement, to the carriage, which took her to the Bishop's house. Thence, before morning, she started for Nottingham, the Bishop assuming a military dress and jack-boots, and riding as her escort.

Lords Chesterfield and Ferrers and several gentlemen met her there, and so did the force already raised by Devonshire and Gray. At Leicester, whither she next proceeded, a sort of council was held, in which it was announced that the Princess wished to have an association formed for the extermination of all the Papists in England, in case the Prince of Orange should be killed or murdered by any of them. No doubt silly, good-natured Anne did not half understand the force of this proposal, but a paper was really drawn up by Bishop Compton, which Chesterfield, Ferrers, and the more loyal and moderate gentlemen refused to sign.

When Anne was missed in the morning, her attendants rushed to the Queen's apartments, screaming that the priests had murdered her, and the news spreading to the streets, there were tumultuous throngings round Whitehall, and threats to pull it down unless the Princess were produced.

However, a letter was found open on her toilet-table, professing that she was so much divided between her duty to her father and husband, as to be forced to absent herself; and her departure having thus been explained, the mob was pacified, and the letter was published in the morning without its ever having been seen by the Queen, to whom it was addressed.

In the afternoon of that 26th, James, bloodless, exhausted, and depressed, arrived in London, where the first news he heard was of his daughter's flight, and then, in utter wretchedness, he uttered the piteous ejaculation, "God help me! My own children are deserting me." And when he reached Whitehall, to hear the tidings confirmed, his exclamation was, "Oh, if only mine enemies had cursed me, I could have borne it!"

He was so ill and unnerved that for a time it was feared that his mind was losing its balance, and his anxiety to have his son in safety was very great. "It is my son whom they aim at!" was his cry, and to his despair Dartmouth wrote word that he found it impossible, and considered as treasonable, to ship the Prince off to France; so that nothing could be done but to return the poor child to his parents. Meantime, James held counsel with the few who were left to him—his two brothers-in-law, Clarendon and Rochester, Halifax, Nottingham, Jeffreys, and Godolphin. To summon a Parliament, dismiss all Roman

CAMEO XIII.

Flight of the Queen. 1688.

Catholics from office, and disavow French counsels, was the advice, as well as to treat with the Prince of Orange.

James consented, but said at the same time that he was convinced that his nephew aimed at his crown, that he had read the history of Richard II., and was sure that Churchill meant to have delivered him up as prisoner; and while making Halifax, Nottingham, and Godolphin his commissioners, and desiring writs to be prepared for a Parliament, he privately told Barillon that his whole hope was in France, since he had not an English regiment which he could trust, and that he hoped to put his wife and child in safety, follow them himself, and then try to redeem his fortune in Scotland or Ireland. Neither had Jeffreys much hope for himself, for when asked what were the heads of the Prince's requirements he answered that he did not know, except that his own head was sure to be one of them.

A conference was held at Hungerford, but William refused to be present at it, withdrawing to Littlecote Hall, so that he might leave the terms to be settled by the English nobles and gentlemen who had joined him, and plans were made for each army being quartered twenty miles from London—one east, the other west—while Parliament met. It was on the first day of these conferences that Lady Powis brought the Prince back to London. Two Irish regiments had been sent to escort him, but missed him, and he was brought to Guildford without meeting them. On their return to London the mob received them with hootings and peltings, so that they had to disperse, and every man to shift for himself. On this, James sent for Monsieur de St. Victor, a gentleman of Avignon, and for that strange person, the Count de Lauzun, who was visiting England after his quarrel with Mademoiselle, and in great secrecy committed to them the care of the safety of his wife and child. Two yachts were hired at Gravesend, one in the name of an Italian lady, the other in that of Lauzun; and St. Victor, leaving London with three coaches and a detachment of guards and dragoons, conducted the little Prince, under cover of night, from Guildford, and brought him to Whitehall at three o'clock on the morning of Sunday, the 9th of December. All that day the populace of London were in a noisy, tumultuous state, storming the houses of Roman Catholics, and eagerly listening for tidings. The inmates of Whitehall felt as if in a state of siege, and the Queen intreated to be allowed to share her husband's dangers, and not be sent away; but he said it was his purpose to follow her immediately, and insisted on her going. At ten at night, the state-going to bed took place as usual, but by midnight both were up and dressed, when St. Victor, in the disguise of a sailor, came up the secret stairs to the King's closet, bringing the thick petticoat, cloak and hood that the Queen was to wear. Lauzun and he waited till she was ready, securing meantime such jewels as could be hidden on their persons. At two o'clock the Prince was taken up by Mrs. Labadie, who was to go with another nurse, and James, turning to Lauzun, said, "I confide my Queen and son to you."

CAMEO XIII. — *James's first flight.* 1688.

Along the great gallery sped as silently as possible the Queen, the two Frenchmen, and the two nurses, with the babe happily asleep, down the back stairs, through a postern door unlocked by St. Victor, across the gardens, passing six sentinels, but St. Victor had the key and the word, and they safely reached the carriage waiting at the door of the gardens. Then, with St. Victor on the box, they drove to Westminster to the stairs called Horseferry, where a boat which St. Victor sometimes hired for duck-shooting at night was waiting. It was a very dark, wet night, and the party could not see one another in the boat, though they were sitting close together, and wind and tide made the crossing very difficult, but the approach to the stairs on the other side was made at last. Dusien, the page of the back stairs, awaited them, and answered the call, but had to go back to the inn to fetch the coach and six that Lauzun had engaged. During this time the Queen and her companions had to crouch for shelter from the rain under the walls of Lambeth Church, in momentary fear that the babe should wake and cry, but he slept soundly through all, little thinking that he was reft of a crown. The coach was brought and on they drove, once or twice meeting persons, and once hearing the exclamation, "Here's a coach full of Papists!"

Three Irish captains had a boat ready at Gravesend, and thus the fugitives reached the ship, where a party of the immediate attendants of the Queen, English and foreign, had already arrived; and after a terribly rough and suffering passage, they safely arrived at Calais, and thence moved to Boulogne to await tidings of the King.

Louis at once forgave Lauzun and admitted him to the presence, sending an escort to bring the Queen to Paris with all honours, but she remained in great anxiety watching for her husband.

He spent a terrible day after her departure, ill tidings coming in every hour—Plymouth and Bristol both submitting to the Prince, a Scotch regiment deserting.

He held a last council, at which the Lord Mayor was present, but this was only as a blind, and he commanded the Lord Chancellor to leave the Great Seal with him, though appointing a meeting for the next morning.

He wrote a letter to Lord Feversham, saying that he was obliged to escape, lest he should be endangered by falling into the enemy's hands, but that if he could have relied on his troops, he should have struck one blow, but bidding him disband the army. Feversham's soldiers, mostly Irish, wept when it was read to them.

After going to bed as usual, James rose at midnight, dressed himself in a black wig and plain clothes, and, only attended by Sir Edward Hales, the ex-governor of the Tower, left Whitehall by the same route as the Queen, and while being rowed across the river to Vauxhall, threw in the Great Seal. From Vauxhall he rode to Emley ferry, near Feversham, and embarked in a hoy which had been hired by Sir Edward Hales; but a fresh wind and want of ballast made it needful

CAMEO XIII.
Capture of James, 1688.

to run ashore near Sheerness. Hales had sent his servant to the post-office; and as he lived in the neighbourhood, his livery was known. The rough fishermen were on the alert to seize and pillage Papists in their flight, and watching the servant, they came out to the number of fifty, in three boats and boarded the hoy, leaping into the cabin and treating the inmates with rudeness. Sir Edward took the leader, Ames, aside, and giving him fifty guineas, promised him a hundred more if he would assist their escape. Ames promised to do so, and offered to take charge of any valuables while he went ashore to arrange for them. The King gave him three hundred guineas and his watch, but as soon as he was gone, the rest of the gang searched the two prisoners for more booty, then brought them ashore and took them to an inn, followed by an abusive rabble, who took the King for Father Petre, and called him a hatchet-faced Jesuit.

In the morning however a sailor recognised him, having served under him, and all was changed—the seamen formed themselves into a guard, promised that not a hair of his head should be touched and brought back their plunder. James was affected to tears, and only asked for the jewels, bidding them keep the money; but he was by this time too much overcome and unnerved to take advantage of the revulsion of feeling. He talked confusedly about his loss of Edward the Confessor's ring, of danger and escape, and he could only with difficulty write a note to summon the Earl of Winchelsea, who took him to the Mayor's house. There the oppresed brain was relieved by another violent hæmorrhage, which left him very weak and ill.

London was left in the wildest confusion, no one knowing what had become of the King. The mob began by rushing upon the house of the Papal Nuncio, but he was rescued and escaped in the disguise of a footman, and their fury then sought a less innocent object, namely Jeffreys. He, as soon as he heard the King's departure, had left his house in Duke Street, and hid himself in the lodgings of a servant in Westminster, where, cutting off his bushy eyebrows, he disguised himself as a common sailor and went on board a Newcastle collier, which was to take him to Hamburg. As it could not sail till the next day, he went to a cleaner vessel to spend the night; but not knowing this, the mate hurried ashore, and procured a warrant from the council for his arrest. The first collier was searched in vain, the captain kept his secret, and he would have got safely off, if his habitual intemperance had not actually made him repair to a little public-house at Wapping called the Red Cow and ask for a pot of ale.

A man was present whom, when on the bench, Jeffreys had so abused and brow-beaten as to make him afterwards declare that he should never lose the frightful impression of the judge's face. Of course that recollection revived, and in a few moments the seeming sailor was surrounded by a raging mob, ready to tear him limb from limb. Some one however suggested taking him to the Lord Mayor, and he was put into a coach amid the hootings and peltings of the

CAMEO XIII.
Jeffreys. 1688.

crowd, crying vengeance, and was escorted by the train-bands to the Mansion House, where the Lord Mayor, Sir John Chapman, a timid, nervous man, received him politely and asked him to sit down to dinner, but a gentleman present indignantly exclaimed, "The Lord Chancellor is the Lord Mayor's prisoner, not his guest. It is treason to harbour him."

The poor Lord Mayor fainted away, had a stroke of apoplexy, and soon after died! The mob were raging outside, calling for the blood of Jeffreys, and he begged in abject terror to be sent to the Tower, offering to write the warrant for his own committal, as the Lord Mayor was incapable. Two regiments of train-bands guarded him on the way, the mob raging at him with whips and halters all the way, and he, throwing himself about in the coach, and imploring, "Keep them off! Keep them off!" fully verifying the saying that a bully is a coward.

At last, after a drive of terror, he arrived at the Tower, and was taken to a chamber which he never quitted again. He was examined the next day as to what he had done with the Great Seal, which he had left with the King, and what writs had last been sealed with it. No proceedings were taken against him, though numerous petitions were received detailing his savage acts of injustice, and abusive letters were poured upon him, couched in terms often of absolute brutality. But another Hand was on him. Whether he had been injured by the mob, or his state was the consequence of a constitution injured by licence and overcome by terror and remorse, he was a prey to delirious visions. One person had pity on him, good Bishop Frampton of Gloucester, who found him sitting in a low chair, with a long beard, and a little pot of water by him, weeping to himself—"large tears" as the Bishop observed. The good man told him that these tears might indeed be more precious than diamonds, and assiduously visiting him, believed in his repentance, and finally administered the Holy Communion to him, with his wife and daughter. He died in the Tower in April, 1689, only in his 41st year. Perhaps he was the man who had done the most harm to James, and indeed the favour shown by both brothers to this truculent savage, who had not even gentlemanly manners to disguise or smooth over his barbarity and licentiousness, is altogether the worst feature in their reigns, showing them altogether devoid of any real love of their people or heed to the suffering they did not witness.

There was the utmost confusion in London. There was a report that the Irish soldiery were massacring the Protestants, and the mob rushed about burning Popish chapels and breaking into the houses of Roman Catholics, even foreign ambassadors. The council met, very angry at being deserted and deceived. Rochester advised the Duke of Northumberland, who commanded the Life Guards, to declare for the Prince of Orange; Halifax was of the same mind. The Archbishop collected all the Peers in London at the Guildhall, and agreed that the Prince of Orange should be requested to summon a Parliament

CAMEO XIII. — *James II. at Feversham.* 1688.

and invited to London, while in the meantime they took the government on themselves, as indeed was most necessary to preserve life, order, and property in the state of London, when the disbanding of the army might remove all the guards from the Tower, palaces, and other places, and any rumour or dispute might lead to panic and bloodshed.

It was not till the second day, the 13th of December, that it was known where the King was. Then a Kentish countryman came to the door of the council chamber at Whitehall, saying he had a message from his Majesty. He brought a letter of only one sentence, in which James informed the council that he was a prisoner in the hands of the rabble at Feversham. The messenger, with tears in his eyes, described the King's condition, and after some hesitation it was decided to send Lord Feversham with two hundred of the guards to escort him to London. Several Peers started at once to meet him.

He came back to Whitehall on the 13th, amid fervent acclamations of the fickle people, having sent Lord Feversham with a letter to the Prince of Orange to propose a conference in London. William had by this time reached Windsor, and he summoned his followers to a council, in which they decided that Lord Feversham should be detained, and Baron Zulestein sent to London to refuse the proposed interview, and request the King to remain at Rochester while the Prince was in London.

James replied that, being now in London, it was too late to wait at Rochester, and demanded the release of Feversham. He was in a cheerful mood, encouraged by the affection shown him, and had given thanks at mass in the morning. Lord Dundee and Colin Lindsay, Earl of Balcarres, came to wait on him, and assured him that, if he would give the word, 20,000 men would be ready in four-and-twenty hours.

"I know you to be my friends, sincere and honourable," said James. "The men who sent you are not so, and I expect nothing from them."

He then proposed to walk into the Mall, and there asked them how they came to be with him when all the world had forsaken him for the Prince of Orange?

They earnestly declared that their fidelity would be always the same to so good a master, and that they had nothing to do with the Prince of Orange.

"Will you two," said James, "say you have still an attachment to me?"

"Sire, we do."

"Will you give me your hands on it as men of honour?" adding, when they had done so, "I see you are the men I always took you to be; you shall know all my intentions. I can no longer remain here as a cipher, or to be prisoner to the Prince of Orange, and you know there is but a small distance between the prisons and the graves of kings. Therefore, I go for France immediately; when there, you shall have my instructions. You, Lord Balcarres, shall have a commission to manage my civil affairs, and you, Lord Dundee, to command my troops in Scotland."

CAMEO XIII.

Departure of James. 1688.

For the last time Archbishop Sancroft waited on the King; for the last time James touched for the King's Evil, having borrowed a hundred guineas of Lord Godolphin to supply the coins bound on the arms of the sufferers, who thronged to avail themselves of their last chance. Later in the day, Lord Craven, now eighty years old, came to tell him that the Dutch guards were marching in to surround Whitehall, and to displace the English ones, undertaking to shed the last drop of his blood rather than give way to them.

James, to avert useless bloodshed, sent for Count Solms, the Dutch commander, and asked if the orders were not for St. James's; but on seeing the written order, withdrew the English guards and went to bed.

William had meantime been strongly advised by Clarendon to place the King under arrest, but he absolutely refused, and prudently, to incur such a scandal. Then Halifax suggested sending a message that it would be convenient for him to leave the palace the next morning, proposing that the Dutch officers should bear it; but William, always resolved to avoid the appearance of foreign conquest, said, "By your favour, my lords, the advice is yours, and you shall carry it yourselves."

The poor King was fast asleep, when, at two in the morning, Halifax, Shrewsbury, and Delamere, arrived, and insisted on awakening him, and telling him he was to start for Ham, a damp, cold house, unfurnished. He replied that if he went at all it should be to Rochester, and this was agreed to, provided he went by water and with Dutch guards.

The 18th of December was a wet and stormy day, when James, with Lords Arran, Aylesbury, Dumbarton, Lichfield, and Dundee, entered his barge, with Dutch soldiers before and behind, their slowness in embarking causing a long delay. The banks were crowded, and many tears were shed, and blessings invoked on the head of the captive King whose misfortunes made the popular feeling forget all but their instinctive loyalty.

All William's desire was that he should peacefully depart; all his own was to reach France so as to be able to go to either Ireland or Scotland, throw himself among his partisans and recover his crown. The back of the house at Rochester where he lodged was purposely left unguarded, but in the inertness of his stunned, weakened state, he lingered a few days, receiving urgent letters to entreat him to remain, but murmuring to himself as he sat over the fire, "God help me! whom can I trust?"

At last he received an anxious letter from the Queen, reminding him of his promise to follow her. The young Duke of Berwick joined him from Portsmouth, and he drew up a last address, declaring the reasons of his flight, and ending with announcing that "Nothing but liberty of conscience could make this nation great and flourishing."

If the nation could really have believed freedom of conscience

CAMEO XIII.

Reception of James in France. 1689.

to be his purpose; if there had been no Bloody Assize, no violent stretches of supposed prerogative, he would not have had to write that paper.

Soon after midnight of the 22nd, he rose, and with young Berwick, Mr. Biddulph, and his valet, Labadie, husband to his child's nurse, he left the house by the back entrance, and found Captain Trevanion with a boat on the Medway. Embarking near Sheerness, he safely reached Ambleteuse, near Boulogne, on Christmas morning, shortly after the midnight mass had ended.

Queen Mary Beatrice had already been installed by Louis XIV. in the palace of St. Germains, once a home to Henrietta Maria. The French King was visiting her when James arrived on the 28th of January, and he was the first to rejoice her with the words, "Madame, I bring you a gentleman of your acquaintance whom you will be very glad to see."

The intense affection of their embrace astonished the French courtiers. Louis XIV. was most affectionately kind, though very anxious as to the etiquettes of the English Court. He took the Prince of Wales in his arms, admired his beauty, and kissed him tenderly. "Sire," said the Queen, "I have been glad that my son was not old enough to understand our misfortunes, now I am sorry he cannot understand your kindness!"

She was admired for her grace, beauty, and readiness, and made a favourable impression on the critical French Court; but James was thought to be dull, and to tell his adventures with "an insensibility which inspired the same for him." He was weary, had forgotten his French, and stammered a little, and, in short, was too English for the French, who do not in general pity the fallen as do the English.

To be the host and champion of a fugitive King was a part that delighted Louis, and made him feel magnanimous. Hospitality to the Stewarts had been one of his earliest associations, and he welcomed his cousins with genuine heartiness. The companions of his youth were passing away, and James seemed to him an old friend. He greatly admired Mary Beatrice, and when she came in a black velvet robe over an elegant petticoat to visit the Dauphiness, he exclaimed, "See what a Queen ought to be!"

The German Dauphiness, always awkward and reserved, was already jealous of the charming Queen, but with Madame de Maintenon all was well. Private information was given to James and Mary Beatrice of the real terms on which that lady stood, and, indeed, it is said that one of the only occasions on which she took rank as a King's wife was when dining in private at the same table as the Queen of England.

Together the two royal families beheld the early representation of Racine's tragedy of *Esther*.

Madame de Maintenon had founded a school at St. Cyr for the education of the daughters of the poorer nobility. It was her great

CAMEO XIII.

"*Esther*," 1689.

delight, and her chief relaxation from the constant tension of her attendance on the King. She wanted such a drama for them, as might be thoroughly wholesome and instructive, and applied to Racine.

A pupil of the Port Royalists, Racine was a deeply religious man. The stern opinions of his masters were against all ordinary amusements, and they had tried to repress his poetical and theatrical instincts; but these were too strong for renunciation—he could not but write, and after a time, M. Arnauld, on reading his great tragedy of *Phoèdre*, was convinced that he could be trusted only to write virtuously, and he was forgiven. He accompanied the King on his campaigns, and was in the highest favour when Madame de Maintenon asked him for the play for her children.

Esther was the subject chosen. Whether he so meant it or not, the character of Vashti was absolutely supposed to be meant for Madame de Montespan, and that of Esther for Madame de Maintenon, though Protestants thought the parallel an unfortunate one as regarded the treatment of her own people. However, the representation was the greatest possible success, when it was witnessed by the two Kings and the Queen, during the carnival of 1689.

Three days later came the tidings of the death of the young Queen of Spain, Marie Louise of Orleans, niece to both Kings, being daughter of the Duke of Orleans and Henrietta Stewart. She died at the same age as her mother, with much the same symptoms, and in like manner she was thought to have been poisoned. The supposed criminal in her case was the Queen-Mother, Maria of Austria, who was certainly jealous of her influence over her husband, and afraid that her strong feeling for her English uncle would lead to an alliance with France against the supporters of William of Orange. The poor helpless Charles II. of Spain had loved her passionately, and never held up his head after losing her, though he was made to marry again—a Princess of Neuberg, niece to the Emperor.

James II. felt the loss as most unfortunate, but he founded strong hopes upon Ireland, and some upon the Highlanders in Scotland, as well as on the large party in England who had only acquiesced in the Revolution for want of a nucleus of resistance.

Few of our kings have been so difficult to understand or judge as James II. He was sincere and self-sacrificing in the religion he had embraced, but guilty of vices thereby condemned—a better man in many respects than his brother Charles, but far less lovable, because too dull to understand the consequences of his actions. The confidence of the nation was lost by the atrocities of Jeffreys, and the imprisonment of the Bishops, and though the persons who took part in what led to his expulsion were comparatively few, the popular disbelief in the genuineness of his son's birth prevented any stir on his behalf; and there were many who accepted the allegation the more easily because of their dread of a Popish heir.

CAMEO XIII.

The Revolution.

Great wrong and treachery was practised by almost every actor in the scene of the Revolution. It was a time of immense perplexity, the foundations of public morality in statesmen had been sapped, and the dread of Romanism, of tyranny, and of French domination, made the bulk of the nation passive in the change, and silenced the spirit of personal loyalty. If the King abandoned his throne, even the most devoted did not feel bound to commence a civil war on his behalf, and there were many who would not willingly have fought for a suspected heir and alien Church.

CAMEO XIV.

DERRY AND THE BOYNE.

1689-1698.

England.	*France.*	*Spain.*
1688. William and Mary.	1643. Louis XIV.	1665. Charles II.
Germany.	*Pope.*	
1657. Leopold I.	1676. Innocent.	

CAMEO XIV.

Terror in Ireland. 1688.

SYMPATHY somewhat changes sides when the scene alters from Scotland to Ireland, for Jacobitism in the former country attracted the nobler spirits, while in the latter it became identified with the general spirit of misrule and rebellion.

Still that the Roman Catholic country should cling to the Roman Catholic king was only natural, and a great deal had been suffered from the English immigrants, so that the great body of the country was Jacobite, and the Revolution had received no recognition. Indeed, the deputy, Richard Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnel, had carefully filled every post in his power with Romanists, the Chief Baron being Stephen Rice, who is said to have originated the saying that he could drive a coach and horses through any Act of Parliament. The Protestants had for three years past been systematically depressed, suffering somewhat of the injustice they had inflicted on the Roman Catholics, and when William's arrival in England was known, a report was spread that they were all to be massacred, as in the early days of the Great Rebellion. The 9th December, 1688, was the day when this slaughter was expected, and the Protestant population of Dublin crowded down to Kingstown entreating to be taken on board ship and carried into safety.

Tyrconnel sent two of the Lords of Council to reassure them; but as many as possible got on board, and the rest remained in fear and trembling.

At Bandon, Mallow, and Sligo, bands were formed for self-defence, and at Enniskillen, on Lough Erne, not only was the place put in a state of defence, but the gentlemen sallied out and drove Tyrconnel's troops back to Cavan.

CAMEO XIV.

The Gates of Derry. 1689.

The Earl of Antrim, with 1,200 men, chiefly Highlanders, was sent by Tyrconnel to garrison Londonderry. The magistrates, under the influence of Rice, would have received him, but the citizens were of another mind. As the soldiers were approaching, nine apprentice lads, under a sudden impulse, rushed at the gates, closed, barred, locked them, drew up a drawbridge, and let down the portcullis. Man after man of all ranks followed the impetus, the guns were manned, and minds were braced to a desperate resistance.

Antrim durst not attack the place, and Tyrconnel sent the Master of the Ordnance, Lord Mountjoy, himself a Protestant, to induce the Ulster men to lay aside their fears, and admit the troops; but this proved a failure, and, moreover, the Romanists were showing themselves so much inclined to commit violences that there was danger of their justifying the alarms of the Protestants. Tyrconnel upon this sent Lord Mountjoy and Chief Baron Rice to France to urge James to come at once and make Ireland a point of vantage for the recovery of his throne—and it is said that he even offered Louis privately to make Ireland a dependency of France if his master would not make the attempt.

"Now or never! Now or for ever!" was on the flag he hoisted on the Castle at Dublin, and he enlisted 50,000 Irish in James's cause; but there were many who, unwilling to submit to discipline, roamed the country, plundering, burning, and killing the cattle of the Protestants. Most of the persons, however, fled before the marauders, and took refuge in Ulster, where the population was in great part of Scottish or English extraction. In Londonderry, the numbers, usually 6,000 or 7,000, were swelled to 30,000.

James was eager to respond to the summons of his deputy, and Louis was anxious to support him with money and a staff of officers, since Ireland itself was to furnish men. James wished for Lauzun to take the command; but he refused, unless Louis would make him a duke, and this was not as yet granted. James, however, made him a Knight of the Garter, giving him the very George worn by Charles I. on the scaffold. It had been guarded by Izaak Walton till the Restoration, and on Lauzun's death, being returned to the royal Stewarts, it remained with them till the last of the line sent it on his deathbed to George III. in 1807.

The command of the French contingent was given to Marshal Count von Rosen, a Livonian soldier of fortune, of high birth and connection, but of rude coarse manners and ferocious temper, without any great ability. Count d'Avaux was to go as ambassador, and most of the fugitive nobles accompanied the King, as well as the Duke of Berwick, whose military capacity was far beyond that of any of the rest, but who was still a mere lad of nineteen.

Louis parted most affectionately with his cousin, giving his own sword as an augury of good fortune, and saying, with an embrace, "The best wish I can give your Majesty is that I may never see you again!"

CAMEO XIV.

James in Ireland. 1689.

A spendid equipage for the camp was also presented by the French King, but the vessel carrying it was lost at sea. Escorted by the French fleet from Brest, James arrived at Kinsale on the 12th of March, 1689, and was met at Cork by Tyrconnel, who conducted him to Dublin, where he was received with showers of flowers, tapestry spread in the streets, and loyal addresses from all ranks.

His first proclamation summoned all Protestants to return to their homes, and all Catholics not regularly enlisted to give up their arms, and he then marched with his army to reduce Londonderry, which his generals assured him would be an easy conquest. The Governor, Colonel Lundy, himself considered the place untenable. Two regiments had been despatched from England to assist in the defence; but he sent to their officers to prevent their disembarkation, saying that there was no alternative but surrender, and they would only swell the number of prisoners. When the royal army came in sight, he gave orders that they should not be fired upon. However, George Walker, a parish clergyman, who had taken refuge in the city, stirred up the people to persevere, and secretly enabled Lundy to escape in disguise from their indignation, while two officers, Major Baker and Captain Murray, took the command of the soldiers, Walker was elected governor, and the advancing troops of James were fired upon.

The ramparts were decayed, the walls crumbling, the artillery insufficient, the city overcrowded with useless mouths. James and Rosen expected an easy victory; but their summons to surrender was rejected, and so was an attempt to bribe Captain Murray. The resolution of the inhabitants was taken in a religious spirit. There were eighteen clergymen and seven Presbyterian ministers within the walls, and these all heartily co-operated. They had prayers daily within their churches and chapels, which were attended by the soldiers as well as the inhabitants, and above all things they endeavoured to prevent religious discussions. The town was battered for eleven days in vain, and at the end of two months it was plain to the besiegers that nothing but famine would reduce the place, and James and Rosen left General Hamilton to carry on the blockade, and repaired to Dublin.

In the words of Mrs. Alexander, a poetess by adoption of Derry—

"Like a falcon on her perch, our fair Cathedral Church
Above the tide-vext river looks eastward from the bay,
Dear namesake of St. Columb, and each morning sweet and solemn,
The bells through all the tumult, have call'd us in to pray.

Our leader speaks the prayer, the Captains all are there,
His deep voice never falters though his look be sad and grave;
On the women's pallid faces and the soldiers in their places,
And the stones above our brothers that he buried in their graves.

They are closing round us still! by the river, on the hill
You can see the white pavilion round the standard of their chief;
But the Lord is up in Heaven, though the chances are uneven,
Though the boom is in the river whence we looked for our relief."

CAMEO XIV.
—
The Siege of Derry.
1689.

The boom was a strong bar cast across the estuary below the city, shutting out the entrance of ships with relief. Just as the famine was becoming grievous, a flotilla of thirty vessels was seen advancing on Lough Foyle; but, to the absolute anguish of the inhabitants, it sailed away again.

The commander was the barbarous Kirke, who was probably half-hearted in the cause, as well as pitiless, for he declared that as the boom was guarded by a land-battery at each end, it was hopeless to force it, and he left the people to their fate, only sending them a message that they should "husband their provisions."

This, when Major Baker had already died from privation and insufficient food, loathsome articles were all that could be had; the last fragments of bread were kept for the Holy Communion. Hamilton besought the brave defenders to take pity on themselves; but the cry was still "No surrender!" Rosen, who had again joined furious at the delay, declared that if the city held out beyond the 1st of July, he should drive all the Protestant inhabitants of the neighbourhood to perish with hunger between the walls and the camp, and though all the English and Irish generals protested, he actually carried his cruel threat into execution. The helpless crowd were fired upon from the walls before they were recognized; but the soldiers who drove them were weeping for pity, and they only shouted encouragement to their friends within. As the only chance of saving them, the garrison erected a gibbet and threatened to hang their prisoners, among whom were some persons beloved by the army, and this brought the Irish soldiers to the verge of mutiny. However, Hamilton had had time to send a messenger to James, and obtain from him an order that the unfortunate multitude should be released, and allowed to return home. With them the garrison sent some of their most helpless inhabitants, receiving in their stead strong men.

Meantime, Kirke learnt that his cowardice had excited great indignation in his superiors, and Marshal Schomberg, whom William had made Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, sent peremptory orders that the relie should be attempted. Kirke was obliged to obey, but even then he merely permitted two brave masters of merchantmen, laden with provisions, to make the venture, Micaiah Browning of the *Mountjoy*, and Andrew Douglas of the *Phœnix*, under convoy of Captain Leake of the *Dartmouth*, also a volunteer.

It was the 28th of July, and there were only two days' rations of any sort of sustenance left in the city, when the famished inhabitants beheld the three ships sailing up Lough Foyle with a fair wind. The only navigable passage was close to the camp and batteries of the enemy, and the famished heroic inhabitants crowded their ramparts, watching in agony as the Irish batteries opened fire on the vessels, on whose progress hung life or death. The frigate shortened sail and replied to the battery. The gallant Browning, under cover of the smoke, dashed the *Mountjoy* at the boom, and broke through it; but the vessel was driven

CAMEO XIV.
—
Relief of Derry. 1689.

ashore by the force of the shock. The *Phœnix* sailed through the opening, and while the Irish were flocking down to seize the stranded *Mountjoy*, the tide and the recoil of her own guns floated her, and she followed her companion to the rescue.

> "And the bells are madly ringing, and a hundred voices singing,
> And the old man on the bastion has joined the triumph stave."

By ten at night the ships were at the quay, all the citizens hurrying down, by midnight all hunger was appeased; for a day or two longer the besiegers still fired! but at daybreak on the 2nd of August, the sentries announced that they were in full retreat! The siege had lasted since the second week in March. More than half the population had perished, and the remainder were ghastly spectacles; but they still had the gallantry to rush out and attack the retreat, though they were driven back with loss. Their resistance has ever since been the pride of their city, and the anniversary of the closing of the gates has been the special holiday of the apprentice lads.

Throughout the siege, the Enniskillen Protestant bands had harassed Rosen's army, surprising outposts and cutting off convoys of provisions. Lord Mountcashel was sent by James, some days before the relief of Derry, with 5,000 men to reduce them. He began by trying to take the border fortress of Castle Crom, on Lough Erne, where many of the Protestant families had taken refuge. Not being able to bring his artillery over the surrounding bog, he made two sham cannons of tin, pointed them, and summoned the garrison to surrender; but they defied him, sallied out, drove him back, and captured the mock artillery which afforded them infinite amusement. From Kirke they obtained weapons for themselves, and became so formidable that James sent a considerable force under General Macarthy, who had just put down Lord Inchiquin's resistance at Munster. Sarsfield was to attack them from Connaught, the Duke of Berwick on the north side. This last had much of the genius of his uncle of Marlborough, and he alone was successful in his attacks. Sarsfield's men were dispersed, and Macarthy, with 5,000, received a great defeat at Newton Butler from Colonel Wolseley with only 2,000.

These brave men struggled through the bog and threw themselves on Macarthy's batteries in the right. The Irish General gave the command to the centre, "Wheel to the widy," meaning them to turn and support the right. They took it for "Wheel to the right-about," and thereupon faced round and began to march off the field, whereupon the rest of the troops broke and fled! The Enniskillens pressed on them and gained a complete victory, slaughtering savagely. 2,000 Irish were killed, 600 driven into Lough Erne, 400 prisoners taken, among them Macarthy himself, lamenting that he had not been slain.

Before this disaster, James had met his Irish Parliament on the 7th of May, 1689, in the Inns of Court. Except four Bishops, whose loyalty

CAMEO XIV.

The Irish Parliament. 1689.

bound them to attend, a very few Peers, and six Commoners, it was wholly Roman Catholic. James opened it in person, in royal robes, with a crown on his head, and made a moderate and conciliatory speech, which was not followed up, although one act of this Parliament promised liberty of conscience to all sects, and gave the tithes to the pastors of the Communions of the persons who paid them.

There was an Act of Attainder against all suspected of disaffection, 3,000 in number, including ladies and children, unless they surrendered by a certain day, and even limiting the King's power of pardon.

Of course, too, they reversed the Act of Settlement, and they also enacted that no act of the English Parliament should bind Ireland, and in fact their "Home Rule" went on much too fast for James, who was an Englishman after all. The schools and colleges were seized, and as to the University of Dublin, the King commanded the Provost and Fellows to name a Romanist, called Greene, as senior Fellow, and when they refused and had recourse to the courts of law, he sent soldiers to turn them out of Trinity College, made the Chapel into a powder magazine, and the rooms into barracks; but put the library in charge of a priest, who took great care of it, while awaiting the Jesuits whom James intended to place there.

The Parliament granted the King £20,000 monthly, which grant he instantly doubled by Royal Proclamation, against the remonstrance of all his Irish nobility. "If I cannot do this, I can do nothing!" he exclaimed.

However, £40,000 a month was more than Ireland could raise, so he set up a Bank, and coined tokens out of a mixture of old cannon, broken bells, and pots and pans, calling shillings and guineas what was worth little more than farthings. Traders would have been ruined by taking these at their nominal value, and either raised their prices, or refused to sell at all. This was prohibited by Royal Proclamation, death was denounced against any one who presumed to give more than thirty-eight shillings of this base compound for a golden guinea, and soldiers were charged to see that the shopkeepers sold at the price which was ruin to them. This extraordinarily wrong-headed monarch was doing his best to alienate even the island he had deemed faithful to him! The Irish gentlemen also were much vexed at his preference for foreigners, to whose advice he listened alone, and who seem to have hindered his responding effectively to the summons of Dundee.

By this time, William III. had been able to send Schomberg to Ireland. The old Marshal landed at Carrickfergus in the end of August, with about 10,000 men; but the best English troops were required elsewhere, and the army he had at his disposal were either raw English recruits, French Huguenots, Dutch, Germans, and Danes, mostly mercenary soldiers, like the terrible regiments of the Thirty Years War. Count Solus, the second in command, was Dutch, and therefore a favourite with William. Schomberg marched to Belfast, where he was joined by the Enniskilleners, and hoped to gain a decisive victory; but he

CAMEO XIV.

Battle of the Boyne. 1689.

soon found that his army was in no state to give battle, being for the most part untrained and undisciplined. He therefore encamped at Dundalk, there to teach his troops drill, riding and musketry; but it was a very wet season, the ground was soaked, the men suffered much from diseases of all kinds, and besides were shamefully ill-supplied with provisions by a commissary, who afterwards was dismissed from the service. This of course led to plunder of the neighbourhood, and outrages were committed on all parties, gaining them the name of the black banditti. The Enniskilleners, mostly old Cromwellians or their sons, were equally violent towards Catholics, though not so lawless or profane. They could only fight in their own way, and were so unamenable to discipline that one of Schomberg's officers said, "It was as hard to keep the Enniskillens within a camp as a regiment of March hares in a circle of a yard diameter."

James joined Rosen, and showed himself before the camp, but durst not attempt to storm it, nor would Schomberg come out to attack him. Rosen told him, "If your Majesty had ten kingdoms you would lose them;" and the English at home said, "Schomberg did nothing, and James helped him."

They retreated, and Schomberg, on the arrival of some fresh regiments, moved to Belfast; but the jolting of the waggons over the wretched roads caused the death of many of the sick, and many lay down to die, so that it was said that the troops marched through a lane of the dead!

James sent urgent entreaties to Louis for further help, complaining of the uselessness of the Irish, and Louis sent him 5,000, commanded by Lauzun, who was to supersede Rosen, and requiring as many Irishmen in exchange. Those whom James sent, after the regular Irish fashion, when out of their own country, became admirable soldiers.

Charlemont was held for James by an old gentleman called Teague O'Regan, a little hunchback, usually dressed in a huge wig, a white hat with a long feather, a scarlet coat, and jackboots. Schomberg, who was much amused with what he heard of him, offered excellent terms; but the answer was, "That old knave, Schomberg, shall not have this castle."

However, when famine forced him to surrender, Schomberg still treated him honourably, and asked him to dinner. Meantime an Irish priest and a dragoon entered on a controversy ending in blows, and one of O'Regan's people rushed in to complain.

"Served him right," said the old man. "What business had a priest to argue with a dragoon!"

William himself came over on the 14th of June, with Prince George of Denmark, and the young Duke of Ormond, having sent before him a grand park of artillery, and a considerable force, chiefly of Huguenots and Dutch. He landed at Belfast, and on Schomberg's joining him at Loughbrickland, was at the head of 36,000 men. He was considerably

CAMEO XIV.
—
Victory of the Boyne.

puzzled how to reward George Walker, of Derry, whether, as he said, to make him a Colonel or a Bishop; and on the death of the diocesan, Derry was bestowed on the warlike priest. In the churches of the North, King William was prayed for in the Liturgy; in those of the South, King James.

The latter, with Lauzun, advanced with an army increased by 8,000 French, who had been exchanged at Brest for 4,000 Irish. His army amounted to somewhere about 20,000 men, encamped on the banks of the Boyne, near Drogheda. He was determined to risk a battle, but sent to Waterford to secure a ship for his retreat, in case of being defeated.

William, who had very little time to spare for Ireland, and was determined, as he said, not to let the grass grow under his feet there, marched towards the river, and on the evening of the last day of June, beheld his uncle's army on the opposite bank.

"I am glad to see you, gentlemen," he could not help exclaiming. "If you escape me now, the fault will be mine." He admired the rich green of the country, and said, "It is worth fighting for." The Jacobite army was well posted, so as to command the passage of the river, which was not wide, but deep. The nearest bridge was at Slane, five miles off, and there were only two fords, one at Oldbridge close at hand, the other lower down, near to Drogheda. James had concentrated his army so as to prevent crossing at Oldbridge, and the position was so formidable, and the banks so steep, that Schomberg gave his voice against attempting a passage; but William knew that a retreat would do him infinite harm in the eyes of all the nations concerned, and he rode up and down the bank, reconnoitring so that he was recognised. Presently he sat down with his staff on the grass to take some refreshment. Two French cannon were aimed at the party, so surely that William himself and Prince George of Hesse both fell; but in a moment it proved that it was only Prince George's horse that had been killed, and that William had only received a slight flesh wound on the shoulder. He was soon on the alert again, and, indeed, spent nineteen hours on horseback that day, and rode through the army at midnight by torchlight.

By four in the morning of the 1st of July, he was in the saddle again, putting his troops in motion, causing all to wear green sprays in their caps to distinguish them from the enemy, who wore white paper cockades. It was sadly needful where English was against English, Irish against Irish, French against French. The right wing was detached, under Schomberg's son, to cross the river at Slane bridge, and thus turn the enemy's flank. His left wing, nearly all cavalry, were to cross under his own command at the lower ford, while the centre, all infantry, under Marshal Schomberg, were to force the passage at Oldbridge. Young Schomberg's troops passed the bridge, and were attacking O'Neil's dragoons, when Lauzun, fearing that the retreat would be cut off, led his best French regiments to support O'Neil, thus leaving his centre to the command of James, Tyrconnel and Hamilton.

CAMEO XIV.

Limerick. 1689.

The infantry, chiefly Huguenot exiles, began to cross prosperously, though with water up to their breasts, for the Irish infantry went off headlong, throwing away their colours and their weapons; but Hamilton, bringing up some French regiments, made so stout a resistance that the Huguenots were at a standstill on the bank, and their Colonel, Caillemotte, fell. Old Schomberg dashed into the river to take his place. *Allons, Messieurs, voilà vos persecuteurs,* he cried; but at that moment the blue ribbon of the Garter was marked, and he was shot dead, George Walker, the Bishop elect, fell almost by his side; but at that moment William, who had crossed the river, where the stream was so strong as almost to carry his horse off its legs, came up with his cavalry. Still Hamilton's French dragoons were so strong as to break the ranks of William, and were about to turn the flank. He rode to the Enniskilleners and asked, "what they would do for him." "Follow him," they said; but a severe volley of musketry so disconcerted these irregular soldiers, that they turned and fled, and William never placed any reliance on them again. However, in the *mêlée* that followed, one of them put a pistol to the King's head. He quietly put it aside, saying, "Do you not know your friends." This was the severest part of the encounter; but the firmness of the British infantry saved the day. Hamilton was wounded and made prisoner, after once crying with the old instinct, "Spare my brave English;" James fled, and only the French, under Lauzun, succeeded in protecting the retreat, so as to save baggage, artillery, and colours.

The loss on each side was not very great, it was reckoned at about a thousand on the Jacobite side, and half as many of the Orange army; but Schomberg's and Caillemotte's were both valuable lives, and William was much grieved for the former as a personal friend. As to Walker, he said, with the true military dislike to a civilian running into useless danger, on hearing he had been killed in the river, "The fool! what took him there?"

James, though once a brave man, it seems had become completely unnerved by his misfortunes, reached Dublin that very night, sent for the Lord Mayor and a few other persons, and spoke indignantly of the cowardice of his troops, declared that his cause was lost, and the next morning proceeded to Waterford, breaking down the bridges behind him, and embarking for Brest. He never more to set foot in his native country.

The Irish felt themselves insulted, and called the defeat his own fault. "Change kings," they said, "and we would fight the battle over again." Lauzun and Tyrconnel marched to Dublin, leaving Drogheda to surrender under terror of a repetition of the horrors it had suffered from Cromwell. It was decided to withdraw beyond the Shannon, and before leaving Dublin, all the political prisoners were released, and the custody of the city resigned into the hands of the Protestant persons who still remained there. A mob arose, plundered Sarsfield's house, and those of other gentlemen on the Jacobite side, and it was necessary to

CAMEO XIV. — *Departure of William.* 1689.

send to William to ask for a garrison to restrain them. He came in person, and on the Sunday went with his crown on his head to return thanks for his victory in St. Patrick's Cathedral. He formed a camp at Finglas, two miles from the city, and issued a proclamation promising protection to all who would live in peace, but adding that he would leave the desperate leaders of the rebellion to the chances of war.

These desperate leaders had fortified themselves in Limerick and Athlone, and hoped thus to secure the line of the Shannon. General Douglas was sent to reduce Athlone, and make a devastating march, his foreign mercenaries sparing nobody, whether Papist or Protestant. Athlone was defended by Colonel Grace, a descendant of one of the old Norman families, and on a report that Sarsfield was advancing, Douglas retreated, his army suffering terribly on their retreat through the country that they themselves had wasted. He rejoined the main army under the King, advancing upon Limerick, which was expected to be an easy prey. Indeed, Lauzun had said the ramparts could be battered down with roasted apples ; but as Sarsfield believed it defensible, he was left in charge of it, while Lauzun and Tyrconnel went off with the French contingent to Galway. Boisseleau, a French General, was, however, Sarsfield's superior in command, and some French cavalry were also left.

William came up in advance of his battering train, and summoned the place to surrender. Boisseleau addressed his reply to the Secretary, because he could not use the address to the King of England, and would not be so insulting as to omit it. He said he hoped to acquire the good opinion of the Prince by his defence of the fortress intrusted to him.

The place was on an island in the Shannon with only one bridge, and French ships guarded the mouth of the river ; but the attack had to wait for the arrival of the heavy artillery. Learning its approach from a French deserter, Sarsfield, a tall, brilliant, dashing Irishman, started with 500 cavalry, gained the right bank of the river, crossed it again, and seven miles from William's camp came on the train of artillery, parked for the night, in the security induced by not having seen an enemy throughout. All were asleep, when Sarsfield fell on them. Only one man escaped alive, and as it was impossible to carry off the guns, Sarsfield had them loaded to their muzzles, and buried under ground, heaping over them stones and ammunition waggons, then laying a train he set fire to it as he rode off, and a frightful explosion astonished the country for many miles round, while he safely returned to Limerick.

Two cannon were left, and with these and his field pieces, William opened a breach in the walls twenty yards long. It was stormed accordingly, and the soldiers made their way into the town ; but soon an overwhelming crowd fell on them in a tremendous street fight, that they were fairly overwhelmed, and had to retreat with the loss of 1,500 men.

William's ammunition and provisions were exhausted, autumn rains were imminent, and his presence was needful elsewhere. He raised

CAMEO XIV.

Skirmish of Aughrim. 1691.

the siege, and sailed for England from Waterford, leaving Generals Ginkel and Solms in command, when their foreign troops made horrid devastation. However, in September came the Earl of Marlborough, the one true captain in Europe, and an unusually humane man for his day.

He was not however thoroughly trusted by William, who joined with him the Prince of Wurtemberg, as superior in command. At first Marlborough would not give up, but finally they agreed to command on alternate days. The Earl on his first day gave the watchword "Wurtemberg," the Prince gave "Marlborough" on his, as a seal of reconciliation. Tact and courtesy were always elements of success in Churchill's career.

The first enterprise was the siege of Cork, which stands on a boggy plain shut in with hills, and whose fortifications were in the usual Irish state of disrepair. Indeed, the fort of Shandon, commanding the city on the north, was in such a state that it surrendered at once. The commandant only waited till a breach had been made to offer to surrender on the same conditions as the King had usually granted, namely, that the garrison should depart freely to Limerick. Wurtemberg wished this to be granted; but Marlborough, who objected to put an end to the war, insisted on their yielding as prisoners of war, and the garrison, renewing their resistance, an assault was made, in the course of which was killed the Duke of Grafton, on a spot then in the marsh outside the walls, but now in Grafton's Alley in the heart of the city. Immediately after, the garrison surrendered as prisoners of war, on condition that life and property was respected; but the mob called itself Protestant, and began to plunder, the soldiers joined them, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the two generals restored order, and prevented further violence.

They then besieged Kinsale, where the garrison shut themselves up in two forts, one of which surrendered easily, the other resisted so gallantly that the terms which had been refused at Cork were granted. Kinsale had been the depôt for all the stores so amply supplied by France, and the capture was so important that Marlborough was able to return to England after a campaign of five weeks, in which he had done all he had undertaken.

Lauzun and Tyrconnel also quitted Ireland, and the former reported to the two Kings that the cause was hopeless, upon which the French troops were withdrawn, much to their own joy, and not greatly to the regret of the Irish; but Tyrconnel declared that if Louis would only supply Sarsfield's wild troops with ammunition, they would be able to hold out for King James, and it was quite worth Louis's while to keep a division of the English forces thus occupied.

General Ginkel in vain attempted to hunt down the Irish in the mountains of Kerry. Sarsfield commanded a band of cavalry which swept the country from their strongholds, and the peasants were in their element in a guerilla warfare in parties, which, from their chief

CAMEO XIV. — *Siege of Limerick.* 1691.

weapons, namely pikes, were called rapparees. Ginkel was in despair, and wrote to William that the hills and bogs were impregnable, but that he believed that the leaders would submit if it were not for the fear of confiscation and ruin.

The King was quite ready to grant them free and favourable terms, but the Lords Justices Sidney and Coningsby and their Council, who expected to profit by forfeitures, made such an outcry about preserving the Protestant interest, that Ginkel wrote that they cared more for adding £50 a year to the English proprietary than for saving England £50,000!

In fact, 3,921 persons altogether suffered confiscation; some forfeiting because their sons were in the opposite camp, and it was, moreover, made penal for ten Catholics to assemble in a body, the priest being in that case condemned to transportation to the plantations. Ginkel opposed these measures; but was, therefore, much hated, and the resistance of the Irish gentry encouraged Louis to send another force of 10,000 men in 1691; but they were not put under the command of Sarsfield, who was created by James Earl of Lucan, but of a Frenchman named St. Ruth, a very fine gentleman, who was much disliked by the Irish. Contrary to their advice, he fortified Athlone; but after a brave resistance, and once beating back the besiegers, the place was surprised by night, and Ginkel learnt from his prisoners that they suspected Louis of intending to unite Ireland with France, though, if their rights could be respected, they had much rather depend upon England.

This made Ginkel very anxious to finish the war, and with great difficulty he obtained from the Lords Justices the proclamation of an amnesty to all who would lay down their arms; but their intentions were distrusted, and St. Ruth resolved on a pitched battle. The spot he encamped in was in County Roscommon, close to the ruinous Castle of Aughrim, which protected the only road across the great bog, whence ran a stream. This guarded the left of the Irish army, to the right were some hills with a pass through them, protected by the house and grounds of Urrachee. The French and Irish amounted to 25,000; Ginkel's army to 20,000. On the 11th of July, 1691, Ginkel sent the Danish horse to force the Pass of Urrachee. They were repulsed; so were two English regiments of dragoons. The infantry, advancing at half-past four, gained this post, but were entangled in the bog, and exposed to a most destructive fire, so that they were finally driven back, and most of the officers made prisoners.

St. Ruth thought his victory secure, and exclaimed, "Now will I drive the English to the walls of Dublin!" Seeing the English cavalry under General Talmash about to advance by the narrow road leading by Aughrim Castle, he praised their valour, but pitied them as certain of destruction, and he was in the act of directing a battery to fire upon them when he was struck by a cannon ball and fell dead.

Nobody took the command. Sarsfield was probably not present.

Talmash advanced unmolested, the Irish began to retreat as the English reserve made their way over the bog. At first the retreat was orderly, then it became a rout, a flight, a slaughter. 7,000 French and Irish perished, and 2,000 British had been killed.

Ginkel felt that he had had a narrow escape, and proceeded to master the forts around, letting their garrisons depart to Limerick with arms and baggage, and trying to persuade all to come to terms. Tyrconnel died at this time, it was said of a broken heart, and nothing was left to the Jacobite cause but Limerick, and in it Sarsfield, though Louis was said to be preparing to pour in fresh forces.

On the 27th of August Ginkel began the second siege of Limerick; but he found the batteries on the English side of the town produced not sufficient effect, and the river Shannon only crossed by a bridge towards Thomond, was open to bring supplies to the besieged. However, there was a small island in the midst, and to this on a dark night, Ginkel laid down a bridge of boats. Beyond the island the river was fordable, and he thus surprised and broke up the Irish camp outside the walls. Then, on the 22nd of September, he had a desperate fight with the Irish guarding the Thomond bridge, and in the midst the French officer commanding within the town raised the drawbridge, shut the gate, and left the Irish outside to their fate, most of them leaping into the river to sink or swim.

This cruel act brought Sarsfield and most of his countrymen to decide against the French, and on the 23rd they declared their readiness to enter into a treaty.

According to this treaty, all Roman Catholics were to enjoy the exercise of their religion as in the time of Charles II., their property was to be preserved to them on their submission, and such officers and soldiers as were unwilling to accept the terms were to be conveyed to France. The treaty was signed just in time, for a French fleet with stores and reinforcements arrived on the coast only two days later!

On the 5th of October, the Irish army was paraded on King's Island to make their choice—Ginkel inviting them to the English service, Sarsfield to that of France. Mass was said, a sermon preached by a priest at the head of each regiment, the Bishops present blessed them. Then refreshments were served. A flag was hoisted, and it was made known that all who would take service with England should march to the left of it, those for France to the right.

Ginkel, Sarsfield, D'Ussé, stood by the flag. "March!" was the order.

First came the Irish guards, 1,400 strong. Only seven men turned to the English side. Next came the Ulster Irish, who to a man chose England; but of the other regiments so few declared for William that Ginkel only obtained altogether 1,000 horse and 1,500 foot.

The others marched through Limerick amid the tears and prayers of the populace, and embarked for France, at least all those who did

CAMEO XIV.

End of the Irish War. 1691.

not desert, and steal home to their native hovels. Thus, before the beginning of 1692, ended the war in Ireland, to the great indignation and wrath of the grasping officials, and the more fanatical Protestants, who dreaded the slightest concession to the Romanists, and did their utmost, not without success, to overrule the wiser spirit of justice and toleration, wounds that have ever since festered and broken out again have been inflicted on either side in that sad and hopeless island of strife and debate, bloodshed and treachery.

CAMEO XV.

QUEEN MARY II.

1690-1694.

England.
1688. William and Mary.

France.
1643. Louis XIV.

Spain.
1665. Charles II.

Germany.
1657. Leopold I.

Pope.
1676. Innocent.

Habits of William.

WHILE going forward with the Scottish, Irish, and French wars, by which William had to defend his newly-acquired throne, and the liberties he had been invited to maintain, there was a hard task at home, both in defining those liberties, and in obtaining the nerves and sinews of war.

Personally, William was a great disappointment. Whatever the former sovereigns of England had been, they had been easy of access, and leaders in all sports and diversions, holding personal intercourse with all ranks of their subjects, and admitting them to gaze at their meals, wander over their palaces and share their pleasures. They knew their nobility and their attendants intimately, and called them by their Christian names, often abbreviated. Queen Elizabeth had her Robins, James I. his Steenie, even grave Charles I. his Will and Tom, and Charles II. was one of the most winning of men, adding the wit and grace of France to the good nature of England, and both he and his brother had the special ease and friendliness of finding themselves at home again after long and weary exile.

But to William, England was the place of exile. He could scarcely breathe in London, where smoke and Thames fogs oppressed his asthmatic chest, and though he understood the language, he could not converse in it with any freedom or enjoyment. Probably if his Stewart mother had lived, he might have been different, but he had had no womanly training to overcome his awkward shyness, and absolute rudeness, for he had grown up among blunt Republicans, so that though of one of the highest families in Europe by both descents, he had the manners and almost the tastes of a private soldier, and was as little at ease when he found himself obliged to appear in the

CAMEO XV.
Court of William and Mary.

midst of the brilliant troops of English ladies and gentlemen. His really free and happy moments were spent with his old Dutch friends and companions, Schomberg, Keppel, Bentinck, Zulestein, Solms, and Ginkel, when he would sit smoking, sipping, and talking Dutch about affairs that could not safely be discussed amid the wavering, treacherous, unprincipled Englishmen who had come to the surface. Of course this excited jealousies and caused great offence to those who only saw the King stand or sit, silent and grave in their midst, and were addressed by him at council only when necessary, in brief, hard, discourteous tones, implying perhaps the contempt that some of them deserved. Worst of all, was that want of domestic courtesy which showed how the remnants of chivalry had departed from Holland. However unfaithful Charles and James had been, neither had ever given his Queen reason to complain of want of deference, politeness, and even tenderness in personal intercourse, and to other women of all ranks, both had the courtesy of gentlemen. But William, with morals no better than those of his uncles, showed a rude disregard to the Queen, whom in very truth he really honoured and esteemed; and to Princess Anne, whom no doubt he disliked and despised, he did not show ordinary civility, eating up the whole of her favourite dishes before her eyes.

Probably, though his wife had given him her whole heart, he fancied it good policy to keep her down in her own eyes and in those of the nation, and therefore did not seek to control the rudeness natural to him in treating his slave, and did not see how much his rough manner to her added to his unpopularity.

Mary is somewhat of a paradox. She was a handsome, dignified, noble-looking woman, though inclined to become too stout, the greater disadvantage when her husband was unusually small and thin, and perhaps one cause of his rude self-assertion towards her. She was very religious, and had been constant to her own Church in spite of Dutch surroundings, and the sneers of her husband at even the meagre ritual of her Chapel at the Hague, where he could not understand the raised floor below the altar. Even in England, he could hardly be persuaded to take off his hat at the most solemn moments of the service, and kept it on throughout the sermon. She was staunch against both Romanism and Calvinism, but it may be feared that the constancy, though excellent, was unenlightened. Both the sisters had suffered from that strange indifference to education that set in with the Restoration. It could hardly have been caught from France, where most of the great ladies were well and deeply read, and it was probably owing to the frivolous tone of gaiety at the Court, and the association of quiet study with Puritanism. Catherine of Braganza and Mary Beatrice had been bred up in Southern ignorance, and, however it may have been, James had let the education of his motherless daughters take care of itself. Mary was intelligent and sensible, and could both read and talk well, but she seemed to consider royalty above spelling, and Anne was far

more ignorant, and a dull companion, so that the Queen soon found her very wearisome.

Mary's whole affections were so concentrated on her husband, that it seemed as if no room were left for any one else. The apparent want of feeling for her father had shocked every one, nor did she ever show any tokens of relenting, and with her sister there were endless petty quarrels and provocations, such as only narrow-minded women could be capable of, and aggravated by Anne's attachment to Lady Marlborough, whom Mary entirely distrusted. Jacobite rhymes hit off the family characteristics :—

"There's Mary the daughter, there's Willy the cheater.
There's Geordie the drinker, there's Annie the eater."

Again—

"Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?
Ken ye the rhyme to porringer?
King James he had a daughter fair,
And he gave her to an Oranger.

Ken ye how he requited him?
Ken ye how he requited him?
The dog has into England come,
And ta'en the crown in spite of him.

The rogue he sall na keep it lang.
To budge we'll mak him fain again,
We'll hang him high upon a tree,
And James shall have his own again."

Neatest of all was, however, the epigram of Dryden. He had translated the Æneid, and the publisher, Jacob Tonson, wished it to be dedicated to the King; and upon Dryden's refusal, tried to point a compliment by making the face of Æneas in every illustration a likeness of William. The poet, a good deal annoyed, wrote—

"Old Jacob, in his wondrous mood
Amazing all beholders,
Hath placed old Nassau's hook-nosed head
On poor Æneas' shoulders.

To make the parallel complete,
Methinks there's something lacking,
One took his father pick-a-back,
The other sent his packing."

Never was Mary so happy, and perhaps never so much tried, as when the husband she adored was at home. This was generally only to meet his Parliament, where many a struggle took place, and important measures passed. One of these forbade the election to the House of Commons of persons holding offices of emolument under Government, but it was found necessary to modify this, and make numerous exceptions.

Another was the Triennial Bill, limiting the existence of Parliament

CAMEO XV.

The National Debt. 1692.

to three years, and making it illegal to pretermit the sessions of the Houses for more than three years. And the extreme difficulty of raising money for William's wars, suggested to Charles Montague, Chancellor of the Exchequer, to borrow from any one willing thus to invest money, a sum for the interest of which Government became responsible.

This was the origin of the National Debt, and therewith the matter was to be managed by Montague, together with the Scotch James Paterson, the first inventor of the scheme, and Michael Godfrey, brother to the unfortunate Sir Edmondbury. Thus began the Bank of England. Hitherto money had been invested by loans to goldsmiths and other tradesmen, and the security given by Government was eagerly welcomed by many, though others hesitated over it. The coinage, which had been chipped and debased during the last unprincipled reigns, was to be gradually called in and replaced, and while this was being effected, the Bank issued notes in promise of payment. The paper on which they were stamped was a monopoly of a noble Huguenot family, and so has continued ever since.

Mary did her utmost to keep up the old traditions of ease and liveliness at Court, but it was uphill work with her shy and often suffering husband, a much more veritable William the Silent than his great ancestor, and with a sister, who, at the best, was a dead weight, and at the worst a sullen, grumbling element of opposition and discontent.

To live in Whitehall was impossible for the King. He was looking extremely ill, and the physicians hardly expected him to live to the end of the year in that atmosphere. So Hampton Court and Kensington Palace became the royal residences. The beautiful and splendid Tudor architecture of Cardinal Wolsey had gone out of fashion, and Hampton Court was altered—not for the better so far as the building was concerned—to suit the taste of the day. The gardens were laid out with much care and cost, and were the King's delight. The Labyrinth, which has given immense pleasure to six generations of holiday-makers, was formed; limes, thirty years old, were transplanted by Dutch skill to form the alleys, fountains were made to scatter their spray, and many fresh secrets of gardening imported. The Queen, too, brought from the Hague the taste for old china which has never entirely passed away. The Dutch, absorbing most of the Eastern trade, and guarding it jealously, were the chief importers of Japanese and Chinese cabinets, Indian curiosities and delicate porcelain, dainty and beautiful, above all, of the tea drunk from the blue or green dragon cups. Introduced by Catherine of Braganza, and sometimes called *Herbe à la reine*, it was beginning to make its way, though chocolate was the unnecessarily fattening beverage of the royal sisters, and as a lampoon said—

> "The Queen drinks chocolat to make the King fat.
> The King hunts to make the Queen lean."

Meantime the whole administration was in a terrible state. Under the two last kings there had been such carelessness, waste and venality,

that the machine that William had to deal with would not work, and while great things were expected of him, he was absolutely without the means; he could trust no one around him but his faithful Dutchmen, and it made the English so bitterly jealous and discontented to see them employed that he had no course but to set one Englishman to check another.

One necessary result was to change the Declaration of Rights, signed before the coronation, into a regular Parliamentary Act, called the Bill of Rights. It passed the Commons at once, but in the Lords, a real and serious difficulty was started. The Bill settled the succession first on William and Mary, then on the survivor of the two, next on Mary's children by another husband, afterwards on Anne and her posterity, and lastly on William's children by another wife, all in legal order—excluding only the Prince of Wales and all other Romanists. But what was to happen next? Neither sister had a living child, and William was in the frailest health, besides being exposed to all the chances of war!

Bishop Burnet then proposed, by William's suggestion, that in case of the failure of progeny of these three persons, the crown should be settled upon Sophia, the youngest child of Elizabeth, the daughter of James I. She was married to Ernest, Duke of Brunswick Luneburg, and was the only one of her mother's large family who had both continued a Protestant and had children. Not to be a Romanist was all that was then thought important, and the Lords agreed to this arrangement, but the Commons unanimously rejected it, apparently because the two Houses had quarrelled about Titus Oates.

However, on the 24th of July, Princess Anne gave birth to a living son at Hampton Court, in her sister's presence. He was at once baptised William, with the King and Queen, and his uncle the King of Denmark as sponsors, and though he was very weakly for the first two months of his life, the fact of his existence was a great relief to the English mind.

In October, when Parliament met again, there was no difficulty in passing the Bill of Rights, but no mention was made of the Electress Sophia, only it was enacted that no Papist should ascend the throne, nor any one married to a Papist.

After this, there were debates on the disasters in Ireland, and it was alleged that the only reason that such generals as Schomberg and Ginkel had not succeeded, was the horrible peculation of the commissaries, who received large sums from the Treasury, pocketed them, and left the troops in a state of utter destitution. Horses were paid for, shoes were charged, yet the soldiers marched barefoot; bedding, blankets, medicines, were utterly wanting in the camp, where the men had been dying by hundreds, yet they all were charged to, and paid for by the country. A man named Shales was especially guilty in this matter, an inheritance from the former kings, with whom he had been a favourite, and the Whig members actually moved that William should be asked

CAMEO XV.
Mary reigning.
1690.

by whose advice the man had been continued in office; but the King refused to turn informer, and the improper question was dropped. He was requested to select a proper person, and such was the general degradation of English persons of experience that he had to choose a Dutchman, which of course caused further offence and jealousy.

The Lords appointed a committee, which the public termed the committee of murder, to inquire into the authors of the prosecutions of Russell, Sidney and other Whig sufferers. Sir Dudley North was accused, but nothing criminal could be proved against him, though public opinion did not acquit him. Lord Halifax, who was next the subject of inquiry, was able to show that he had done everything in his power for Lord Russell, and indeed he was still a friend and correspondent of Lady Russell, and was one of the best of the statesmen of the day, far more uncorrupt and public-spirited than were most of them, and indeed his correspondence with his brother, John Savile, proves him to have been honest, warm-hearted and affectionate to a great degree.

William was very anxious to get a Bill of Indemnity passed, making all who had become amenable to the law in these troublous times, free and safe from molestation, but there was infinite difficulty in getting it through the Houses of Parliament, so bitter were the old animosities, and it was lying on the table for months before it was passed. There were then thirty-nine exceptions, Lords Powis, Huntingdon, Sunderland, Melfor, Down and Castlemaine, the Bishops of Durham and St. David's, Lundie, the false governor of Londonderry, Father Petre, Lord Jeffreys, who died while the Bill was under consideration, and four corrupt judges. The passing of this Act was William's last action before leaving England for his campaign in Ireland of 1690.

Queen Mary remained to execute the Royal duties, and acquitted herself of them well, keeping up a close correspondence with her husband, alike on State affairs, domestic matters and gossip. To her credit, she begged that some of the confiscated Irish estates might be kept to endow schools. "I must tell you," she says, "I think the wonderful success you have had should oblige you to think upon doing what you can for the advancement of true religion and promoting the Gospel." Unfortunately her entreaty was vain! Another time she writes, "I will say no more at present, but that the Bishop of Salisbury made a thundering long sermon this morning, which he has been with me to desire me to print; which I could not refuse, though I should not have ordered it, for reasons which I told him."

She was very busy getting Kensington Palace ready for the King's return, and much concerned about smoky chimneys and smell of paint, to which his malady rendered him very susceptible. Her affection is evidently most ardent: "If I should meet with a disappointment of your not coming," she says, "I don't know what I should do, for my desire of seeing you is equal to my love, which cannot but end with my life."

CAMEO XV.

Correspondence with James.

She had troublesome work with her Cabinet, of whom she says, "I thought you had given me wrong characters of men, but I now see they answer my expectations as being as little of a mind as of a body." The Marquis of Carmarthen — Thomas Osborne, the Danby of the last reign, was the foremost in this council, and more than any one else trusted by William, who got English speeches put into form by him, but he was greatly hated and abused by the Whigs—

> "David, we thought, succeeded Saul,
> When William rose on James's fall,
> But now King Thomas governs all"—

and all his former doings under Charles II. were brought up against him.

On William's return, his influence over the King was found to have diminished, and William appointed as First Commissioner of the Treasury, Godolphin, who was unrivalled in the management of finance. There was not one of these English statesmen who was not in doubt of the next turn of the wheel, and anxious to keep well with any possible government. If they could only obtain the Prince of Wales and bring him up as a Protestant, they believed that crown and country would be secure, and there was no guessing how the French bullets, or indeed, the asthma might change the whole face of affairs. So there was plenty of correspondence with the Jacobites at St. Germains, and these lived in constant hope, hatching continual plots. Godolphin corresponded with Mary Beatrice, Lady Marlborough, who ruled both Princess Anne and her own husband, with her sister, the widow of Tyrconnel, and all sorts of nicknames were used in case of the letters being opened, besides the noted old ones of Mrs. Morley and Mrs. Freeman, for the Princess and Lady Marlborough. James II. was Mr. Astley, his Queen, Mrs. Wisely, William, the Dutch abortion, Marlborough, the Hamburg merchant, Godolphin, the bale of goods. In December, 1690, a meeting was held entirely of English Churchmen, excluding all Romanists, and it was agreed that representations should be made to James, that his only hope lay in disconnecting himself alike with Roman Catholic and French progress, and that he should be advised to return with decided assurances that he would support the Church and govern according to law.

Lord Preston was selected as the envoy to St. Germains with these proposals, couched in figurative language and addressed in various names to James and Mary Beatrice, as Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Reding, &c., Lord Clarendon, Lord Dartmouth, Bishop Turner of Ely, William Penn, the Quaker, and Catherine Sedley, all wrote letters in a packet entrusted to Preston, who with two young men named Ashton and Elliot undertook the conveyance. These two pretended to be smugglers, and persuaded the master of a small smack named the *James and Elizabeth* to carry them across to France on the last night of the year 1690, starting from the Tower.

CAMEO XV.

Lord Preston's plot.
1690.

But the skipper suspected them and gave a hint to the Lord President. Carmarthen's son, bearing his old title of Danby, had a swift yacht, which was put under the command of a trusty officer named Billop, and sent in pursuit. Before the smack was out of the Thames it was boarded. The conspirators rushed to the hold, but were dragged out, and Preston, in the confusion dropped his packet of letters. Ashton snatched it up, but its importance was only made the more evident by the magnificent offers and promises made to Billop if he would only drop it over into the Thames. Elliot stormed and raved, Preston collapsed into despair, Ashton was firm and composed. The letters were taken to the King, warrants were sent out for the persons implicated, but William did not delay his departure for the Great Congress at the Hague, leaving the Queen and Council to deal with the trial of the plotters; while Jacobite songsters amused themselves with the verse:—

"The royal dame can fill at once
Her husband's triple throne,
For she is twice as big as he
And bears three Queens in one."

Preston, Ashton, and Elliot were arraigned at the Old Bailey, and claimed separate trials. The two first were sentenced to death, and Ashton died bravely on the scaffold; but Preston offered a full confession, and was reprieved. His family still seem to have occupied his apartments in Windsor Castle; and a story is told that his little daughter of nine years old, Lady Katharine Graham, was found by Queen Mary gazing intently on a portrait of James II., which still hangs in St. George's Gallery. The Queen asked her what she was looking at. "Ah, madam," she said, "I was thinking how hard it is that my father should die for loving yours!"

Mary is said to have wept, and respited Lord Preston; but unfortunately he was spared for less worthy reasons, for he accused others right and left, and William made a hasty visit to England to hear him, but so much that he said was mere hearsay from William Penn, that the King touched Lord Carmarthen on the shoulder and said, "My Lord, we have had too much of this," and put a stop to the inquiry.

Of those really in any way concerned, Elliot was never brought to trial. Lord Dartmouth died of apoplexy in the Tower at the end of a few weeks. Lord Clarendon was kept there for six months, and then allowed to retire to the country; Bishop Turner, whose part in the matter was doubtful, escaped to France; Penn received a warning just as he had been attending the funeral in Bunhill-fields of George Fox, the founder of the Quakers. He hid himself, but came to a place of meeting with Sidney on a pledge that he should be allowed to return to his place of safety. He denied all plot and all danger, and declared, what was pretty true, "That among the Jacobites there was not a man of common understanding." The promise was kept, and he was unmolested.

CAMEO XV.

Deprivation of the Non-Jurors. 1691.

Preston was allowed to retire to a lonely manor in Yorkshire, where he spent a few wretched years, avoided by all his old friends, who looked upon him as a traitor and informer. The letter attributed to Turner had mentioned that his elder brother was of the same mind. This was explained to mean Archbishop Sancroft, and the more furious Whigs wanted to arrest him and implicate all the non-jurors; but the Queen and her Council were unwilling to do this. Only his expulsion from Lambeth was decided upon; an ejectment was served on him, and he retired to his private estate at Fressingfield, where he led a gentle and peaceful life for the two years that remained to him.

The See was filled up, by intrusion, said true Churchmen. Compton Bishop of London, seemed the obvious person, by his personal rank, as the Queen's tutor, and for the assistance he had given to the Revolution; but he was too good a Churchman for the King, and the Primacy was given to John Tillotson, Dean of St. Paul's, whose pulpit eloquence was greatly admired in London, but whose orthodoxy was exceedingly doubtful.

He was the son of an Anabaptist family, and his enemies declared that he had never been christened, and called him "Undipped John." There is no doubt that he was an amiable, gentle, pious Latitudinarian in his opinions, with little notion of stringent doctrine, nor of his duty to the church, though he was a good man according to his lights, and the story of his being unbaptized belonged to the class of outrageous slanders which cut him to the heart. After his death, a bundle of lampoons was found, labelled, "May God forgive them. I do."

The bishopric of Bath and Wells was offered to Dr. Beveridge, but he would not accept an uncanonical appointment, and it was given to Dr. Kidder, while Ken joined his nephew, Izaak Walton, at Salisbury, and later lived at Longleat with Mr. Thynne, infinitely respected.

Bishop Frampton of Gloucester was likewise much esteemed. He was offered a home and a horse by his old friend Captain Shapwick of Wake, and many of the Tories who submitted peacefully to the new *régime* vied with one another in showing their esteem for the nonjurors. Turner and Lloyd both kept apart from the jurors, whom they held to be in schism, and Cartwright died abroad, but Ken and Frampton saw no cause for cutting themselves off from communion with the rest of the English Church. Frampton became a sort of assistant curate in the parish where he lived, reading afternoon service, with the omission of the prayers for the royal family, catechising the children, and visiting the sick, and often being made an agent for relieving the poorer nonjuring clergy.

Both Mary and Anne really regretted the loss of the men they had both respected, and the English Church in general felt that security from Rome had been dearly purchased.

CAMEO XV.
Fire at Whitehall.
1691.

Just at the very time of the King's brief visit, there was a tremendous fire at Whitehall. It seems to have been caused by carelessness in the laundry, but the Whigs accused the Jacobites and the Jacobites accused the King, who was in fact coming up the river at the time. Mary had to be wakened with great difficulty and hurried away in her night-dress into St. James's Park, where two vehement Jacobites, Sir John Fenwick and Colonel Oglethorpe, personally reviled her, telling her that her sins against her father were coming home to her. It was an unmanly action, but both were almost fanatics. General Cutts exerted himself so much in the fire that he became known as the Salamander; but Whitehall was so much injured as never again to serve for a royal habitation.

Preston's plot was scarcely overthrown before another was traced out. Admiral Russell, who, though Admiral of the Fleet and Treasurer of the Navy, with large estates and pension, thought himself insufficiently rewarded, was one of those who hesitated. Marlborough had made up his mind that he should gain by a counter-revolution, and actually sent messages by Jacobite agents to James II., professing the deepest repentance for his treachery at Salisbury. He persuaded Godolphin, who was always under his influence, and they tried to persuade James of their entire sincerity.

But James could not have entire confidence in the man who betrayed him. He called upon Marlborough, who was in command in Flanders, to come over with his whole division to the French camp. Such a thing as this Marlborough neither could nor probably would do, and the arrival of William put an end to the scheme.

If only Englishman was in the face of Frenchman, he was pretty safe to do his utmost; but at home, jealous of Dutchmen, and irritated by well-deserved distrust, it was a different matter. Marlborough thought of moving the House of Lords to petition the King to remove all Dutch troops from England, thinking that he would then be able to carry the English army over as he had done before. The Jacobites, however, suspecting that whatever he did would be in favour, not of their master, but of Princess Anne, would not be made his tools, and gave warning to William. In January, 1692, Marlborough was suddenly informed that he was dismissed from all his offices, and that the King and Queen desired that he would not appear before them. He must have known the reason well enough, but the public did not, and the first full explanation is in the papers of James II.

Princess Anne was frantic with indignation, though she had had a warning from her sister, not only of the real reason of what was coming, but that the terms of abuse with which she and Lady Marlborough were wont to load the King, were all reported by Lady Fitzharding. She chose so take Lady Marlborough about with her, into the royal presence as if nothing had happened, upon which the Queen was obliged to write a sensible and moderate letter, insisting on that lady's dismissal.

CAMEO XV.

Dispute with Anne. 1692.

Anne wrote, refusing compliance, and tried to send the letter by her uncle, Lord Rochester, but he refused to have anything to do with it, and the only consequence was, an order from Mary, through her Lord Chamberlain that the Countess of Marlborough should no longer abide at Whitehall or the Cockpit. Whereupon Anne wrote to the Duchess of Somerset to request the loan of Sion House and thither she moved off, with her beloved "Mrs. Freeman," who, of course, was the real manager of the affair.

There, in April, one of Anne's shortlived infants was born and died in a few hours. It seems to have been etiquette that the Queen should visit all ladies of rank after such an event, and Mary made her appearance when her sister was lying, weak, exhausted, and grieving for her babe, but she actually could not refrain from renewing her reproaches for the retention of the Marlboroughs, so that Anne became as white as her sheets, and her sister herself was shocked, at the effect of her first, but most ill-timed attack. The two sisters never met again.

Things soon were worse, for on the 5th of May, 1692, Marlborough was arrested on a charge of high treason, and sent to the Tower; but, strange to say, this was not for his real treason, but on a false charge got up by a man named Robert Young, of the Titus Oates species, who had once committed a forgery on Archbishop Sancroft, had tried in vain to hatch a supposed Dissenters' plot in the last reign, and now invented a Jacobite plot, the story of which he carried to Archbishop Tillotson, who felt bound to reveal it to the King. "*It is* a villainy," said William; "I will have nobody disturbed on that account."

But when William was gone to Holland, Young, who was one of the most skilful of imitators of handwriting, forged a set of papers implicating all the most likely persons in a scheme for serving the Prince of Orange; and this by means of an accomplice named Blackhead, he contrived to get hidden in a flower-pot in the palace of Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, one of the few who had read the Declaration of Indulgence.

Then Young begged to be carried before the Council, made his deposition, and requested that search should be made at the palace, especially in the flower-pots. Marlborough and the Bishop were both sent to the Tower, but the paper could not be found, being in one of the servants' rooms, where the officers never thought of looking. However, Blackhead managed to dig it up again, and Young's wife produced it, accounting for her possession of it by a lame falsehood. Blackhead was forced to confess, and was confronted with Young, who showed the most brazen, impudence. Sprat was perfectly innocent, and Marlborough was admitted to bail at once, and most curiously, through this false accusation, escaped prosecution for his real machination. Young stood in the pillory unabashed, and in eight years more was hanged for coining false money!

Mary was pefectly aware that the beloved friends of her sister were traitors, and her anger that Anne chose to identify herself with them

CAMEO XV.
Death of Mary.
1695.

made her descend to unworthy forms of annoyance amounting to persecution. Ladies who visited the princess were not received at Court, and the Mayor of Bath was inhibited from giving the poor lady a state reception when she went to drink the waters there, but the little Duke of Gloucester was often taken to visit his royal aunt, and was much petted by her.

Mary was in many respects a model woman. She presided over the council with great ability and discretion, keeping discordant elements in check, and by her dignified composure preventing panics when bad news arrived. She held her court with great stateliness and dignity, looking every inch a queen, and was greatly admired by those who came in contact with her. Though ill-educated, she had read enough to be really well informed, and she loved needlework, and executed it beautifully. Hardened as her heart seems to have been towards her father, and even towards her sister, she was capable of strong affection, and her great ability, coupled with entire submission, had, in the five years of their reign, won an esteem and confidence from her cold, dry husband, such as he does not seem to have had while she was yet untried.

One admirable deed is connected with her name, the presentation of the half finished old palace of Greenwich for the asylum of aged seamen, but she does not seem to have been able to endow it, or she did not live long enough to do so.

On the 24th of November, 1694, the Queen had a terrible blow. Archbishop Tillotson was struck with paralysis in the midst of the service in which he was officiating in her presence in Whitehall Chapel, and never spoke again, but died in three days' time. She shed many tears, and never quite recovered the shock. She wished his successor to have been Stillingfleet, but William objected to so good a churchman, and Tenison was chosen. He had been a physician, and after his Ordination, had been a healer of bodies as well as souls in the plague at Cambridge, but he was of almost as lax opinions as to churchmanship as Tillotson.

Less than a month after the Archbishop's death, Queen Mary fell ill of small-pox, always peculiarly fatal in the Stewart family. With some foreboding, she spent a whole night in destroying papers. Large in person, and, like all her mother's family, prone to a rich diet, she was a bad subject for the disease, and soon was in great danger.

William, who had with much difficulty struggled through the malady before his marriage, never left her. Anne sent messages, to the last of which Mary answered, "Thanks." Tenison administered the Holy Communion to her, and she showed great devotion; afterwards her mind wandered, and she fancied a Popish nurse was watching her, but otherwise she was resigned and peaceful, until her death on the 26th of December, 1694, when only thirty-two years old.

The King fainted three times on that day, called himself the most

CAMEO XV.

Mourning for Mary. 1675.

unhappy of men, and showed, indeed, how he had valued that devotion which seems to have in her overpowered every other thought, and he was very ill for some days afterwards. It was not only the loss of a most devoted and affectionate wife, and of an able and trustworthy substitute, but it was a shock to his throne. Tories, who might endure the King's daughter, in preference to a doubtful prince, and a very noble queen personally, and an earnest churchwoman, were not so likely to endure the very unpopular man who only stood third as to hereditary right, who forced expensive wars on the nation, and was no churchman at heart. His friends were much depressed, and Mary was heartily lamented on all sides.

King James shut himself up in his room and would see no one, but he would not put on mourning for his disobedient daughter, and requested Louis XIV. to abstain from doing so, which that monarch followed up by prohibitions to the French families connected with the Stewarts to assume any black garments.

Sancroft had died just before, but the true-hearted Ken wrote a letter rebuking Tenison for not having attempted to elicit from the dying queen any token of repentance for her conduct as a daughter, or message to ask her father's forgiveness. In fact, Tenison seems to have reckoned the subduing her natural affection as a merit.

On the day of her burial in Westminster Abbey, the bells were tolled in every parish church throughout the realm, and sermons preached, though one Jacobite clergyman took for his text, "Go, see now this cursed woman and bury her, for she is a king's daughter."

Her character is best, however, summed up in the line that declares her to have been, "Too bad a daughter and too good a wife."

CAMEO XVI.

THE ACT OF SETTLEMENT.

1695-1701.

England.	*France.*	*Spain.*
1688. William III.	1642. Louis XIV.	1685. Charles II.
		Pope.
Germany.		1691. Innocent XII.
1658. Leopold I.		1700. Clement XI.

CAMEO XVI.

William alone.

QUEEN MARY'S death was not counted as "the demise of the crown," and did not break up Parliament; but for a month the King could not attend to public business, and sat in deep melancholy over the fire in his closet at Kensington Palace. There however he saw Archbishop Tenison, who delivered to him a letter left by his wife, in deference to which he broke off his open intercourse with Elizabeth Villiers, who had been the bane of Mary's life. He likewise allowed the Archbishop to bring about a reconciliation with the Prince and Princess of Denmark. Anne herself was anxious for it, being greatly softened and affected by the loss of her sister; and it was most important to William not to be on bad terms with her, since in the eyes of those who still held the warming-pan theory, and who rejected James and his son, she was the true queen, and had she or her husband been ambitious, factious, or spirited, they could have easily caused a civil war. However, in view of the extreme frailness of William's health, they were content to wait for his death, especially as he was really very fond of their son, the little Duke of Gloucester, a delicate child, and as ill-managed as possible, but full of spirit.

The Marlboroughs were forgiven, and from that time only kept up a complimentary correspondence with the Court of St. Germains, and were not concerned in any fresh plot against William. He had to prepare to take the field again on the Continent, and with so heavy a heart, that he declared that he felt utterly unfit for military command, but that he must do his duty.

He had no faithful queen to reign as his other self; but the Government was to be carried on by Lord Justices, seven in number, namely, Archbishop Tenison, the Duke of Shrewsbury, Lords Somers, Pembroke,

CAMEO XVI.

Charnock's plot. 1696.

Devonshire, Dorset, and Godolphin, the only reputed Tory of the seven. It had begun to be recognised that for a Ministry to act harmoniously, they must all belong to one party.

The period of the King's absence passed quietly, and the result of the Siege of Namur raised the hopes of the country. On his return Parliament was dissolved, and there was a general election, lasting fully six weeks. Such was the feeling for the name of Russell, both for the sake of the sufferer, William, and of the Admiral who, in spite of himself, had won the battle of La Hogue, that the widowed Lady Russell was implored to let her fifteen-years-old boy stand for the City of London. She was too wise a woman to hear of so doing; but the Admiral really had only to choose the place for which he would sit. At Exeter the poll lasted five weeks, during which the freemen drank and revelled with all their might. The importance of elections had become thoroughly recognised, and therewith had begun all the arts of treating, bribery, intimidation, and the like, which in two centuries have been first promoted, then discouraged, and finally rendered well-nigh impossible.

For the most part the elections went in favour of the Whigs; but immediately after the assembly of Parliament, great offence was taken at a grant from the King to his friend, Bentinck, Earl of Portland, of a considerable estate in Denbighshire, with privileges connected with it which were thought to trench on the estates of possible Princes of Wales, and as, moreover, Bentinck was a Dutchman, a clamour arose, which made Portland beg the King to revoke his gift, which was accordingly done. The displeasure of the country at this attempt was however changed into sympathy and indignation on the discovery of a plot against the King's life.

It had been brewing for the last year, almost immediately after the death of Queen Mary had left her husband's throne unshaken.

The chief plotter was Robert Charnock, one of the few fellows of Magdalen College who had submitted to the violences of James II. Afterwards he had become a non-juror, and had been employed on secret errands from St. Germains. Besides a few worthless fellows, ready for any crime, were Sir William Parkyns, a lawyer, who held an office in the Court of Chancery under William III., and Sir John Fenwick, a fanatical Jacobite, who had insulted the Queen when fleeing from the fire at Whitehall. These men laid before James a plan for the assassination of his nephew, and there was another for a general rising in England. To this latter, in which almost every Jacobite of consequence was engaged, James naturally gave full consent; as to the other, very few knew of it, and James had certainly once forbidden it; but these adherents of his put their own construction on a commission authorizing them to use such acts of hostility against the Prince of Orange as might be necessary for his service. This was extracted from him by Sir George Barclay, who had served under Lord Dundee, and had since lived chiefly at the exiled Court. This man was to repair to

CAMEO XVI.

Plans of Murder. 1696.

London, and walk on Mondays and Thursdays in the Piazza of Covent Garden with a white handkerchief peeping out of his pocket, when his fellow conspirators would meet him. He sailed in a privateer regularly employed by the Jacobites, carrying with him £800, and arrived at Romney Marsh, where dwelt a smuggler, named Hunt, who often received bales of French silks and lace, without suspicion, and thus became the agent of the numerous Jacobites, who brought over arms and papers. Even the Duke of Berwick thus came over to be ready for the rising. At Romney, one after another arrived from France, among them one Ambrose Rookwood, whose name reminds us of the Gunpowder Plot. There were more than twenty of these, all ruined men, some fanatically enthusiastic, some desperate, and to these about as many more already in England were to be added, most of them having been indicated to Barclay by a monk who heard their confessions.

After many consultations, it was decided that the attack should be made by the Forty, as they called themselves, when William was returning from hunting on the 15th of February in Richmond Park, when he would land from the ferry, close to Turnham Green. Berwick was to raise the country, and James came to Calais to wait for the signal for crossing. It was only too plain that both knew what was to happen, though not the details, and this is a blot in Berwick's otherwise noble and upright nature; but he was still very young, and acting under paternal authority.

However, among the Roman Catholic gentlemen to whom the plot was confided, was one Mr. Prendergrass, a brave and resolute man, ready to fight, but not to murder. He heard the scheme on the 13th of February. On the 14th he carried the warning to the Earl of Portland. "My lord," he said, "as you value King William's life, do not let him hunt to-morrow. He is the enemy of my religion, but my religion constrains me to give him this caution; but I am resolved to conceal the names of the conspirators."

Portland had already had a hint from Fisher, one of the lower stamp of the plotters whom he had not thought worthy of attention; but Prendergrass was evidently a man of honour, and he went to the King, who was however with great difficulty persuaded to believe it worth while to give up his day's sport; but as the weather was cold and rainy, no alarm was taken, and all was deferred for another week. Before that week was out, the heart of another of the meaner sort of conspirators had failed, and he came with a story that tallied exactly with those of Fisher and Prendergrass. The King then, later on the Friday evening, sent for Prendergrass, and saw him in the presence only of Cutts and Portland. The King showed how much he respected Prendergrass, telling him that he saw him to be a man of true honour, but representing that to withhold the names of the conspirators was only to lay every one under suspicion. Prendergrass held out for half an hour, and at last only yielded on the personal word of the King, that his evidence should

CAMEO XVI.
—
Arrests. 1696.

not be used against any one without his own free consent. After he had most unwillingly written down the names, the King bade him go to the tavern in Maiden Lane, where the last measures were to be taken by the assassins.

They were drinking there in full mirth and security, and Mr. Prendergrass was hailed with the news that there was a musquetoor to carry eight bullets ready for him, and that he was not to be careful as to breaking the coach windows.

Thence they went to the *Blue Posts* in Spring Garden, and were taking breakfast there when one of their scouts came in with the news that the Guards, who had been sent on to Richmond, had been hastily recalled, and had come in with the flanks of their horses white with foam. He had spoken with one, and heard that there were strange reports about.

The party felt that it was time to break up, but they would not do so without the favourite Jacobite toast, "Confusion to the rotten orange," the fruit being actually squeezed in tune to the words!

The bravado could not raise the spirits of the Forty, though Charnock tried to console them by attributing the King's change of purpose to his health, and tried to arrange a plan previously discussed for attacking him on Sunday on his way from church. However, many took alarm and stole away, and on the night between Saturday and Sunday, Charnock was arrested in his bed, and nineteen more in different places in and about London, while expresses were sent in all directions to put the military on the alert, and to recall troops from Flanders in case the insurrection should be attempted. The Council sat on Sunday morning and evening; and on Monday all the city train bands were called out, and the King himself went to both Houses of Parliament to tell them of the personal peril that he had providentially escaped, and of the danger of a Jacobite rising backed by French troops.

Nothing could have been devised more calculated to secure his crown. English hatred of assassination, and English horror of a French invasion, both alike were inflamed, and an association was instantly formed in both Houses for the protection of his Majesty. The whole country was on the alert to seize the traitors, and such was the suspicion, that it was hardly possible to move from one place to another without a passport. Before many days had passed, all the chief conspirators were taken except Barclay, who succeeded in making his escape to France.

Some of them were willing to turn King's evidence, and the trials began on the 11th of March, Charnock being first tried with two companions. The evidence was clear, they were found guilty, and sentenced. Charnock then begged hard for his life, offering to disclose all that he knew of Jacobite plots; but the King would not accept the offer, and he suffered with the other two.

When Sir William Parkyns and Sir John Friend were executed a little later, three nonjuring clergymen, of whom the most noted was

CAMEO XVI.
—
Executions. 1696.

Jeremy Collier, accompanied them to the scaffold, and with their hands on their heads, gave them Absolution from the form of Visitation of the Sick. Great offence was caused, because the prisoners had shown no sign of repentance for the intended murder, whence it was inferred that the priests approved of it. The inference was hardly a just one, but the proceeding was judged treasonable, and as Collier would not acknowledge the existing Government enough to offer bail, he was outlawed, and so remained during the remaining thirty years of his life. He wrote a Church history, which was the first that ventured to show that the Protestants of the Reformation days were not all immaculate. Two others of the persons proscribed for conscience' sake, wrote histories at this time: Dr. Carte, who had been chaplain to the great Duke of Ormond, and the Huguenot Chevalier Rapin de Thoyras, each of whom wrote a full and excellent history of England down to their own times, and as complete as could be without the mass of contemporary documents that have since come to light.

Only three more of the Forty were put to death. Indeed, the King could afford to forgive, for the association for his protection was being signed all over the kingdom and in the colonies, and many a chivalrously-minded Tory was alienated from the cause of James by finding that murder was contemplated. Though loyalty, and still more the passive obedience of the English Church, had been on the side of the Stewarts, the atmosphere of intrigue and plot in which those lived who expected to effect their restoration, disgusted many honourable minds, and made them willing to transfer their passive obedience to the monarch *de facto*, who, whatever his faults, was far more merciful to his enemies than ever James had been.

There was still one of the chief conspirators at large, namely, Sir John Fenwick, not, indeed, one of the Forty, but still deeply implicated in the murder plot. He thought he should be safe if he could procure the absence of the persons who were likely to accuse him, and his wife, Lady Mary, a sister of the Earl of Carlisle, began the attempt by promising Porter, one of the Forty who had turned King's evidence, three hundred guineas wherewith to escape to France, a recommendation to King James, and a handsome annuity when he landed there. He accepted, but informed Government of the whole, and the moment the three hundred guineas were laid down, his agent was arrested.

Fenwick then tried to escape by means of the Romney Marsh smugglers, but while waiting for the privateer that was to take him off, he was arrested. He tried to save himself by writing a letter to the King with a partial confession, accusing everybody with more or less truth, especially Marlborough, Godolphin, Shrewsbury, and Russell.

The baseness and spite of this letter merely made William indignant, and as he was then with the army, he directed the Lords Justices to have Fenwick immediately tried. But before this could be done reports of his letter had got about, and Godolphin felt himself obliged to resign. The other persons implicated by the accusation met at Admiral

CAMEO XVI.

Fenwick. 1696.

Russell's house, and made it their entreaty that the King, who had returned to Kensington, would himself see and examine the prisoner, so as to clear their characters. To this William reluctantly consented, and Fenwick was brought to him. William asked for a full confession of what he had himself seen and done, not vague hearsay accusations. This Sir John would not give; indeed, he was buoyed up with hope that he could not be convicted, as only one witness, Porter, had been secured against him, and the other, Goodman, had been induced to abscond.

However, the Commons decided that Fenwick should be brought before them to answer for the accusations that he had brought against Russell, a member of their body. He asked for time for preparation, but was answered as the King had told him, that he could not want time to recollect what plots he had been engaged in. It was decided that as he gave no further particulars than in his letter, his confession was false and scandalous, and a Bill of Attainder was brought forward, and though the Tories protested against it, calling it a violation of the principles of justice, it was carried.

There was a tremendous struggle over the Act of Attainder, which was really a trial before Parliament. That the accusations in this so-called confession were false every one agreed to grant, and the nobles and gentlemen implicated contradicted on their word of honour that they had had any intercourse with him, no doubt with perfect truth; but this was not high treason, and the attainder against him was for the participation in Barclay's plot, including an invasion of England.

This could only be technically proved through an intercepted letter to his wife, and through the one witness, Porter. The defenders of Fenwick argued with all their might from the Bible that "at the mouth of two witnesses must every word be established," and spoke of the contradictions of the evidence of the elders against Susannah, on which there was a cry of "Apocrypha! Apocrypha!" But it was argued that if the two witnesses were Oates and Bedloe, and the one Ken or Tillotson, which would be the most credible? In point of fact, there was no reasonable doubt of Fenwick's treasonable practices, though the technical evidence was wanting which would have convicted him before any ordinary court of law; but the Act of Attainder was decided by Parliament, and therefore it could not but be held that when the majority in both Houses decided against him, and the King confirmed the Act, there was hardship in the matter. He suffered on the 28th of January, 1697, the last person who died under an Act of Attainder, and in deference to his wife and the noble families with whom he was connected, his execution was conducted in the same manner as if he had been a peer.

Of the noblemen implicated, Russell and Marlborough were held to be cleared, and so was Godolphin, but he gave up office. So did Shrewsbury, but though acquitted by King and peers, his conscience was uneasy, and he left England to travel in Italy. The Earl of Mon-

CAMEO XVI.

The Duke of Gloucester.

mouth was shown up by the Earl of Carlisle, Lady Mary Fenwick's brother, as aware of the correspondence and actually engaged in it. He made a vehement defence, but was sent to the Tower and severely censured. He raged and talked wildly, but after he had regained his liberty and succeeded to the title of Peterborough, a new career was open to him, and what he had done under his former name was forgotten.

The Jacobite plans were thus disconcerted and were kept in abeyance for many years. The signature of the Peace of Ryswick was also a great blow, though William did not insist on Louis expelling the Stewart royal family, and accepted the stipulation that the dower of Mary Beatrice should be paid to her. In England there were great rejoicings at the peace—culminating in the consecration of the new St. Paul's by Bishop Compton, at which William himself was present.

By a secret article in the treaty he had proposed to Louis XIV. to adopt his nephew, James Edward Francis, and make him heir; but the proposal was not accepted by the parents, involving as it did the formal renunciation of right by James II., and likewise that the boy should be educated in the English Church.

Thus Princess Anne and her little son, the Duke of Gloucester, remained next in the inheritance. Of this child we have full accounts through his faithful attendant, Lewis Jenkins, who kept a sort of journal of his life, a piteous record of mismanagement accounting for the infant mortality of the period, so that the only wonder is how any one succeeded in growing up, and probably poor little William, Duke of Gloucester, suffered all the more because he was regarded as the most valuable child in the kingdom.

He struggled through a sickly babyhood by the help of a fine healthy young Quaker foster-mother, who domineered over everybody in Campden House, Kensington, where he was nursed. He had a long, large head, which Jenkins says made it very difficult to fit him with a peruke—poor child!—when he was not quite five years old. He had symptoms of water on the brain, and a blister was constantly kept on the nape of his neck at this time; but he is described as bright and handsome, active and lively, though, no doubt from giddiness, he could not go up or down stairs alone. On Easter day, 1694, when he was five years old, he was put into male attire, of white camlet, with silver loops and buttons, but beneath were stiff stays which hurt him; and he was very near punishing the poor tailor by mounting him on "the wooden horse," which was supposed to be part of military discipline.

For the boy had a regiment of little fellows somewhat older than himself, in uniform, and provided with toy implements of war; and his great diversion was commanding them in mock battles and reviews. Sometimes he had grand field-days in the park, which amused the King himself; but they ended in annoyance to the neighbourhood, as the boys on the way home considered themselves licensed to maraud in any house they chose to enter.

CAMEO XVI.

The Duke of Gloucester's Death. 1700.

The poor little Prince was finally forced into walking up and down stairs alone by a severe beating with a birch-rod from his father, whose ideas were all of the hardest, roughest sort of discipline, while his mother was in constant alarm about him.

He had a chaplain, who daily read the Morning Service before him; but nobody seems to have taken the trouble to give him any explanation of the foundation of the faith till the summer when he was six years old, when he was sent for his health to Twickenham, where he was lodged in some houses belonging to Mrs. Davies, great-aunt to his governor, Lord Fitzhardinge. She was a noble, open-handed, open-hearted old lady of more than eighty years old, and the little boy became devoted to her. It was she who taught him what prayer meant, and likewise to say the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and Commandments, and so worked upon him that he became fairly attentive to the prayers at home, and, by his own wish, went to church with his parents.

His tutors seem to have gone on the principle of teaching him nothing themselves, and preventing any one else from doing so, for there was a great uproar when he repeated some stories from history told him by Lewis Jenkins, and showed some geometrical figures taken from his pocket. The usher was contemptuously forbidden to fill the Duke's head with such stuff, and was very near being disgraced.

By eight years old the boy could read and write well, and had picked up a good deal of knowledge of different kinds, for he seems to have been a very intelligent child. He began to be catechised, together with all his little regiment, by Mr. Pratt, and whichever boy answered best was rewarded with a new shilling from the fresh coinage. When the Duke was asked, "How can you, being born a prince, keep yourself from the pomps and vanities of this wicked world?" his answer was, "I will keep God's commandments, and do all I can to walk in His ways."

He was made a Knight of the Garter, and admitted in full chapter, spending a good deal of his time at Windsor, and being placed under the tuition of Bishop Burnet, who seems to have prescribed a very severe course of study, in which the boy made excellent progress; but in 1700, immediately after the rejoicings on his eleventh birthday, he was taken ill with scarlet fever. He was bled, and Dr. Radcliffe, on seeing him said, "You have destroyed him. You may finish him, but I will not prescribe." In five days more he died, on the 30th of July, 1700.

And his mother no sooner had left his side than she wrote a long letter to her father, full of the keenest penitence, and declaring that she felt the bereavement that left her childless a judgment from God for her undutiful conduct.

The King was at the time in Holland, at his favourite abode at Loo. He had been greatly hurt and displeased in the previous year by the remonstrances of Parliament against his grants of Crown lands to the foreign officers who had served in the army, not only Dutch but French Huguenots; but it was unfortunate that, coupled with these, was a huge

CAMEO XVI.
—
Act of Settlement.
1701.

grant to Elizabeth Villiers, Countess of Orkney, the woman who had been the bane and misery of Queen Mary's life. Through the power over the supplies, the Commons had likewise insisted on the dismissal of the King's faithful Dutch friends, a very serious mortification to them. He pleaded their cause in person, and when he failed was heard to exclaim, "By Heaven! if I had a son, the Dutch guards should not go!" It was even said that only Lord Somers's strong persuasions prevented him from abdicating in favour of Anne; and he was greatly depressed and displeased with the whole course of affairs in England, and the fresh aggressions that he saw in preparation in France.

Marlborough was sent with the official information of the little Duke's death to Loo; but William, having been told of Anne's letter to her father, was too much displeased to make any response for three whole months, from July to October, nor to send formal announcement to the King of France, without which, as there was at present peace, it was not etiquette for the Court to go into mourning. That Anne might yet have an heir was still far from improbable, for a babe had been born to her that very spring, which did not live long enough for baptism; nevertheless, the electress Sophia of Brunswick made a visit to William at Loo, ostensibly to bring her daughter, the Electress of Brandenburg, to consult him on erecting the margraviate into a kingdom, but no doubt with a view to discovering how the land lay with regard to a kingdom for herself. A letter from her is extant to one Mr. Stepney, a small poet in London, where she observes, "If I were thirty years younger, I should have sufficient good opinion of my blood and my religion to believe that people might think of me in England; but as there is little likelihood that I should survive two persons (King William and Princess Anne), both very much younger, though more sickly than I am, it is to be feared that my sons will be regarded as strangers."

It was true that the Whigs were universally looking to her and her family. After one more vain attempt on William's part to adopt the Prince in St. Germains, there seemed to all who dreaded a Roman Catholic sovereign no other alternative. After all, the measure was brought forward in Parliament by a Tory, in order to forestall the Whigs, and though the idea was so distasteful that the members came to the House in very small numbers, there were enough to carry the motion that the Crown, failing heirs of Princess Anne or King William, should be settled on the Electress Sophia of Brunswick and her heirs, being Protestants and in communion with the Church of England. The Lords passed the Bill, and the King ratified it, at the same time sending Lord Macclesfield to carry the Order of the Garter to Duke Ernest of Hanover. The Duchess of Savoy, daughter of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, the next in regular order of hereditary succession to Anne and William himself, sent a protest, which was disregarded, as her religion excluded her as entirely as her cousin in France.

CAMEO XVII.

THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE.

1695–1701.

England.	*France.*	*Spain.*
1688. William III.	1642. Louis XIV.	1685. Charles II.

Pope.
1691. Innocent XII.
1700. Clement XI.

Germany.
1658. Leopold I.

IT was at this time that an entirely new feature in civilized life appeared, namely, money speculation. The lending sums on interest which had hitherto been only done by Jews, Lombards, and gradually by goldsmiths, had become the established profession of bankers, and private persons had begun to consider investments the best mode of disposing of their capital. Moreover, after the discovery of the New World, companies for trade and discovery had been formed, even in the days of Elizabeth and James I. The East India Company had gained a great step by the acquisitions made through Catherine of Braganza's dowry, and there was a general feeling in favour of loans, increased by the establishment of the Bank of England.

William Paterson, who had so much aided in this scheme, was the son of a Scotch farmer in Dumfriesshire. At sixteen he went to a kinswoman in Bristol, and there obtained some knowledge of commerce, so as to turn to profit the sum he inherited from her. He became a merchant, and spent some years in the West Indies, and there learnt that the Isthmus of Panama, or Darien as it was then called, was not formally included in the western dominions of Spain, and with a mind leaping forward to the perception of its present importance as the key alike to the East and West Indies, and ignorant of the fatal character of the climate, he conceived the scheme of a colony there.

He could however at first get no one to attend to the plan, though he obtained considerable weight and influence in London, among the merchants, and thus was able to bring forward the scheme, for the Bank of England was founded. His success and prudence in that undertaking and his very high character recommended his other proposals, and he again put forward his project of a company which

CAMEO XVII.

South Sea Bubble, 1697.

was to establish a colony on the Isthmus to facilitate the trade between Europe and the Indies.

It was very eagerly taken up, especially by Lord Stair, and by Fletcher of Saltoun, who, it may be remembered, had been caused by a personal quarrel to withdraw in good time from Monmouth's army. Great numbers of Scots subscribed, expecting to make their fortunes, and in London £300,000 was immediately promised. The Dutch, hoping to have a ready short cut to their possessions in the Asiatic islands, took the matter up, and so did Hamburg, where £200,000 was subscribed.

But the East India merchants were in dread for their trade, and so were the Turkey and Muscovy Companies; and the whole spirit of the English had been for a long time past to prevent as much as possible all rivalry. So an address was presented by the two Houses of Parliament, with Lord Halifax and John Locke at their head, not only representing the scheme as chimerical, but likely to cause a war by giving umbrage to Spain, and, moreover, that the Scotch would have a great advantage in the East Indian trade, and undersell the English. It was even proposed to impeach Paterson before the House of Commons. William accepted the petition, and answered it in the same short-sighted manner. He even showed his displeasure by depriving Lord Stair of the Secretaryship of State. As Sir Walter Scott observes, Stair, who had not lost his place for the massacre of Glencoe, lost it for trying to benefit the commerce of his country.

The plan went on in Scotland, but the London merchants were afraid of it, and very little of the £300,000 promised by them came in, and the Hamburgers likewise failed.

By 1697, a capital of £400,000 had been raised, but there was still a delay in preparing ships at Leith. During this time, Paterson went to Amsterdam to purchase stores, placing £8,000 in the hands of a London merchant named James Smith, who fraudulently made away with it.

The blow was terrible, and Paterson did his best to compensate the company from his private means, though he was free from all blame. The distrust thus inspired made the company deprive him of the command of the first batch of colonists, who sailed in five vessels from Leith on the 16th of July, 1697, 1,200 in number, under the direction of seven "marine chancellors" of equal authority, who made it their business, as it seemed, to quarrel with one another, and browbeat Paterson, the only man among them with any experience. Each was to rule, week about, which, as he truly said, was making a mere May game of the government. However, the ships reached their destination, and the colonists were landed at a place named Acta, where they founded a city which they named New Edinburgh, and the entire settlement Caledonia. The season was cool when they arrived, and their hopes were high; but their provisions were soon exhausted, and, when they sent to the islands of Jamaica and Barbadoes for supplies,

the governors, out of spiteful jealousy, took on themselves to issue proclamations forbidding all intercourse with them, or any sale of provisions.

The heat brought on diseases: starvation aided the fatal work, and by the end of eight months the twelve hundred colonists had dwindled to a hundred and fifty, whom Paterson brought home. He had lost his wife and child, and was very ill himself, taking many months to recover the fatal fever.

Fifteen hundred colonists arrived just after their departure, to go through the like miseries, and three hundred Campbells came out a little later; but the Spaniards, finding that the unhappy colony was entirely neglected, began to attack it, seized a ship wrecked on the coast, and made the crew prisoners. The company sent a petition to the King by Lord Basil Hamilton, but William declined to receive it. Lord Basil at last knelt suddenly before him and forced it on him.

"The young man is too bold," said William; "if a man can be too bold in the cause of his country."

However, the King, unwilling to embroil himself with Spain, or to offend the English merchants, would do nothing; and the Spaniards, attacking New Edinburgh from the Pacific side, besieged it for six weeks, during which the colonists held out gallantly, but were obliged to surrender at last, when so much reduced that they had not strength among them to weigh the anchor of the ship that carried them away, without the help of the Spanish victors.

It was in these days that England had a strange, uncouth visitor. Muscovy, as Russia was then usually called, was scarcely known, except as a savage and cold country, whence furs might be obtained, and merchants came to the great German fairs. Queen Elizabeth had had an interchange of civilities with the Tzar, Ivan the Terrible, but had happily demurred to his request that she would send him a wife.

Since his time there had been a great revolution, in which the house of Romanoff had come to the throne. They were of Polish origin, and thus had more affinity with the other sovereigns of Europe than their predecessors; but the Church of Muscovy had been an offshoot from Constantinople, preserving the original Liturgy and Scriptures as translated into Slavonic by Cyril and Methodius, and were not in communion with the Western Church. The population of the north-west was Slavonic, beyond, lay free, wild Tartars, and to the south, Cossacks. The title Tzar appears to be a Slavonic word meaning Lord, the same as the last syllable of Nebuchadnezzar; but it was latterly spelt Czar, confused with Cæsar, and supposed to be equivalent to Emperor.

The Romanoffs have always been a remarkable family; but there is among them a certain hereditary affection of the brain, so that instances of great ability and of imbecility seem to occur in each generation, and likewise of insanity, sometimes ferocious; and there have been very few members of the house who have reached a prosperous old age.

CAMEO XVII.

Peter's Accession. 1697.

The Tzar Alexis died in 1676, leaving a numerous family. The eldest son, Feodor, reigned after him, and died in 1681. The next brother, Ivan, was imbecile, and his sister Sophia assumed the chief power as guardian of her brothers; but when she found that the third brother, Peter, was extremely able and restless, she tried first to occupy him with idle and licentious diversions, and gave him a set of young idle comrades, who were called Tzar Peter's amusers. His high spirit however led them all; he made them practise military exercises, and study hard with him, and, though they all occasionally had a wild and rude orgie of revelry, on the whole they lived an abstemious life, and accustomed themselves to hardship. At seventeen, Peter resolved to take his place, and going up to his sister, who was taking the lead in a state procession, he commanded her to leave it to him. She refused, and he withdrew for the time; but a warning reached him that she was sending the Strelitz Guards to seize him. He escaped to a very strong convent, with his mother and wife, and thence sent messengers to summon the boyars, or nobles, who had become disgusted with Sophia's government, and willingly joined him. Sophia was sent to a convent, where she spent the remainder of her life.

This was in 1689, and from that time began the sole rule of Peter; his brother Ivan, though called Czar, being a mere name till his death in 1696. Peter was a tall, powerful man, with eyes full of the fire of genius and enterprise, a wonderful power of energy and ability, but together with the intellect and designs of an Alfred or Charlemagne, he had the habits and manners of a barbarian, and, at times, the temper of a madman. He was certainly the most extraordinary person then living in Europe, and the fixed design of his whole life was to lift his country into the rank of civilized nations, and make it a power in Europe. In the first design he half succeeded; the second he entirely accomplished.

After the first three years, during which he was establishing his rule, he began his improvements. His navy was his first thought, and this required the more remarkable effort on his part, because he had as curious an antipathy to water as if he had been an evil spirit. It is said that when a little child of five years old he had been asleep in his mother's lap in a carriage, and was suddenly wakened by the noise of a waterfall, close to which the road lay. The shock and terror brought on a severe illness, and he was afterwards seized with a convulsive shuddering whenever he was obliged to pass the smallest stream; but he cured this by resolutely plunging into cold water every morning, though it may be feared that he did not continue the habit after his aversion was conquered!

His father, Alexis, had obtained Dutch shipbuilders for the sake of the trade with Persia on the Caspian and the Volga, but in a revolt some of these had been killed, and others had contrived to cross Persia and reach the East Indian settlements; but one carpenter, named Brandt, was still in Russia. One day, laid up in the curiosities of the summer palace, he came upon a decayed old sloop, and asked his

CAMEO XVII

Shipbuilding.

mathematical teacher, a German named Timmerman, why it was so unlike all the vessels he had ever seen on the river Moskwa. Timmerman explained that it was an English craft, meant for sea-going, with sails or oars when the wind was adverse. Peter was full of eagerness to make trial of it, but it required refitting, and with some difficulty Brandt was hunted up. The sloop was put in order, and launched on one of the Russian lakes, where Peter, to the terror of his mother, took a trip in her, and learnt to steer her himself.

Brandt built three more vessels, and in one of them the Tzar embarked at Archangel, escorted by a Dutch man-of-war, and took an experimental voyage on the Arctic Ocean, learning every detail of the management of the ship. The original boat went by the name of the *Little Grandsire.*

His next endeavour was to raise a disciplined army, and here he went greatly by the advice of a Swiss gentleman named Lefort, whose wanderings had brought him to Russia. Though without more special military training than through having, for a few years, served as a volunteer in the Dutch army, he had the general knowledge of an educated and able man, and was able to assist the Tzar materially in forming a regular army. The boyars had been used each to bring their own tumultuous followers, and no one would obey any other less noble, or with a shorter pedigree than himself. Peter's brother, Feodor, had burnt all the genealogical trees, and caused the Patriarch to pronounce an anathema upon any person who revived disputes on family precedence, and Peter disposed of the remaining scruples by entering the army as a private, and working upwards through all the grades, scrupulously obeying his superior officer in each. His chief general was a Scotsman named Gordon, and Lefort was appointed Admiral of the Fleet that was coming into existence on the great rivers. Army and navy together took Asof, and obtained the command of its sea.

Gordon was an excellent officer, and obtained the services of a great number of the Huguenots whom Louis XIV.'s persecution had driven from their homes.

From Gordon and Lefort, Peter derived his ideas of the habits of the civilized nations, and he was determined to force his people into them. Church and people were alike almost barbarous, and they were to be raised by the strong hand of one as savage as themselves in all but intellect and energy, subject to the most furious passions, and of such an excitable constitution as to be liable at the least shock, even at the sudden appearance of a black beetle, to fall into frightful convulsions.

In 1697, he sent out sixty of the young boyars of Lefort's regiment to Venice and Leghorn to study navigation, forty to Holland to study shipbuilding, and others to Germany to enter the armies there and learn discipline and strategy. By and by he resolved to learn these same lessons personally, and he announced his intention of travelling in Europe. His people were aghast; no Tzar had ever dreamt of such a

CAMEO XVII. — *Peter's Travels.*

proceeding before, and the Russian despised as much as he disliked foreign customs, looking, moreover, on all who did not belong to the orthodox Eastern Church as no better than heathens. His wife, Eudoxia, to whom he had been married at sixteen, joined in the outcry, and so offended him that he entirely separated from her. There was even a conspiracy for assassinating him and replacing Sophia on the throne, but this he disconcerted so effectually that he was able safely to leave the Empire in the hands of a regent, Prince Romanodosky.

Lefort was to travel as an ambassador to the German Courts, with a suite of two hundred boyars, in the national garb—long caftans, and tall sable-skin caps with pearls and diamonds, scimitars by their sides, and thick beards. Only Lefort and Peter wore the ordinary dress of Western gentlemen; and the Tzar, calling himself Timmerman, had only two personal attendants besides a dwarf.

The party started in the April of 1697, and travelled first through Esthonia and Livonia, provinces long disputed between Muscovy, Poland and Sweden, but at that time held by the last mentioned. Peter wished to survey the fortifications of Riga; but the governor, probably guessing who Herr Timmerman was, refused, and he was so much affronted as to declare that he hoped one day to refuse the same thing to the King of Sweden. There was an alarm that the Swedes meant to make him prisoner, and he crossed the Dwina in a boat in great danger from floating masses of ice, and only joined the embassy again at Mittau.

At Konigsberg he was received with great state by the Elector Frederick William, and his suite was much admired, especially a Georgian prince in the Persian dress. There were great revellings, which were only too congenial to Peter, and on some remonstrance of Lefort, he rushed on his friend with his sword, but was withheld from doing any harm, and afterwards expressed great contrition, saying, "Alas! while I want to reform my subjects, I cannot reform myself!"

He does not seem to have here preserved his incognito; but he afterwards hurried on before his attendants to Holland; and there, in the clothes of a Dutch skipper, repaired to the village of Saardam, the chief building-dock of the Dutch navy. Here he took a small lodging, where he cooked his own meals and mended his own clothes. He bought a boat, and made the sail himself, and after watching the work in the dockyards he got taken on as a carpenter, by the name of Peter Michaeloff—Peter Bas (the present American boss) was what the workmen called him, and he lived on good terms with them. Some memorials of his work are still preserved at Amsterdam, and there is in especial a perfect model of a Dutch house with all its furniture, which was made for him, but, for some reason, never sent.

He also took lessons in surgery and anatomy, besides going to the Hague to have an interview with William III., in one of whose yachts

CAMEO XVII.
—
Peter in England.
1697.

he passed over to England, where, to be nearer the building-yards, he hired Mr. Evelyn's house at Says Court, and there pursued his studies, learning astronomy, mathematical principles of ship-building and navigation. An engineer, who attended him constantly, affirmed that there was nothing belonging to a ship-of-war to which he had not laid his hand, from the casting of cannon to the twisting of cables; and he also studied the niceties of watch-making.

Poor Evelyn, however, was not equally delighted with his inmates. His servant wrote that the Muscovites were "right nasty," and they treated the beautiful house and gardens like the semi-savages they were; so that, when Sir Christopher Wren and Mr. London, the King's gardener, surveyed the place afterwards, they obtained a grant of £150 for damages from the Treasury. There was a splendid holly-hedge, cherished for years by Evelyn, through which Peter delighted in driving a wheel-barrow.

Peter went to the English Church, and was very curious about the Quakers. He visited Archbishop Tenison, went to Oxford, looked into both Houses of Parliament, and was especially delighted with the Tower, alike with the Armoury and the Mint. He took a good many Englishmen, both men of science and artificers, into his service; and, at the end of his visit, was indulged with a naval review and sham fight, which delighted him so much, that he exclaimed, with considerable truth, that an English Admiral was happier than a Muscovite Tzar.

William III. gave him a beautiful yacht called the *Royal Transport*, so perfectly fitted that he was in raptures, and he sent it off to Archangel with a freight of artisans to teach his subjects. In return he gave the King a splendid diamond wrapped in a greasy piece of brown paper. Perhaps William did not object as much as some sovereigns would have done.

Peter then went to Vienna, and had an interview with the Emperor Leopold, both standing the whole time to satisfy Leopold's punctilious notions. The Tzar intended to have gone on to Venice, but letters from Moscow informed him of an outbreak of the Strelitzes to restore Sophia, on the plea that they did not know whether he were dead or alive. General Gordon had put this down in a sharp fight, in which three thousand were killed, after which he hanged every tenth man of the survivors, so that all was quiet by the time the Tzar suddenly appeared at Moscow before any one knew that he was on his way home.

He was beginning his new reforms, when, to his great grief, death deprived him of Lefort, hitherto his right hand, with whose advice probably he might have proceeded more judiciously and less violently in his reforms.

He made the calendar begin from the 1st of January instead of the 1st of September; he established a post-office, had roads made, built hospitals, and did all he could to force his unwilling country into conformity with the rest of Europe. Especially, he insisted that all

CAMEO XVII.

Peter's Reform. 1780.

laymen, above the rank of serfs, should shave and wear European dresses, under pain of a heavy fine. Coats as patterns were hung at the gates of the cities, and there was sore lamentation. Some consulted the clergy as to what they should do, saying that they would as soon lose their heads as their beards; but on a representation that the beard grows again, but the head does not, they yielded most reluctantly.

CAMEO XVIII.

THE CAMISARDS.

1702–1705.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1689. William III.	1643. Louis XIV.	1658. Leopold I.
	Spain.	
	1665. Charles II.	
	1700. Philip V.	

CAMEO XVIII.

Persecution of Huguenots. 1700.

IF the English were murmuring at the Spanish war, their old enemy France was weakened by another civil war, or rather insurrection, the last of the sparks left by the great religious wars of the former century. Louis fancied that orthodoxy meant persecution, and the Peace of Ryswick had only brought heavier troubles upon the Huguenots who had not migrated beyond his power. Zealous Roman Catholics themselves remonstrated against his severity. The Cardinal Archbishop de Noailles of Paris exhorted the King to enforce more Christian measures, so did the Duke of Beauvilliers, and on political and economical grounds, so did Marshal Catinat; but Louis was not to be persuaded, and continued to believe it his duty to extirpate, where he could not convert, the remnant of the Reformed.

The *Intendants* of the provinces acting for the Governors had almost unlimited power. One of the most severe was Lamoignon de Bâville, called "the King of Languedoc," which he ruled for three and thirty years; calm, methodical, and as devoid of pity as if he had been made of iron, when there was a question of implicit submission. If he fell upon an assembly of Huguenots, the outermost were shot down, the more distinguished were hung on the trees, the others sent to the galleys. Two thousand Protestants rowed the war-ships of France. It is a remarkable fact that in naval encounters, victory was almost uniformly against the slave-rowed ships, though they might have seemed to have every advantage.

Some of the clergy were almost, if not quite, as ferocious as the soldiery, in especial the Archpriest and Inspector of Missions, the Abbé de Chayla, who had fortified his abode at Pont de Montvert, and there employed tortures on his victims. Sometimes he had their eyebrows

CAMEO XVIII.

Rising in the Cevennes. 1702.

and beard tweaked out by pincers, sometimes their hands were forced to close upon burning coals, sometimes greased or oiled cotton was fastened between their fingers, and then set on fire, burning them to the bone. Excitement and misery produced an exaltation of spirit among these sufferers, most of them of the degree of farmers, uneducated, except in the Bible. One man at Codognan declared that he had heard a voice crying, "Go and comfort my people." Shepherds in Béarn thought they heard Psalms chanted in the air. Isabeau Vincent, the Shepherdess of Dauphiné, who could neither read nor write, began at first in *patois*, afterwards in French, to utter prayers full of inspiration, and wonderful revelations were rejoicing the hearts and poured forth by the tongues of this afflicted people—increasing their enthusiasm, and further increasing the animosity, both conscientious and vindictive, of their foes. Three hundred young people were imprisoned at Uzés on this account by Bâville, and afterwards sent to the galleys; but the spirit of martyrdom was only fostered by persecution, and as the troops began to be drawn off for the Spanish War, it became the spirit of revolt.

On the 27th of July, 1702, tidings were received that at Pont de Montvert, the Abbé de Chayla had shut up a whole company of Huguenots and put them in fetters, among them two young ladies of rank. At ten o'clock at night, fifty determined men, singing a Psalm, surrounded the house, demanding the prisoners, and on the Archpriest's refusal, the doors were broken in, and a shot, which killed one of the assailants, excited their fury, as well as finding the captives bruised, swollen, showing marks of cruelty, and unable to stand. The house was set on fire, and as the priests rushed out they were killed. "No quarter, no quarter," was the maddened cry. The Archpriest tried letting himself down from a window, but the cord gave way, and he was found in a bush with a broken thigh. The enthusiasts thought they had Divine direction, and each passed by and struck with a dagger. "Here's for my father broken on the wheel!" "Here's for my brother at the galleys!" "Here's for my mother's death from grief!" Such were the cries, as the miserable man expired under fifty-two wounds.

The next morning all the Cévennes was in arms. It is the moorland of Languedoc, the skirts and offshoots of the mountains of Auvergne, inhabited by a sturdy but vehement race, and always a last stronghold. There had Julius Cæsar met his most determined enemies, there had been a retreat of the Christians under persecution, the Franks had never conquered it, the Albigenses had taken refuge there, and the Huguenot inhabitants had endured more than twenty years of persecution, before, goaded by cruelty and inflamed by fanatics, they burst into open revolt. Bands of from forty to fifty men, shepherds, farmers, peasants, armed chiefly with axes, ploughshares, and wads, gathered together, and found hiding-places and food in the chestnut woods. Their first leaders were Roland, an old soldier, Laporte, and Castanet, and they eluded the search of Bâville and his brother-in-law, the Count de Broglie. Vengeance fell on the peasantry who were supposed to give them

warning. In Alais alone there were sixty-two executions of Huguenots in a few weeks, and Bâville obtained a decree putting the district under a sort of martial law. Sequier, a leader, was captured.

"How wouldst thou be treated?" asked his judge.

"As I would treat thee," he answered; and he was burnt at Pont de Montvert in the market place, shouting words of encouragement from the flames.

There was little mercy on the part of these Huguenots, they slaughtered priests and monks, and burnt their prisons; indeed their popular name Camisard is said to come from Camas-ard, a house burning, whence their attacks were called Camisards. The bands began to gather together into something like an army, and there came to the front a handsome spirited young man of one and twenty, named Jean Cavalier, who was a native of Anduse, but had spent some months as a baker at Geneva, and had there acquired a slight knowledge of military matters, which his wonderful talents made available against the troops raised against them, at first only a sort of provincial militia, from whom they took weapons and arms. Cruel reprisals they thought permissible, and even sanctified by the example of Israel of old. Otherwise all was piety. The Insurgents called themselves the Children of God, the Lord's flock. They kept up strict religious habits, permitting no licence, drunkenness, nor oaths, and all was on an equality, with provisions in common. Their stores and hospitals were in caverns, their arms and ammunition were only what they could capture, and their bullets were made by the melting down of church-bells. There was daily preaching and prayer, and on Sunday, ministers and prophets in turn mounted some rock, and discoursed all day to their camp and the people of the villages. There were never more than ten thousand of the fighting men, but they were in close connection with all the peasantry, who warned them of any approach of the enemy, and they could disperse and unite in the most baffling manner, falling on the enemy with the war-cry of Israel, "Let God arise and His enemies be scattered!"

The Count de Broglie was recalled, and the Court perceived that it was a serious matter, but the Minister Chamillard concealed it from the King, agreeing with Madame de Maintenon that "for him to know all the particulars could not cure the mischief, and would be bad for him." So as an experienced general was wanted to deal with the insurrection, the young Duke of Maine was instructed to request that a Field Marshal might command the troops in his province. Marshal Montrevel, who was chosen, showed himself determined to put down the insurrection without mercy. He was brave, but rude, ignorant, and presumptuous. He put forth two edicts on the 23rd and 24th of February, 1703, declaring that all persons taken in arms should be instantly put to death, and likewise all who gave them food, shelter, or assistance, that for every Catholic slain, three heretics should be hanged, and that any village where a priest or a King's soldier was killed, should be burnt.

There was a reign of terror. The Catholics were invited into the towns, the villages were burnt. On Palm Sunday, the first of April,

CAMEO XVIII. — *Camisard War.* 1703.

1703, Montrevel was informed of a meeting for worship in a mill near Nismes. He took a troop thither, found 150 persons in it, many aged men, women, and children. He set fire to it, and had the congregation driven back into the flames. Only one girl was allowed to escape by the pity of a servant of the Marshal, but she was hanged the next day, and the servant would have shared her fate but for the intercession of some nuns. To his regular troops, Montrevel added companies of volunteers, who called themselves Cadets of the Cross, or White Camisards, in opposition to the insurgents who were known as Black Camisards. Clement XI. actually gave them a bull of indulgence, for their endeavours to exterminate the accursed race sprung from the Albigenses; but these soon proved themselves mere plunderers, as savage and rapacious towards the Catholics as towards the Huguenots, and had to be disbanded.

It was a frightful war on both sides. Troops of 300 or 400 Camisards would suddenly burst out of a wood or from a moor, fall on a little town, a village, or château, and often burn it, and put every one in it to the sword. On the other hand the relations of the armed men were, when captured, thrown into prison, and then tortured and broken on the wheel, and the country being left a desert, starvation was adding to the general misery. Cavalier's genius, and the courage of despair, actually enabled the Camisards to gain four victories over detachments of Montrevel's in the course of the winter.

The state of Languedoc could no longer be concealed from Louis XIV., and the politicians were reminded that if an English or Dutch fleet attempted a landing in the south, the Protestants of the whole district might rise. It was decided to recall Montrevel and send Villars to take the command. This Marshal had already made up his mind that barbarity only made the Camisards desperate, and he therefore began by entreating the permission of the King to use milder means.

"I trust to you," said Louis. "You can well believe that I prefer the preservation of my people to their destruction, which is certain if this unhappy revolt lasts."

The mildness did not include mercy to men taken in arms, nor any hope of their religion being tolerated; but those who surrendered were to be allowed life and liberty, either to leave the kingdom, or to live at home under the guarantee of Catholic neighbours. Villars was far superior in abilities as a general to his predecessor, and he succeeded in so cutting off the supplies, that Cavalier, after being two days without food for himself or his army, wrote to him. Villars replied, giving him hopes and relaxing his watch, so that assemblies for worship again were held at Calvisson.

An interview took place between the Marshal and the former baker's boy at Nismes, in the garden of the Recollet friars, outside the gates. Villars was much struck with his antagonist. "He is a peasant of the lowest rank," he wrote to the Minister-at-war, "not twenty-two years old, and looking eighteen, small and of no imposing appearance, but of surprising firmness and good sense. He has excellent combinations for

his supplies, and arranges his troops for an action as well as an experienced officer. I asked him how he could restrain his troops. 'Is it possible,' I said, 'that at your age, and with no long habit of command, you should have no difficulty in condemning your own soldiers to death?' 'No, monsieur,' he said, 'when I thought it just.' 'But whom did you use to put it into execution?' 'The first person I ordered, and who never hesitated to obey me.'" Villars observes, "It will be a piece of good fortune to deprive them of a man like this;" and he finally declared Cavalier to have always acted with good faith.

CAMEO XVIII. — *Jean Cavalier.* 1704.

Several plans were proposed, but the one preferred was that Cavalier should form three thousand of his followers into a regiment to serve in Alsace or Portugal, and in the meantime Villars assigned to him the little town of Calvisson. It was reported that freedom of worship had been granted, and crowds flocked thither for preachings and loud psalm-singing, greatly to the displeasure of the clergy, but the Archbishop of Narbonne said, "Let us stop our ears."

Cavalier did not find many of his comrades willing to listen to him. If he was the Morton of the French Old Mortality, Roland was the Burley. "Thou art mad," said the old soldier, "thou hast betrayed thy brethren, and shouldst die of shame. Go and tell the Marshal that I shall keep sword in hand till the complete and entire restoration of the Edict of Nantes."

There were hopes among the Camisards of a descent from England, and only a hundred and twenty followed Cavalier to Alsace, where the choice was given to them of being enrolled in the royal army, or passing to some foreign one. Cavalier chose the latter alternative, and in Holland received a colonel's commission; he distinguished himself in the English service, was always an honourable and respected man, became Governor of Jersey, and died at Chelsea in 1740.

Roland fought on till he was betrayed in the Château of Castelnau on the night of the 16th of August, 1704. He had time to leap out of bed and mount his horse, and had escaped through a back gate, when a regiment of dragoons surrounded him. With his back to an old olive-tree he sold his life dearly; but, when he had fallen, his officers let themselves be easily taken. They were taken to Nismes to serve as an example; one, named Maillé, was a handsome young man, who smiled on hearing his sentence, to be broken on the wheel, never gave a cry when his arms and legs were broken, and continued to the last to encourage the rest.

Gradually, in petty combats, the other chiefs were killed, the country was desolate, the insurrection starved out, some submitted, some emigrated, and the last of the Camisards, Abraham Mazel and Clavis, were put to death at Uzès in 1710.

It is certainly remarkable that the tide of victory should have turned in favour of the English when Anne was doing her best to heal the wounds of the Church; and against the French, when the zeal of Louis was the most blind and cruel.

CAMEO XIX.

PHILIP V. AND CHARLES III.

1705—1712.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1702. Anne.	1643. Louis XIV.	1705. Leopold I.
	Spain.	
	1700. Philip I.	

CAMEO XIX.

Peterborough in Spain. 1705.

THE death of Leopold I. made a great difference to the affairs of his second son, Charles, who was then in Portugal. The King Pedro V. being imbecile, government was carried on by his son João.

Gibraltar was besieged by the Marquis of Villadarias, but the Spanish supplies were insufficient, and he made little progress. Tessé was sent to supersede him, but did no better, and had to raise the siege, and go to meet the English force which had crossed the Guadiana and besieged Badajos. Before he came up, however, a cannon shot had struck off Lord Galway's hand, and it was thought expedient to retreat.

However, a thoroughly able and brilliant officer was on his way from England, Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough, who had a wonderful genius for war, and, indeed, for everything else, though he frittered away his opportunities by his fickle and dissipated habits, and had done nothing worthy of his talents up to 1705, the forty-seventh year of his life.

He came out to Lisbon with 5,000 troops in the fleet of Sir Cloudesly Shovel, a runaway apprentice to a shoemaker, risen by his great abilities to the rank of Admiral. After consultation with the Archduke Charles and Lord Galway, he decided on making another attempt on the Mediterranean coast, and took Charles and his suite on board, entertaining them in a royal manner at his own expense. At Gibraltar he also took up the Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt, who had always been popular in Eastern Spain.

It was a favourable moment, for the Spaniards were greatly disgusted at the supremacy of the French at Court, and the Aragonese kingdom was always jealous of Castille, so that when the fleet touched at the Bay

CAMEO XIX.

Archduke Charles at Barcelona. 1705.

of Altea near Valencia, they found the people so ready to welcome them, that Charles III. was proclaimed by the populace.

The forces of Philip were in two divisions, one at Barcelona, where the descent was apprehended, the other on the Portuguese frontier, under the Duke of Berwick, who had again been sent to Spain, and was more than a match for Lord Galway. The other provinces were unprotected, and there were only a few guards at Madrid. There was only one fortified town, namely Requena, between Valencia and the capital; the distance was only fifty leagues, and Lord Peterborough was very anxious to made a sudden dash, drive out Philip, and place Charles on the throne.

He found, however, that the Archduke and the Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt were not to be moved from their determination to besiege Barcelona, and for three weeks the army was obliged to beleaguer it without making any progress. At last the brilliant genius of Peterborough devised a sudden attack on the fort of Monjuich, on a hill surrounding the city. It was a most gallant and ably conducted attack, the fighting was desperate, and the Prince of Darmstadt was killed; but it was finally successful, and though the Viceroy of Catalonia, Don Francisco Velasco, was resolute to hold out to the last, the townspeople, and even his soldiers, rose against him. He had agreed to capitulate in four days, but the insurgents broke into mutiny, and began pillaging and using violence, so that only the arrival of Peterborough and his Englishmen stopped a terrible riot, and saved the life of Velasco, whom he secretly put on board ship for Alicant.

Charles solemnly entered Barcelona, on the 23rd of October, 1705, and much gratified the people by granting them privileges, and showing himself a devout member of their Church. Meeting in the street a procession carrying the last Sacraments to a dying man in a poor quarter of the city, he left his carriage, and followed bare-headed, and torch in hand.

His German council, however, were most mischievous in their greed, pride, and ignorance. Their minds were, as a Spaniard said, like goats' horns, hard, narrow, and crooked, and the Dutch officers were equally troublesome and obstructive to all Peterborough's measures. Nor could the English Earl trust any Spaniard unless all the rest of the family were in his hands as hostages.

The city of San Mateo, lying between Valencia and Barcelona, had declared for Charles, and was besieged by the Franco-Spanish army under the Count de Las Torres. Charles ordered Peterborough to relieve it, telling him that the besiegers only amounted to 2,000 men, and that 16,000 peasants were collected to join him. Accordingly the Earl set off, but at Tortosa, he learnt that the army of 16,000 peasants was a mere imagination, and that Torres's force amounted to 7,000 men, while he had but 1,200. Instead, however, of giving up the attempt, Peterborough shut up the gates of Tortosa and guarded them so that no one passed out except two spies, one of whom carried a letter to

CAMEO XIX. — *Victories of Peterborough.* 1705.

Colonel Jones, the Governor of San Mateo, promising him confidently immediate relief, while the other was to let himself be taken by the enemy, and pretend to betray to them the approach of a large army. This was done, and the other messenger being captured with the letter, the information was confirmed, and Torres, believing himself outnumbered, as soon as the English came in sight, retreated. Peterborough followed him as far as Albocazer, expecting a reinforcement from Barcelona; but instead of this, there came letters full of alarm to tell him that the Duke of Berwick had been recalled from the Portuguese frontier, and was about to fall upon Catalonia, and two more armies were entering that province. The Council of War decided that this enterprise must be abandoned, and the troops sent back, and the infantry were despatched to the seaport of Vimaroz, whence it would be easy to transport them to Barcelona in case of danger; but he himself, with 200 horse, still persisted in keeping on the rear of Torres's army.

They spread themselves out as much as possible, and did their utmost to appear a mere outpost of a much larger army; and they destroyed the first detachment which they overtook. Torres continued his retreat, and Villareal, which had shown itself favourable to the Archduke, was treated with great cruelty, being given up to the violence of the Spanish troops.

Nules, the next town, was Bourbonist, and had strong walls and a good garrison, so that it was expected to check the English advance. However, Peterborough would lose nothing for want of boldness. He made straight up to the gates, under a fire of musketry, and demanded speech with the Governor or with a priest. Then he told those who appeared that he was disposed to retaliate on them the blood of Villareal, but that he would give them six minutes in which to decide on an honourable surrender. Otherwise, as soon as his artillery came up, he should batter their walls and give no quarter.

Little guessing that there was no artillery to come, and recollecting the outrages of their own party at Villareal, the Nules people used their six minutes to decide on surrender, and the two hundred English were masters of the place. There, however, Peterborough was informed that the Duke of Arcos had been sent to supersede Torres, and to invest Valencia with 10,000 men, and the burghers wrote in the greatest alarm to entreat him to come to their rescue.

Feeling the need, he summoned all the forces he could collect, English and Spanish, with scarcely any reference to the Court at Barcelona. Most of them were on foot, but he had contrived to collect, at low prices, no less than eight hundred horses, and had their saddles and bridles sent by sea. At Oropesa he held a review of his infantry on one side of a hill, while he caused all his horses to be drawn up on the other side out of sight. At the inspection he expressed a wish that such troops could serve on horseback, and the officers agreed in the wish in a vague manner. Suddenly a commission for cavalry service was put into the hands of each, and being ordered to march

CAMEO XIX.

Advance of Philip. 1760.

forward, they came in sight of a fine set of horses divided into eight bodies, all ready for instant use, to their extreme delight.

Arcos was advancing on Valencia, and had stationed at Murviedo to stop the English General, an Irish officer, called by the Spaniards, Mahoni. He was a brave and skilful man, but he was a relation of Peterborough's second wife, and this furnished an excuse for sending a flag of truce and asking for an interview, in which the Earl did his best to make the man a traitor; but failing in this, actually was base enough to send two feigned deserters over to Arcos to accuse Mahoni of treachery. They were believed, and the honest Irishman was sent under arrest to Madrid, where his innocence was proved; but Peterborough had succeeded in his object of making Arcos reject the suspected advice, and retreat over the mountains.

Philip himself now decided on setting out to reduce the insurgents, making the great mistake of taking with him the incompetent and cruel Tessé, who expected to prevent revolt by terror and bloodshed among insurgent citizens and peasantry, though he was timid in the day of battle. He had, however, 20,000 men, and the German Ministry were so much alarmed, that they tried to persuade Charles to embark and take flight; but the blood of the Hapsburg was not cowardly, and he resolved to remain, though the Count of Toulouse was coming to besiege him by sea. He declared that he would be guided by the Blessed Virgin, and kneeling in the Cathedral before her shrine, with all the populace round him, besought her counsel. Rising at length, he declared, no doubt with full conviction, that she had revealed to him that his faithful Catalans would never forsake him. The enthusiasm was immense, there were cries of a miracle, and the whole of the citizens, even the women and the clergy, were eager to serve in the defence. The Capuchin monks tied their long beards with the yellow and black Austrian colours, and served as soldiers, while the Franco-Spanish army invested the city, and began by retaking Monjuich, though not succeeding for three weeks, when its brave Governor, Lord Donegal, was killed, and it surrendered. Peterborough was meantime hovering about, carrying on a guerilla warfare, and waiting for reinforcements which General Stanhope was to bring. They were on the coast, but Stanhope was under the authority of the Admiral of the Fleet, Sir John Leake, and the latter would not go near Barcelona till he was joined by Admiral Byng with the fleet from Ireland. Communication was rendered very difficult by French cruisers, and the Spanish fishermen were afraid of carrying letters, and Stanhope therefore contrived to let Lord Peterborough know that the reception of a blank sheet of paper would be a sign that the fleets had joined. The blank paper arrived at last, and Peterborough's next plan was to draw the Count of Toulouse into a naval battle, hoping to destroy the French Fleet, but as he did not expect that the Count would risk a battle if the whole of the English numbers were visible, his object was to make a large portion keep out of sight. His commission gave him power to command the

CAMEO XIX.
Tardiness of Charles. 1706.

sea as well as the land forces, but only when he was actually on board. He therefore put off from Sitges at night in an open boat to find the fleet, but failed; tried the second time, and was taken on board a ship, where, to the astonishment of the whole fleet, his flag was flying the next morning. He was, however, too late; the French had seen the number of ships, and the Count of Toulouse had gone off rather than be caught in a trap.

Barcelona was relieved, the idea of an assault was given up, and Tessé insisted that instead of retreating through an insurgent population to Zaragoza, Philip should fall back upon Roussillon, which belonged to France, thus becoming a fugitive from his own dominions, and leaving behind his heavy artillery, with his sick and wounded.

It was the 11th of May, 1706, and there was a total eclipse of the sun, the chosen emblem of Louis XIV., and it was accepted as an evil omen by the French, while Peterborough, causing the spiked cannon to be recast, had the sun upon them eclipsed, and the motto, "*Magna parvis obscurantur.*" He had already cared for the comfort of the French sick and wounded so as to amaze them.

Things went better for the French where Berwick was, but he had too few men to make an effectual resistance to Lord Galway, who was on his march from the Portuguese frontier towards Madrid. Berwick advised Philip to stay at Perpignan, and Tessé, on the other hand, urged him to return to Paris; but Philip was too resolute and too anxious about his wife to attend to either of them, and hurried to Madrid, whence, after trying almost in vain to raise contributions, he sent her off to Burgos, and went himself to join Berwick's army on the Guadarrama mountains.

Lord Galway marched into Madrid and proclaimed Charles III. there amid a sullen populace. If he had been wise he would immediately have pursued Berwick and the King, whose force was so small, that he could have hunted them back into France in spite of all Berwick's skill. He chose, however, to loiter at Madrid, where the Queen-Dowager, a Neuburg princess, aunt to Charles, made them welcome; and so did Cardinal Portocarrero, who had been affronted by the little Savoyard Queen and the Princess des Ursins, and who openly espoused the other party, and blessed the Austrian standards at a solemn *Te Deum* in the Cathedral. Promptness of action would have established Charles firmly on the Spanish throne, and Peterborough tried to persuade him to hurry by the most direct route to Madrid; but he chose to go through Zaragoza, and so slowly that there were reports of his death. When General Stanhope tried to hasten him, he said that he must have equipages to arrive in state. "Sir," was the reply, "our William III. entered London in a hackney coach, with a cloak-bag behind it."

While thus delaying, the Castillians, who had become attached to Philip, and hated alike English, Germans, Portuguese, Catalans, and Valencians, rose eagerly in favour of Philip. At Toledo they rode down the Austrian standard at the door of the Queen-Dowager, and

CAMEO XIX.
—
Departure of Peterborough.
1706.

guarded her as a prisoner of state. A village priest brought Queen Louisa 120 pistoles from his flock, where there were only the same number of houses, praying her to believe that there were 120 hearts faithful unto death. The Andalusians raised 14,000 foot and 4,000 horse, and numbers from all sides flocked to Philip's standard.

On the other hand, the troops of Charles were melting away at Madrid. They had given way to excesses, and between these and the summer climate, 6,000 were in hospital, and all the time Charles was delayed at Zaragoza, by the disturbances between him and Madrid. At last he set forth, while Peterborough started from Valencia, and Galway from Madrid, to meet on the road. They did actually all join at Guadalatara, but no sooner was Galway out of Madrid than Berwick's forces were in it again and gladly welcomed! By this time Berwick had 22,000 men, the Allies only 18,000, and these, moreover, had three commanders besides the Archduke, Galway, Peterborough, and the Spanish Das Minas. Galway, who was the senior, had the good sense to offer to resign the command to Peterborough; but Das Minas would not hear of his doing so—and it was plain that Charles had been affronted at Peterborough's remonstrances, and would not attend to suggestions from that quarter. The Earl therefore decided on leaving the camp, and going to the assistance of the Duke of Savoy, who was besieged at Turin. It was quite plain that every one was glad to get rid of him, in spite of his great services, for his activity and his imperious temper were equally annoying. He had many faults, and yet was of a magnificent generosity. On his way, he learnt that at the town of Huete, his baggage, which comprised valuable plate and fine horses, had been plundered, and as there was reason to think this had been done by connivance of the magistrates, he declared his intention of burning down the place. The clergy and other authorities interceded, and he agreed to spare the city on receiving compensation in corn instead of money, and this corn he immediately sent off, to the value of £8,000, to the camp of Charles, where he had been so ungratefully treated.

Going on towards Valencia, he learnt that at Campillo, a village near at hand, a party of English soldiers, marching from hospital to rejoin the army, had been treacherously attacked, made prisoners, some killed, and the rest thrown alive into a pit, by an anticipation of the well of Cawnpore. Lord Peterborough and his escort hurried to the spot and found the clothes of the soldiers in the church, but the murderers had fled, and only the sacristan could be proved to have taken part in the massacre. Him the Earl hanged at his own door, the village was burnt, and then the pit was examined. At the sound of English voices, there was a cry, and one poor survivor was drawn up, having saved himself by clinging to some branches, and creeping into a cranny. No wonder that Peterborough wrote to the Duchess of Marlborough that Spain was the most disagreeable country in the world, the officers the greatest robbers, the soldiers the greatest cowards!

CAMEO XIX.

Battle of Almanza. 1707.

After having obtained the surrender of Alicant, and been duly entertained at Valencia with balls, banquets, and bull fights, he proceeded to Genoa, while the generals he had left, quarrelling as usual, retreated into Valencia; and Philip and his Queen re-entered Madrid amid great demonstrations of joy. The difference between the two candidates, Philip and Charles, seems to have been that the first let himself be well served, the other prevented it.

The next year, Peterborough returned to Valencia, where a Council of War was held. He thought the only thing to be done was to stand on the defensive; but Charles, Galway, Das Minas, and Stanhope all were in favour of an advance, and he was overruled. Being soon after recalled, he travelled slowly home through Europe, while the Allies prepared to take the field, but much too slowly, so as to give time for French reinforcements to join Berwick, and to make things worse in the expectation of a pitched battle. Charles thought proper to march off to Barcelona with several thousand troops. His personal courage had been proved, and the cause of this freak seems to have been the influence of his Flemish Minister, the Count of Nazelles, who persuaded him that it was derogatory to his dignity to remain with an army where he had not the supreme command. Stanhope being British Minister, was obliged to follow the King, and remain shut up with him in Barcelona.

Lord Galway and Minas now marched into the plain of Almanza to offer battle, though they had only 12,000 foot and 6,000 cavalry, all the Spaniards having gone off with Charles. They did not know the full strength of the French and Spaniards, who had 25,000 altogether, and of which their cavalry formed a large portion. The battle began at 3 P.M. on the 25th of April by a brave attack of Lord Galway's on the Spanish infantry, and dislodged them; but the Spanish horse regained the ground, though they prepared for a second charge. Das Minas, in the centre, at first met with success, and broke the foremost ranks, but Berwick had fresh troops to bring up, and on each side hemmed in the English and Dutch, so that they were crushed between the stronger battalions, fighting desperately. The two generals succeeded in escaping to Tortosa with 3,500 horse. The rest were all slain or made prisoners, 120 standards were taken, 24 cannons, and all the baggage. It was the worst defeat in a pitched battle that the English arms ever had suffered except Hastings and Bannockburn; but it was some consolation to the national mind that the English had been commanded by a Frenchman and the French by an Englishman.

The young Duke of Orleans arrived at the army the day after the battle, much to his disappointment. Valencia surrendered at once, and so did all the fortresses of the province, except Xativa, which held out in the wonderful Spanish fashion, and had to be taken by fighting from house to house—so much enraging the victors that the survivors were transplanted into Castille and the place razed to the ground, and its name cancelled for that of San Felipe.

CAMEO XIX.
Duke of Orleans in command. 1708.

Zaragoza, too, surrendered, and in a month after the battle of Almanza, Philip was master of all the kingdoms except Catalonia, where, however, Charles still held out, and received his bride, a princess of Brunswick, to whom he was married at Barcelona in the summer of 1707.

Louis XIV. had resolved to give a new commander to his army in Spain, namely, his nephew, the Duke of Orleans, half-brother to the first wife of Charles II.

Philippe, Duke of Orleans, was the son of the King's brother, commonly called Monsieur, and of Elizabeth Charlotte, daughter of the Elector Palatine, and thus grand-daughter to Elizabeth Stewart, "the Queen of hearts." He had become Duke of Orleans in 1702 by his father's death, and was married without any willingness on his own part or that of his mother to Mademoiselle de Blois, the daughter of Louis XIV. and Louise de la Vallière, a dull, uninteresting person. Like our Charles II., he had inherited a great deal of the nature of Henri IV. There was the same fascinating brilliancy and good-nature, and the same remarkable ability too often perverted. Indeed, Philippe's mother was wont to say of him that the nursery tale was verified in him of the child endowed by fairy godmothers with every possible gift and grace, but by the ban of the malignant uninvited one prevented from profiting by any.

The corruption of the earlier years of Louis XIV. had had a fatal effect on a character naturally prone to self-indulgence, and to the young man with a satirical mother, the reformation under Madame de Maintenon seemed nothing but hypocrisy worthy of derision and sneers, especially for its narrowness. Once, when the sanction of Louis was asked for the attendance of a certain gentleman on his nephew, he asked, "Is not he a Jansenist?" "No, Sire, he is more of an Infidel." And Louis thought this the less danger. Thus the young Duke was a sceptic at heart, rejecting such religion as he saw in his uncle, and in life an utter profligate, growing worse every year, but at this time, endowed with much fire, dash, and bravery, and with a great charm of manner. He had already served in Italy, and shown that while the King of Spain was an obedient puppet, and the Duke of Burgundy so scrupulous and conscientious as to interfere with the plans of the generals, he had many of the qualities fitted to make him an able leader.

He served in the campaign of 1707, in Spain, under the Duke of Berwick, and in 1708 was entrusted with the army there, not merely as a princely spectator, but as the real commander-in-chief. The English troops on the Portuguese side were entrusted to Lord Galway, those in Catalonia to General Stanhope, Don Diego Estanup, as the Spaniards called him. He begged for an Austrian army under Prince Eugene, who besides being a great leader might have managed King Charles and his impracticable Germans, but the Emperor Joseph could not spare him, and sent instead Marshal Guido Staremberg,

CAMEO XIX.

Conquest of Minorca. 1708.

a veteran of great reputation, but slow, cautious, and a slave to method.

Minorca was the next conquest. It was felt to be very important, alike as a refuge for the fleet, and as a check upon the Moorish pirates of Algiers and Tunis, and Marlborough, after his interview with Peterborough, wrote to Stanhope strongly recommending the attack.

Stanhope could only take a few hundred men from Catalonia, and Admiral Leake, over whom he had no authority, thought the fortress of Port Mahon too strong to be attempted, but finding Stanhope already on the way, he joined in it. The castle of Fornelles was first battered, and forced to surrender, and after a gallant defence, St. Philip's Castle, the citadel of Port Mahon, followed its example, and Minorca was strongly garrisoned by the English to serve as a winter harbour for their fleet. When, later, Stanhope was raised to the peerage, Viscount Mahon was one of his titles, borne by the heir of the Earldom. It is curious that an English nobleman should be called after the brother of Hannibal, Mago, from whom Mahon is said to be named.

Orleans seems to have entertained a scheme for making himself King of Spain in right of his grandmother Anne of Austria, instead of either of the rivals, and he sent his aide-de-camp, M. de la Flotte, to sound Stanhope as to the support of England. The Englishman, however, was far too honourable to adopt such a plan against the ally he was assisting; but he thought Orleans might be detached from France by being assisted to make himself King of Navarre, with the addition of Languedoc, but still refused to promote the scheme without the consent of Charles. This was gained, but in the meantime Princess Orsini had guessed something, she obtained King Philip's sanction to the arrest of La Flotte, discovered the correspondence in cipher, and caused the King to send it all to his grandfather, with the gratuitous addition on the part of Madame des Ursins, that the Duke meant to divorce his wife and marry the Spanish Queen Dowager.

Another prop was cut away from Louis, just as the battle of Oudenarde had almost destroyed half an army. He attempted negotiation, but the first article insisted on by the Allies was that the crown of Spain should be ceded to Charles, Philip receiving Naples and Sicily. Here, however, it proved that Philip would not hear of resigning. He wrote, "God has placed the crown of Spain on my head, and I will maintain it as long as a drop of blood flows in my veins," and to show his determination, he convoked the Cortes to acknowledge his infant son Prince of the Asturias.

Louis had almost recalled his troops from Spain, but detained them on the piteous entreaty of Queen Louisa, and they took Alicant, after a most brilliant resistance, the last place in the kingdom of Valencia that had not yet submitted to Philip.

CAMEO XIX.

Charles enters Madrid. 1706.

A battle on the Portuguese side of Spain was likewise gained against poor Lord Galway, always unfortunate, at Lazudina, and it became more and more plain that Philip reigned by the good will of all the Spaniards except the Catalonians; but Louis XIV. was reduced to such distress that his desire was more and more to purchase peace by making his grandson renounce the crown so eagerly seized; but as this proved impracticable, support was still afforded to him.

He begged for the Duke of Vendôme to lead his army, but the rout of Oudenarde was not forgiven, and this was refused. Philip then set forth on a personal campaign with the brave Marquis of Villadarias as General, and on the other side, Charles had taken the field with Stanhope and Staremberg, so that the two rivals for the first time were together in a battle.

The place was Almanza, where the tardiness of Charles and Staremberg was such that they would have let the whole opportunity go by if Stanhope had not assured them that if they did so, he should consider it his duty to withdraw the English troops and leave them to shift for themselves. So the battle began a quarter of an hour before sunset on the 23rd of July, 1710, and when once engaged, they showed themselves quite brave enough, and there was a complete victory, only checked by the darkness. Indeed, Philip would have been made prisoner, but for a last desperate charge of Villadarias to cover his flight.

He was in a manner paralysed by his alarm, and it was difficult to stir him up to exertion, till the Allies were at the gates of Zaragoza. There was then another battle on the 20th of September on the deep barranca or ravine, called already, from a conflict in the Moorish times, "Barranca de los Muertos." Again Staremberg could with difficulty be induced to fight, but when he did so, fought admirably, and another victory was gained, 63 colours and 6,000 prisoners taken, and 5,000 men left on the field.

Charles entered Zaragoza the same night, and was warmly welcomed. Stanhope wished to march on Madrid, but the German general and his prince were hard to move, considering it an axiom that conquests should be made step by step, not by bounds; and though Stanhope did prevail, and wrote to Lord Galway to move forward and meet him at Madrid, still Charles only felt jealousy, and wrote to his wife at Barcelona, "If this plan of the English succeeds, all the glory will be theirs; if it fails, all the loss will be mine."

Philip had been forced to retreat to Madrid and prepare for flight, consoled, however, by the ardent affection of the people, who flocked after him when he carried off his wife and her infants to Valladolid. The road was blocked with carriages, and even ladies of high rank followed on foot, the populace who could not leave the city watching them with tears and prayers.

When Charles entered the city a few days later, all was silent, there was not a voice to cry "*Viva*," except those of a few street children, to

CAMEO XIX.
—
Battle of Villa Viciosa.
1710.

whom coins were thrown; all the shops were shut, and Charles, exclaiming, "The city is a desert," turned his horse, rode out, and took up his quarters at a country house, where he issued decrees in hopes of conciliating the people. One old nobleman, the Marquis of Mancera, a hundred years old, had been too infirm to leave the city, and Stanhope was sent to persuade him to acknowledge Charles.

"Sir," the old man said, "I have but one God and one king, and I am resolved to be faithful to both."

However, Philip's need had obtained at last from his grandfather the presence of the Duke of Vendôme. Eager to retrieve his fame, he brought new life and vigour into his councils. Charles, perceiving the danger of being cut off from Catalonia, retreated from Madrid, which Philip entered a week or two later. He was received with ecstasy, and showed his gratitude warmly. He went himself to the bedroom of the old Mancera to thank him for his fidelity, the first time it is said that a dying subject had been visited by a King of Spain since Philip II. had gone too late to see the Duke of Alva.

The tide had turned. Vendôme followed up the retreating army and obtained the surrender of Brihuega, though obstinately defended by Stanhope himself, who was made prisoner, and taken with his officers to Valladolid.

Without him and his English, there was little chance for the German and Catalonian army, who were overtaken at Villa Viciosa on the 10th of December, 1710, and suffered terribly in spite of the brave resistance of Staremberg. Night came on, and the old German with far inferior forces still held the ground, though his loss had been terrible, and so many standards had been taken, that when the Spaniards rested on the heights above, Vendôme told Philip he should have the most glorious bed that ever monarch had slept upon, and made him a couch of the enemy's colours.

Both sides called Villa Viciosa a victory, but the fruits were Philip's, for Staremberg had to retreat the next day, and was so harassed by the enemy as to lose many men before he reached Barcelona, and fortress after fortress fell before the arms of the Dukes of Vendôme and Noailles.

CAMEO XX.

THE SETTING SUN OF FRANCE.

1694—1712.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1702. Anne.	1643. Louis XIV.	1705. Joseph I.
	Spain.	1711. Charles VI.
	1700. Philip V.	

CAMEO XX.

Jansenist persecution. 1698.

THE brilliant sun of Louis XIV. was going down in heavy clouds. He bore his troubles with magnanimity and resignation; but, unfortunately, as he became more religious, his conscientiousness made him the more inclined to persecution.

Père Pasquier Quesnel had published a book of *Reflexions Morales*, short, practical notes on the Gospels, which had been formally approved by Cardinal de Noailles, when Bishop of Châlons. After the death of Antoine Arnauld in 1694, Quesnel, who had been with him in his last moments, was regarded as the Elisha of the Jansenists as he had been the Elijah. This brought Quesnel under suspicion, and when a new edition, enlarged, was to appear in 1698, and the sanction of De Noailles, as Archbishop of Paris, was required, he wished it to be previously submitted to Bossuet, who drew up a long *Avertissement* in defence of the *Reflexions*, and also marked various passages which he wished should be expunged.

The friends of Quesnel would not give up the passages, and Noailles only published parts of the *Avertissement* as letters, nor would he sanction the book as Archbishop of Paris, though his former approval as Bishop of Châlons was still appended to the new edition.

From that time he was regarded as a Jansenist, and distrusted accordingly. Le Tellier, Archbishop of Rheims, was far from being a Jansenist, but was also a strong opponent of the Jesuits; and an Assembly of the Clergy, held in 1700, under his presidency, formally condemned those dangerous maxims of easy dealing with penitents which had been exposed by Pascal. Also, it condemned the tolerance of the Jesuit missionaries for some of the old heathenish rites practised by their converts in China—and their endeavour to win the Empire

CAMEO XX.

The Cas de Conscience. 1703.

—by representing that Christianity was a development of the religion of Confucius, and that there was an identity of worship. There was a great controversy as to whether the Jesuits were justified in their compromise with the "sublime religion," and Clement XI. forbade the honours paid to Confucius, and censured the over liberal tone of their teaching, sending out Cardinal Tournon as his legate, to enforce his command. The Jesuit Fathers, who had great influence with the Emperor, in consequence of having cured him of a dangerous disease, stirred up an absolute persecution against the legate, and imprisoned him in their house at Macao, where, after much suffering and privation, he died. The mission, which had begun by being very prosperous, fell into decay, probably in consequence of these unhappy divisions.

The Jansenists, finding the Jesuits out of favour with Pope and King, prepared a scheme for their own rehabilitation.

A case of conscience was constructed and sent, as from a country priest, to be considered by the Doctors of the Sorbonne, the special Professors of Divinity in the University of Paris. The penitent was supposed to be an ecclesiastic who condemned the five Jansenist points, but would not commit himself on their authorship, and did not believe the Pope infallible on matters of fact. On predestination, attrition, efficacious grace, the Immaculate Conception, and the cult of the saints, he likewise held his own views; he used Arnauld's book on Frequent Communion, St. Cyran's Spiritual Lectures, and De Sacy's translation of the New Testament. Was such a person in a fit state to receive priestly absolution?

Most of the theologians did not perceive that this was a trap, and only one observed that he should like to see this same ecclesiastic, when he would be sure to satisfy the questions. Forty of the Doctors of Divinity signed their decision that the person holding such views might be accepted as worthy of Absolution and Communion, and this judgment was made public.

It had the effect of bringing general attention on the Jansenists, and stirring up the spirit of persecution. Bossuet, though now very old and suffering much in health, was as vigorous as ever, and set himself to study the whole controversy. He came to the conclusion that the works of Jansen did certainly contain the five propositions, but that the Jansenists could not properly be termed heretics, as they professed formally to renounce the errors condemned by the Church, but that they acted in a manner tending to promote schism and heresy. The last days of the Eagle of Meaux were rapidly approaching. He had a long illness, much harassed by his vulgar, grasping nephews, clerical and secular. The former worried him into going to Versailles to request that this same Abbé should be appointed his coadjutor and successor; out Louis would only say that he would consider of it, and the Bishop was harassed by the consequent ill-temper and pertinacity of these men, who visited their disappointment upon him, and tormented him without

CAMEO XX.
—
Death of Bossuet.
1704.

ceasing. At last he became seriously worse, and lay repeating, "*Adveniat Regnum Tuum—Fiat Voluntas Tua.*" Indeed, these were his last conscious words, before his death, April 12th, 1704, in his seventy-seventh year. That there had been no attempt at reconciliation with Fénelon was probably owing to that mischievous person, the Abbé Bossuet. Fénelon, however, mourned heartily for him as the great light of the Gallican Church.

Bossuet was, indeed, a great loss. He was the only theologian capable of holding the true balance between the Jesuits and Jansenists who could guide the feeble and impetuous Cardinal de Noailles, and also who was thoroughly trusted and respected by the King, as well as having a feeling for the independence of the Gallican Church.

Louis was entirely left to Jesuit influence, and he applied to Rome for a more crushing Bull against the Jansenists. Clement XI. actually sent him the draft of the Bull entitled *Vineam Domni Sabaoth*, which condemned as a subterfuge the sort of submission hitherto made by the Jansenists by what they call respectful silence, and to force them to more categorical renunciation.

De Noailles and the Gallican Bishops hesitated over the acceptance of this Bull, as a matter of independence, and minds became influenced. Quesnel's book was most harshly and violently condemned at Rome, and sentenced to be burnt; but De Noailles still defended it, and, on Bossuet's authority, bringing out the entire *Avertissement* instead of only portions. However, he found himself no longer able to protect Port Royal. He had permitted the reception of pensioners, postulants, and novices, which had been forbidden under his predecessor, Harlai, and his Episcopate had been a time of peace; but when the King sent commands that the Papal Bull should be signed in the convents, he durst not object. The Abbess and her nuns of Port Royal aux Champs, appended the clause, "without prejudice to what was done in our favour at the Peace of the Church under Clement IX."

This had been accepted forty years before, and they had full right to appeal to it; but they had no such defenders left as they had then possessed, and, indeed, their ruin had been determined.

First came a prohibition to admit novices. Then the House in Paris appealed against the division of property that had been made long ago, and it was given against Port Royal aux Champs so as almost to starve out the Sisters, though the pleadings on their side were most eloquent, and justice was with them. Then Cardinal de Noailles published a decree, condemning the Sisters as contumacious and disobedient to the Holy See, depriving them of the Sacraments, and forbidding the election of an Abbess. Then followed a Bull suppressing the Abbey of Port Royal aux Champs, and by-and-by the Abbey of Port Royal at Paris came out and took possession. Nor was this enough to satisfy the Jesuit Michel le Tellier, nor the King's Confessor. In 1709, the Marquis d'Argenson, Lieutenant of Police, was sent out with a train of carriages to carry off all the nuns, and separate them in different

CAMEO XX.

Suppression of Port Royal. 1709.

convents, where they were to be kept in strict seclusion and denied the Sacraments till they should repent. The buildings were pulled down, and even the dead disinterred and taken—not respectfully—to neighbouring cemeteries.

And why? Not for any crime—not for laxity—not for heresy—but because they presumed to refuse to affirm on the authority of a Pope, himself coerced by Louis XIV., that five heretical propositions would be deduced from a huge theological book which they had never read! Such had been their original offence. That of these last victims was the appeal to a former compromise in their favour made by a former Pope.

No one was more grieved than the Cardinal Archbishop himself, who had been driven on, step by step, out of weakness and the habit of yielding to the King. He went out to the ruins of the Abbey with only his secretary as an act of penance, weeping bitterly over them, wringing his hands, and crying, "These stones will rise up against me in the Day of Judgment! How shall I ever endure this vast, this heavy load!" The secretary could hardly replace him in his carriage, and he continued, for the rest of his life, to grieve over the work to which he had been driven.

For a hundred years the Jansenists had been an example of stern, strict holiness of life, and of an uncompromising standard of morality. It is not fair on their enemies to say that this was what excited such enmity. The clergy who opposed them were men of strict life themselves, and the King himself respected holiness. The fact was that what worked their ruin was their opposition to the infallibility of the Papacy in matters of fact, and their protests against that lax standard by which the Jesuits endeavoured to keep sinners in outward communion with the Church. The Five Propositions, though deducible from the strong arguments of St. Augustine in his struggle with Pelagianism, were perilous in their consequences, but they were in themselves deductions, and never stated in so many words in Jansen's writings, and the whole struggle had come to be that the Pope's affirmation that they were there was not confirmed by persons who were quite willing to abjure the Propositions themselves. It was this so-called contumacy that was the engine used for the overthrow of those who lived the most saintly lives, and it was all the harder since it was well known that the Pope was really only doing the will of Louis XIV., not acting on his own conviction.

Louis had from the first a dread and hatred of all independence of thought, and made it his business to crush it wherever it appeared, and thus was the persecutor, not only of the Huguenots, but even of Madame Guyon and Fénelon, as well as the Jansenists, absolutely forcing the hand of the Supreme Pontiff to condemn them. He was far from understanding the impossibility of crushing thought and speculation, and that he was driving intellect into far more dangerous channels, as well as hindering the revival of saintly enthusiasm and morality that

CAMEO XX.

Conference at Gertruydenberg. 1710.

might yet have purified his country, and saved it from its degradation and corruption.

He had become the instrument of the Jesuits, and of a far more unscrupulous one in Le Tellier than Père la Chaise had ever been. A silent Jansenism survived till the Revolution, and, indeed, a certain severity of opinion and gravity of manners, and love of reading the Fathers was apt to be branded with the title, although many of the most devout and excellent persons in France were entirely alien to these peculiar doctrines. When the Duke of Orleans asked his uncle for a favour for a friend, the answer was, "Is not he a Jansenist?" "No, sire, he is only an Atheist." And Louis held this to be the less dangerous alternative. The harassing and depressing of Cardinal de Noailles was still carried on, and Madame de Maintenon had long been induced heartily to repent of the influence she had used in obtaining the appointment for him.

In 1710, Louis endeavoured to make terms with the Allies. The French were exhausted. A conference was held at Gertruydenberg to consider of the terms. Louis even offered to give up the cause of Philip if some small compensation was made to him. But Philip, by this time secure of the affections of the Spaniards, showed that he would not be thus dethroned at the old man's will. This overthrew the negotiations, to the almost equal regret of the English, the French, and General Marlborough, who could not bear to see the misery of the poor French peasantry.

The Court of France was full of melancholy and dreariness.

"I must do something extraordinary by way of rejoicing, when the peace is signed," said the Duchess of Burgundy, and bitter was the disappointment.

"At our age one is no longer fortunate," said the King, with exquisite courtesy, to one of his old beaten generals.

Madame de Maintenon was fast ageing. Deaf, and with failing sight, she had an armchair with a kind of cradle roof over it, to keep off the draughts, and there she sat in what she called her nest, through many a weary hour, the universal confidante and counsellor, never left to herself from morning till night, for if the King did not require her, his children, grandchildren, and their wives bestowed themselves on her, and really seemed to think—as she once wrote—that their presence was the beatific vision, compensating for all the discomforts that restraint entailed on a body not yet glorified.

The bright spot in the Court was Marie Adelaide of Savoy, the young Duchess of Burgundy, a lively, quick-tempered creature, full of sweetness and affection, but eager, excitable, and craving for amusement, and often getting into scrapes. The King was exceedingly fond of her, with all an old man's affection for a charming young woman, and much preferred her to her husband, whose gravity, earnestness and conscientiousness were distasteful to him, and, in fact, neither was ever at ease in the presence of the other.

CAMEO XX.

Old Age of Louis. 1709.

The Dauphin did not give the same causes for dislike, but he was dulness personified, so indolent in mind and body that he was perfectly ignorant, and generally sitting in a corner of the saloon, whistling low, tapping his snuff-box, and staring at all who came in or out. He was present at the Councils, but nobody attended to him, and he seldom spoke, except so as to show his favouritism for the King of Spain, and his dislike and jealousy of his eldest son, the Duke of Burgundy. He had followed his father's example by a private marriage with Mademoiselle Choin, who seems to have been a good and upright person, and never to have misused her influence over him.

The Duke of Orleans was much out of favour. He is a man whose entire history fills one with a certain pity joined to loathing. He had inherited the Bourbon temperament of Henri IV. and Charles II., amiable, good-tempered, keenly witted, but sensual and self-indulgent. His dull, frivolous father, and coarse mother had been no guides to him, and the religion of the Court seemed to him mere hypocrisy. He plunged into all kinds of licence and pleasures of the most mischievous description, and at the same time, that same taste for experiments in natural science, which we have seen in Charles II., caused his enemies to accuse him for seeking poisons to clear his way to the throne. Very strange stories were narrated of his dabbling with men who forestalled the spiritualism of later times. One scene in especial, where the future death-bed of his uncle, Louis XIV., was called up before him, and the absence of the Dauphin and the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy was observed, only a child being present.

The Dauphin hated and dreaded him, and there was a suspicion that he had views on the crown of Spain, and was negotiating secretly with Stanhope. After his recall he was treated as one in disgrace, and no one came near him. However, the Duke of St. Simon, his great friend, whose clever memoirs are one of the chief authorities for the history of these latter days of Louis, succeeded in reconciling him to the King, and to his wife. She had the wit and grace of her mother, Madame de Montespan, and managed to keep her husband in favour with the King, and likewise to marry her daughter, at fifteen years old, to the Dauphin's youngest son, the Duke of Berri; a most unhappy step, for the lady was utterly devoid of conscience or shame.

Another of the Montespan daughters, a little, lively, high-spirited woman, had married the Duke of Bourbon, the eldest son of Henri Jules, Prince of Condé, who died on March 31st, 1709. The King desired that the title of Duke of Bourbon should be used for the successor, who was one of the smallest and ugliest of men. All the family had dwindled into being quite dwarfish. The best of them was the clever, though hot-tempered, little sister, who had married the Duke of Maine, the pupil who had best responded to the teaching of Madame de Maintenon.

The Duke of Bourbon did not survive his father quite a year, dying on the 4th of March, 1710, leaving a son only eighteen months old.

CAMEO XX.

Death of the Dauphin. 1710.

There was a virulent form of small-pox prevailing at Paris, and the Dauphin, who had always had a great dread of it, fell ill at once. The King and Madame de Maintenon hastened to his abode at Murdon, but all the younger generation were hastily ordered away. Monseigneur at first seemed to be recovering, but a relapse was fatal, on the 13th of April, 1710. The chief physician, Fagon, would not tell the King that his son was dying till dinner was over. He fell, almost fainting, on a sofa, just outside the door, but was kept there, not allowed to enter till all was over, when he was hurried away by Madame de Maintenon.

Meantime there was great confusion at Versailles. St. Simon watched all with his keen eyes, when the news arrived in the great saloon where all were waiting. The Duke of Burgundy and his wife wept quietly and unobtrusively, while his brother of Berri not only sobbed, but screamed and howled, while the Duchess tried to stifle his cries. The Duke of Orleans likewise wept with much feeling, and his wife had just arrived and was shrieking at the tidings, when it was announced that the King's carriages were coming. The Duchess of Burgundy went out to meet the King, but Madame de Maintenon called out, "Do not come near us; we are pestiferous!" and they drove on to Marly.

However, as she had had the small-pox, she was allowed to try to comfort the poor old King when he awoke, very late, the next morning.

Poor Dauphin! nobody could really miss him greatly, except those who had expected power when he should come to the throne. There was a fearfully dull fortnight at Court, and then things returned to their usual course, except that the Duke of Burgundy, now Dauphin, was no longer repressed. His father had been a dead weight upon him, and his grandfather had always kept him at a distance, but more natural relations began to spring up between them; he ventured on remarks and suggestions, and the old man was learning to rely on his good sense and principle, as well as to feel the comfort of his pious, self-restrained nature. But there seems to have been a doom upon the country. Sovereigns and people undoubtedly re-act upon one another, and as Josiah was taken away from the evil to come, when his nation refused to be reformed, and showed themselves utterly corrupted by the influence of former kings, so, if we may dare to judge, was each hopeful shoot of the royal line of France cut off from the country where vice and tyranny reigned. Louis XIV., among all his losses and defeats, was to be struck by blows falling nearer home.

It is probable that the over-built, over-filled Versailles was very unwholesome. A lady devoted to the Court was known to rejoice in returning to "*cette bon odeur de Versailles*," which unsophisticated noses would certainly not have accepted as "savours sweet," and this may account in great measure for the fatality of the maladies there. A kind of purple measles had succeeded the small-pox, and was almost as dangerous, as well as not understood by the physicians.

There is a letter from Madame de Maintenon, written at intervals and

CAMEO XX.

Deaths of the Duke and Duchess of Burgundy. 1711.

with terrible tidings in each sentence. After mentioning several deaths in the crowded palace, she says on the 7th of February, 1711—

"Madame la Dauphine has a cold which gives her a fixed pain between her ear and her jaw, the seat of it so small that it could be covered with a finger-nail. She has convulsions and screams with agony—she was bled twice yesterday—she has taken opium. After four doses of opium, chewing and smoking tobacco, she is a little better."

Still the pain lasted till Monday the 6th, and when that diminished, fever came on violently, with lethargy, alternating with wandering. Spots on the skin gave hope that measles were appearing, the husband hardly left her for a moment, and the King was often in the room. By Thursday she was so ill that the Sacraments were administered to her, and by this time the Dauphin himself was evidently very ill, though he tried to conceal his condition in order to remain with her; but the King ordered him away.

The Dauphine, after her confession to Père Noel, a Recollet friar, and her last Communion, asked for her husband, but was told by Madame de Maintenon that there was fear of infection. Then she said to Madame de Guiche, "Adieu, ma belle Duchesse; to-day I am Dauphiness, to-morrow nothing."

Her friend expressed a hope that she might be granted to her husband's prayers. "No," she said; "God will lay this sorrow upon him, for He chastens those whom He loves," and, remarking the bitter grief of the old King, she added, "If I loved him less, and he loved me less, I should die without a regret."

She died in the evening of the 12th, and as usual the King at once migrated to Marly.

His grandson saw his Confessor, his brother, and his beloved Duke of Beauvilliers that night, and in the morning, ill as he was, followed to Marly, but fainted in the carriage, and when he went to embrace the King, the red livid spots were noticed in his face. Fever came on at night, and the next he was so much worse that the Viaticum was administered at midnight. The poor old King was called up to find him delirious and convulsed, and he died at half-past eight the next morning. There was a sad State funeral at St. Denis; and even then the two children of the Duke were both lying ill. The elder boy, five years old, was bled and physiced by the doctors, and died; but the little one, who was still unweaned, was kept from them by his nurses and governess, Madame de Vinladour, and recovered—for his own misfortune and that of France. So entirely had the King given up hope of the child that, turning to the Duke of Berri, he said, "No one is left but you."

Epidemics were universal. Both the young royal Stewarts had small-pox at St. Germain, and the Princess Louisa died, after a peaceful, innocent life, telling her mother after her last Communion that she was the happiest person on earth.

There was, however, in the case of the Dauphin and his wife, suspicion of poison. He himself believed it, having been warned of such intention some time before. Popular obloquy fell on the Duke of Orleans, no doubt most unjustly, since, with all his grievous faults, he was far from being a murderer, and was essentially kind-hearted.

To Fénelon the loss of his beloved pupil, just as they might have hoped for a renewal of intercourse, was a grievous blow. He wrote, "God has cut off all our hopes for our Church and country. He had formed our young Prince. He trained him, and fitted him for the noblest work. He just let the world see what he was, and now it is over! I am struck down with grief, and the shock has made me ill without any malady."

We cannot help wondering how it would have been if the Dauphin had been spared to succeed his grandfather, and attempt to carry out Fénelon's principles; whether, in contending with the old abuses in which all his surroundings had vested interests, he would have succumbed, and proved as entire a cypher in action as his equally virtuous, but always helpless, brother in Spain. His conduct in the camp makes this possible; but, on the other hand, we know that he had naturally a fiery yet obstinate temper, kept in control by principle. He might have kindled the flame of revolution a generation sooner, and when reform was yet possible, before the corruption of the sovereign had destroyed the personal loyalty that still amounted to idolatry, and before the deism of Voltaire and Rousseau had been adopted almost as part of patriotism. Yet, unless he had been one of those great men such as live scarcely once in five hundred years, he could hardly have mastered the elements of confusion that existed, the growth of centuries, and he must either have been crushed like his great-grandson, or have died broken-hearted like Joseph II. He was too civilised and too scrupulous to ride rough-shod over popular feeling like Peter the Great, and his subjects were too much advanced for such treatment. It was a happier fate for him to be taken away in the fresh spring of hope, with unstained purity of heart and unabated rectitude of purpose.

CAMEO XXI.

SACHEVERELL RIOT.

1710–1714.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1702. Anne.	1643. Louis XIV.	1711. Charles VI.
	Spain.	
	1700. Philip V.	

CAMEO XXI.

Bishop Wilson. 1693.

THE reign of Queen Anne was a time of great influence on the part of the best Churchmen, in spite of the expulsion of the Non-jurors. The men born in the fresh vigour of the Restoration days were in the front, and their names and works are still precious to us. Thomas Wilson, born in 1663, had always lived a saintly life, and had been greatly esteemed by the Earl of Derby, who still was "King of the Isle of Man." By this nobleman he was chosen as Bishop of Sodor and Man, Sodor, be it explained, being really Sudoe, the South Isles, as the Norsemen called the Hebrides when the diocese was established.

The appointment was made in 1693, but Wilson would not then accept it. The Earl kept the see vacant for four years, and then was called upon by Government to fill it up, Wilson was then induced to accept it, and his rule of the island was almost a model of primitive Christianity, both in love and in discipline. The little children, and indeed their parents, knelt to him to bless them when they met him, and no fleet of fishing boats went forth without his holding a service to speed them on their way. At the same time, he visited all offences against morals with strict ecclesiastical law, fearless of collisions with State authority; and it is a tradition (though difficult to prove) that such was the veneration for him that just as Marlborough had spared Cambrai for Fénelon's sake, so French cruisers spared the Isle of Man.

At St. David's, George Bull, a very distinguished writer of sermons and of controversy, became Bishop, but when too old a man to exert himself greatly in his diocese. There were other very remarkable writers at this time, such as Humphrey Prideaux, Dean of Norwich, who produced the *Connection of Sacred and Profane History*, as he called it, which was the first popular English book to bridge over the

CAMEO XXI.

Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1701.

interval between the Old and New Testaments—Joseph Bingham was one of the most learned of scholars in Church antiquities. Dr. Beveridge had formed a guild for devotion and good works, and together with Dr. Horneck and Mr. Smithers brought about more frequent Celebrations of the Holy Communion, catechisings of children, ministrations to prisoners and the sick.

The admirable Robert Nelson wrote his book on the *Fasts and Festivals*, which remained for many years the chief aid and authority of Churchmen on the subject. He was the promoter of many schemes for the religious welfare of the nation, and even before Queen Anne's accession, in 1698, five gentlemen had agreed to form a society for instructing the poor, furnishing cheap Bibles and Prayer-books, and trying to minister to the colonists and natives of our foreign possessions. They obtained a charter from the King, and assumed the title of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Thence branched out a committee for mission work in the American plantations, and this became, in 1701, a fresh society as that for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

Thus there was a great spirit of work and improvement in the Church at large, and yet there were strange inconsistencies. With many admirable clergy who commanded universal esteem and respect, there was also a much lower grade. Pluralities had never been condemned since the Church had had benefices to offer, and when these were heaped on one ecclesiastic, they necessitated the multiplication of curates, and the old habit of conferring the priesthood on inferior, semi-educated men had not passed away with the Reformation. There were thus a great number of clergy far below the grade of gentlemen, some acting as curates, many as noblemen's or squires' chaplains, when they were tutors to the sons, said Grace, but retired before dessert and wine-drinking, unless, to their temptation and disgrace, they could contribute to the conviviality of the guests, at a time when intoxication was hardly thought a disgrace. A living, generally a very poor one, was the reward to which these chaplains aspired. Then they became the companions of the farmers, and married into their families, or perhaps wedded the gentlewoman's "woman," sometimes ladies' maid, sometimes companion, sometimes governess, a person of much the same grade as themselves, often a clergyman's daughter. The remote country clergy were often very unpolished men, in manners and habits much the same as the farmers, and often equally intemperate. There was, however, a far superior class in the priesthood—University men, excellent scholars in Divinity, and eloquent preachers, generally strong upholders of Church doctrine—and these did good work in their own spheres. Within London and Westminster there were daily prayers in most of the churches, in all the cathedrals, and in most parish churches, weekly Celebrations, in many, prayers on Wednesdays and Fridays. There were clerical meetings for discussion of theological questions, catechisings, and general activity.

CAMEO XXI.
—
Queen Anne's Churches.
1710.

Parliament voted that the duty of one shilling per chaldron on coals, which had been applied to the rebuilding of St. Paul's Cathedral, should be continued for three years to build fifty churches in London. These, in their own peculiar Palladian style, are known as Queen Anne's churches. There was a strong inclination to what we now call ritualism, choral services, and many persons not merely kneeling at the altar, but striking their breasts and almost prostrating themselves.

The High Church priesthood predominated in the Lower House of Convocation, but the larger and more influential Bishoprics had been filled up in the preceding reign, and the Whigs held Queen Anne's hand, so as to make her appoint after their plan of watering down doctrine and discipline, partly on account of their sympathies with the Nonconformists, and partly because the old orthodox party were attached to the principle of passive obedience, and were chiefly Tories, if not Jacobites. Naturally High Churchmen were much displeased that, by the Act of Union, not only was Presbyterianism made the establishment in Scotland, but Episcopacy was legally proscribed; though Queen Anne did her best for the Churchmen. In 1709, there were thirteen Episcopal congregations in Edinburgh, yet one priest, Mr. Greenshields, who had taken the oaths to Government, and prayed in church for the Queen and Princess Sophia, opened a chapel for English residents at Edinburgh and used the English service, was prohibited by the Presbytery, and actually imprisoned in the Tolbooth! However, this act of persecution so shocked the United Parliament, that an Act was passed to prevent the disturbing of those of the Episcopal Communion in Scotland, in their use of the Liturgy, and permitting them to assemble for Divine worship under an Episcopally ordained clergyman anywhere except in a parish Kirk; and as long as the Queen lived, in Scotland the Church was thus in a state of comparative relief.

In England, the good Churchmen could not but regard as a great grievance what was called the Act of Occasional Conformity, which enabled Dissenters to elude the Test Acts by communicating just often enough to prevent being disqualified for office. The clergymen who had to administer to them felt the profaneness extremely painful, and made a protest in the Lower House of Convocation. They also complained that the Bishops in the Upper House were obstructive to the Church movements and lax towards schism. The dispute was renewed year after year when Convocation met, and many latitudinarian books and pamphlets were afloat.

Benjamin Hoadley, Fellow of St. Catherine's Hall, was considered as the clerical champion of the Whigs. A sermon which he preached before the Lord Mayor against passive obedience was complained of in the House of Lords by the Queen's own tutor, Henry Compton, Bishop of London, and it was moved that the Church was in danger; but this motion was lost by thirty-one to sixty-one peers.

The Lower House of Convocation passed this same resolution; but the Whig Ministry made the Queen rebuke and prorogue them. At

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Sacheverell's Sermon. 1709.

the next meeting the same resolution was passed by Archbishop Tenison; but Queen Anne, never willing to depress the Church, asserted herself enough to appoint two Tory High Church Bishops. One of these, Blackhall, had a sharp controversy with Hoadley on the Divine right of Kings, and on the 5th of November, 1709, on the thanksgiving day for the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, Dr. Henry Sacheverell preached a sermon before the Lord Mayor on the text, "In perils among false brethren," and described those who conducted public affairs as the false brethren, who admitted into the midst of the Church as her sons, those who were really her worst enemies—comparing the "Occasional Conformity bill," which eluded the Test Act, "to the Trojan horse, bringing about the ruin of the city that admitted it." Much more of most eloquent denunciation was uttered, and the sermon caused such a sensation that 40,000 copies were sold in the course of a few days.

For this, and another similar sermon, preached at the Derby assizes, Dr. Sacheverell was impeached before the House of Lords. Some of the Ministry would have been satisfied by having the sermons burnt by the common hangman; but Godolphin, who had been in them called Volpone, the name of a traitor in one of Ben Jonson's plays, was resolved on a more formal prosecution. Sacheverell was indicted, 1st, for declaring the means which brought about the Revolution to have been unjustifiable; 2nd, for censuring the toleration granted by law; 3rd, for declaring the Church in danger; 4th, for calling Her Majesty's advisers false brethren.

Lord Cowper, the Lord Chancellor, sat to conduct the trial, but did not interfere except to call up the several speakers. The defence was that his doctrines had always been taught; that the Church condemned the sin of schism; that she was endangered by infidel and blasphemous publications, and that the Doctor was perfectly loyal to Queen Anne. The trial lasted five days, during which the populace showed the most vehement interest. The Union was disliked; the war and its burthens were unpopular, and therefore so were the Whig Ministry, and the danger of the Church was associated with the troubles of the Civil War. All this assisted to cause a tremendous outburst in favour of Dr. Sacheverell. After the first day's trial, when he was carried back to the Temple in his sedan chair, he was escorted in triumph by a huge multitude wearing oak leaves, huzzaing for the Church and Dr. Sacheverell, and molesting all without the badge. The next day, all the rabble, after attending him in the same way to Westminster Hall, proceeded to sack the various dissenting meeting houses, and burn their benches and pulpits in bonfires in the squares. They even were about to attack the house of Bishop Burnet, as a Scotchman and a Whig; but the respectable people rallied to the defence, and the Guards were called out.

It was reported that the Bank of England was to be attacked, and Lord Sunderland ordered a detachment of Guards to the defence. The commander, Captain Horsey, asked whether he was to preach or to

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Trial of Sacheverell. 1710.

fight, Sunderland replied that he must be guided by discretion, and, if possible, use no violence. None was needed, the rioters ran away at sight of the soldiery, and no harm was done to life or limb. Indeed, the mob believed that though the Queen had been obliged to permit the trial, it was against her will, and as she went to witness it in Westminster Hall, they surrounded her chair with cries of, "Bless your Majesty and the Church. We hope your Majesty is for Dr. Sacheverell."

Finally, the House of Peers voted him guilty, by a majority of sixty-nine against fifty-two. Seven Bishops voted against him, two for him. And the sentence was the burning of the sermon, and his suspension from preaching for three years; but the addition that he should not be eligible for preferment during that interval was lost, and the upshot of the trial was treated as a triumph. He was carried away in a chair on the shoulders of his supporters, amid a mob cheering enthusiastically; he was followed in the same way when he went about to return thanks to his supporters; bonfires were lighted in his honour; presents of money flowed in; the Queen herself presented him to the rich living of St. Andrew's, Holborn, and the parish of Salatin in Shropshire was likewise conferred upon him. His journey to take possession was like a royal progress; he was feasted by the Tory gentlemen, the bells were rung, and the streets garlanded as he passed, he gave receptions and had audiences; medals were struck with his head, and on the reverse a mitre for the Tories, the Pope's head for the Whigs. He was a handsome, well-mannered man of considerable fluency, though without much depth or real ability, but for the time the trial and the sympathy it excited, produced an enormous effect. The Church was more popular than it had ever been since the Reformation; and Anne saw her way to freedom from the thraldom in which she was kept by the Whig Cabinet.

The activity of the English Church told upon that of Ireland, though it was too much the custom to send thither as Lord Lieutenants persons who needed reward, but were inconvenient at home. There was a struggle in the Irish Parliament against the Test Act, for the staunchest Protestants were the northern Presbyterians; yet, on the other hand, the repeal might admit Romanists.

The Earl of Wharton, one of the cleverest and most profligate of the unprincipled statesmen of the day, was Lord Lieutenant, sent, indeed, by the Whigs to bring about the repeal. Only one clergyman was in favour of it—a disreputable dependant of his own, whom he nominated as Bishop of Cork; but the Queen, on the representation of both the Archbishops, refused the appointment. Peter Brown, whom she chose instead, was so eloquent both in reading and preaching, that after a sermon before the Queen, she exclaimed, "Never man spake like this man!"

Several churches were built, and there was a grant made for printing the Bible, Prayer-book, and an Exposition of the Church Catechism in

CAMEO XXI.

Swift. 1702.

Irish. 6,000 copies seem to have been distributed, but the effect was not very visible.

The most remarkable character then in the Irish hierarchy was certainly Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, a man who, as we have already shown, never should have been a clergyman, and whose genius and wit were marred by a terrible coarseness, which prevented his ability from being all the gain it ought to have been, even though he espoused the right side. His life was a very strange one; living alone, while Stella, as he called Esther Johnson, who was certainly his wife, dwelt in another abode under her own name, and received numerous letters from him whenever he was absent from Dublin. He was by far the cleverest writer then living, so far as satire went, and his bitter pictures of society reveal a great amount of evil, scarcely reckoned as evil. Apparently England was divided between the staunch remnants of the stern Puritan morality, which kept Sunday strictly, delighted in long sermons, and eschewed all public amusements; the orthodox Loyalist, with a scholarly, refined taste, an ardent love of the Church, and often saintliness of life; and, on the other hand, the fashionable, effeminate fop, aping French manners and French dissipation, going about in a sedan chair, and indulging in a fatal licentiousness, but with a kind of lacquer that was wanting to the gross habits of the drinking, swearing, uncultivated country squire, whose best employment was hunting, as his wife's was cookery.

Of course each class was recruited from the rest. Religious convictions might throw a person into the conscientious and devout ranks, whether Church or Puritan. A spendthrift might, according to opportunity or inclination, become a fashionable beau or a coarse rustic; but few in any degree, except perhaps the orthodox, seem to have had much notion of duties towards the poor. Hunting was practised regardless of mischief to crops; the Queen went out at Windsor in a sort of high-wheeled gig, driven across country at speed; gentlemen rode wherever they chose, and rewarded farmers who remonstrated with a horse-whipping. Blows, indeed, were profuse, not only to schoolboys, but girls. Refractory grown-up daughters were beaten, and a housewife of the most exalted rank thought boxing her maid's ears only proper discipline.

The vice of drunkenness seems to have grown upon the nation. It is said that the wars with France had led to light wines being less used by the gentry than the heavier wines of Spain and Portugal, which became universal; and at any rate, intoxication was scarcely looked on as disgraceful. Gentlemen thought it unmanly not to swallow a bottleful or more at a sitting, and that more than half the guests, at a hunting or election dinner, or even an ordinary party, should be under the table at the end, was thought only natural. That menservants and messengers should be tipsy was considered inevitable, and public opinion was such, that religious people seem to have looked on the propensity in others as one of the hopeless infirmities to be

CAMEO XXI.
—
Customs of Anne's Days.
1712.

tolerated. The terrible gout, the fatality from small-pox, and the mortality of infants, probably arose from injured constitutions. Hardly a mother reared half the children to whom she gave birth, though of course many of these deaths were owing to utter ignorance of all sanitary conditions, and to the extraordinary notions of medicine, which made bleeding an almost universal remedy. The ladies were at least exempt from the vice of drinking, but they shared with the gentlemen in that of gambling, which, from the Queen downwards, was carried to a frightful extent, ombre being one of the most fashionable games.

The gentlemen met at their coffee houses, the ladies had their chocolate or their tea—tay, as they called it—more correctly than as we know the word. Their dress, like that of their bewigged lords, showed how low taste had sunk, with morals and all else. The huge hoop and towering powdered headgear had begun to prevail, and continued to increase till the violent reaction towards simplicity at the close of the century.

Addison and Steele were doing their best in the *Tatler* and *Spectator* to improve the public tone by their praise of the noblest models they knew, and by their satire of the popular follies and extravagances. Their papers were read with the greatest eagerness. Thin sheets of rough paper stitched together, and coming out twice a week; they were utterly unattractive in externals, but they had an enormous circulation, and the coaches that brought parcels of them were besieged by eager readers.

The papers were most of them ephemeral, but the beautiful study of the old country knight, Sir Roger de Coverley, has become a classic. It is said that the character was partly taken from an old Wiltshire squire, Mr. Duke, and that the widow was Mrs. Catharine Bovey of Flaxley Abbey, who lived an exemplary life, and catechised the village children on Sundays, before Sunday-schools existed.

Alexander Pope, the Roman Catholic linen draper's deformed son, whose talents raised him to be one of the foremost of the writers of the so-called Augustan age, was in his prime under Queen Anne. In epigrammatic couplets, ringing in perfect metre, he is unrivalled. He gave the *Spectator* his really beautiful poem of the Messiah, where he adopted the prophecies of Isaiah so as to sound like the Sibylline verses, as amplified by Virgil. The sound is very grand.

> "The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
> Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
> But fixed His Word, His saving power remains,
> Thy realm for ever lasts, Thine own Messiah reigns.'

This was almost the only remarkable contribution to sacred poetry in the generation succeeding that of Herbert, Vaughan, Milton, and Ken, who had not long passed away, but whose Morning and Evening

CAMEO XXI.

The Augustin Age. 1712.

Hymns abbreviated, were not long in finding their way into the Prayer-book, as a pendant to the New Version of the Psalms by Nahum Tate and Nathanael Brady, which was published about this time, and was for a long time regarded by old-fashioned people as a dangerous innovation, even down to the days of Hannah More at the close of the century. Their work was smoother but much less literal than that of Sternhold and Hopkins. Some verses sink into doggerel, but others are really beautiful, and were more beloved and linked with sacred associations than the younger generation can believe.

Addison also first brought into notice Andrew Marvell's beautiful paraphrase of the beginning of the 19th Psalm—

> "The spacious firmament on high."

It was long attributed to Addison himself. He also first turned the general attention to Milton's "Paradise Lost," which ranked next to the Bible in the minds of the lovers of poetry during the ensuing century.

Pope was translating Homer, as Dryden had not long before translated Virgil. He cleverly parodied his own translation of Sarpedon's speech in his "Rape of the Lock," a brilliant mock heroic upon a quarrel between Miss Arabella Fermor and Lord Petre, which made a great sensation, and to this day marks the Court habits and manners of the time when—

> "Great Anna, whom three realms obey,
> Sometimes a Council takes, and sometimes tea."

CAMEO XXII.

THE PEACE OF UTRECHT.

1710–1713.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1702. Anne.	1643. Louis XIV.	1711. Charles VI.
	Spain.	
	1700. Philip V.	

CAMEO XXII.

Mrs. Masham. 1710.

THE English mind is ordinarily disposed to lament Queen Anne's change of policy, but it is quite open to be questioned whether it could be well, after the death of Joseph I., to continue the War of the Succession in Spain on behalf of his brother and successor, or after having effectually checked the ambitious advances of Louis XIV., to go on to the utter crushing of an already broken and defeated enemy. The Whigs, as the opponents of arbitrary power, were disposed to drive matters to the very utmost; the Tories not only had some pity, but felt that the balance of power would be destroyed by further humiliation of France—and Anne was naturally far more inclined in principle to the Tory than to the Whig, not only as a sovereign, but personally, and as a Churchwoman. It is not fair to say that the whole change was the consequence of the intrigues of Mrs. Masham and Robert Harley. It is true that the Duchess of Marlborough had become an intolerably insolent tyrant, galling the Queen's private life continually; but Anne's conscience was distressed by the attacks on the Church, and by the continuance of war and bloodshed. Tardy though that conscience was, it acted at last—perhaps the more decidedly that the influence of her husband was removed. As a foreign Protestant, he had no sympathy with the Church, and used to say to the supporters of the Occasional Conformity Bill, when urged to come to the House of Lords to vote for it, "My heart is wid you."

The Ministry were still the servants of the Sovereign, not of the Commons, and Anne, soon after the Session of 1710 had ended, began to take measures. First she made Lord Shrewsbury Lord Chamberlain in spite of Godolphin's remonstrance, and next it became known that the Earl of Sunderland, Marlborough's son-in-law, was to be no longer

CAMEO XXII.

Fall of the Whigs. 1710.

Secretary of State, but to be sent as Ambassador to Vienna. He had made himself obnoxious to the Queen by rudeness of tongue to her personally, and abuse of Mrs. Masham; and even the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough were not greatly attached to him; but his removal was of course damaging to his father-in-law in the eyes of Europe. When the probability was first known, on April 6th, the Duchess had one of her scenes with the Queen; but Anne would not hear her arguments, only answering, "Whatever you have to say, write it"—and when the lady passionately persisted, said, "I will leave the room."

Sarah went away in a storm of violent weeping. It was the last private interview between Mrs. Freeman and Mrs. Morley, the end of a friendship that might have subsisted through life, if the one had been less overweening and tyrannical, the other less yielding and more dignified.

They still, however, met in public, and the Duchess beset her mistress with letters threatening and pleading. She sent one to her husband to be copied and sent as from him; but he very wisely burnt it, and Sunderland was dismissed in June, 1710, Lord Dartmouth taking his place. Still Ministries did not stand or fall altogether, and Godolphin, though harassed by reports, and often holding sharp arguments with the Queen, continued Lord Treasurer till the 7th of August. Then he asked her whether she wished him to continue to serve her or not. She said, "Yes;" but the next day he received a note from her, saying that she did not wish to continue him in her service, and desiring him to vacate the white staff of office instead of returning it, and promising a pension of £4,000 a year.

He declared in his note of reply that he was not conscious of one undutiful act or word towards her Majesty, which probably was true, for though millions had passed through his hands, he remained a very poor man, and would actually have been in want, but that he inherited his elder brother's estate in Cornwall. The pension was never paid; indeed, there was not much time for giving it, for he was already in failing health, and died on the 15th of September, 1712.

Robert Harley became Lord Treasurer, and several of the principal Whigs, in alarm, lest Marlborough should resign his command, wrote to him with the utmost earnestness to entreat him to remain. The Queen herself likewise wrote to him, assuring him that the change of Treasurer should not prevent the army from being well supplied. He replied by a letter, saying that the confidence of the Allies was much shaken, but that it might be restored if he were appointed Commander-in-Chief for life.

Anne consulted the Lord Chancellor Cowper, whether such a measure would be legal and constitutional, and he, knowing that similar grants by Elizabeth and Charles I. had been prevented, replied that it might be legal, but was certainly not constitutional; and Anne therefore explained that, by the advice of her Ministers, she must refuse.

CAMEO XXII.

Disgrace of Duke of Marlborough. 1711.

The Tories declared him to have wished to make himself perpetual Dictator.

The Queen was now induced to dissolve Parliament. The Lord Chancellor, Cowper, endeavoured to dissuade her, lest the influence on the war should be unfavourable, but she persisted. "The Parliament *shall* be dissolved," she said; and the elections were almost all in the Tory interest. Lord Somers, the only member of the Cabinet whom she would willingly have retained, resigned, and the Queen's uncle, Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, took his place as President of the Council. Harley likewise tried to retain Lord Cowper, but in vain, and the Seals were given to Lord Harcourt, leaving no Whig in high office except the Duke of Somerset, who was Master of the Horse. The new Secretary of State was Henry St. John, an exceedingly able man, and every means was used by pamphlets and papers to influence the public mind in favour of the changes. The Queen was in much better spirits than she had been since her husband's death, feeling as one relieved from a heavy burthen; but the Duchess of Marlborough still held the post of Mistress of the Robes with the gold keys of office, and replied to letters to demand them from her by threats of publishing all the Morley and Freeman correspondence. All was kept waiting for Marlborough's return from his campaign. He did not come back till December, and then his carriage was followed by the people with enthusiastic shouts; but he had the good taste not to let them escort him to St. James's, but drove to Montagu House, and only repaired to the Queen when he could do so quietly.

There had never been any fault to find with his demeanour to the Queen, and she did not receive him ungraciously, but she only talked of the weather. Lord Dartmouth had been very much afraid that he would talk her over, and all the other Ministers had absolutely insisted on the dismissal of the Duchess.

Marlborough had come home, ill, harassed, and anxious, and in his next interview, he sadly told the Queen how worn out he was, and assured her that he was neither covetous nor ambitious. She declared afterwards that she had nearly laughed in his face, but he probably quite believed what he said. He had even grasped at the means of supporting the high rank and honours lavishly granted, but fully earned, and though he had gone beyond the first limits of acceptance, he had made more than one renunciation for the public good. However, Anne was steeled against him, and went on to desire that his wife would send back the gold keys.

He begged, for the sake of the Allies, that the Queen would wait till peace should be made, when both would retire together. "No," she said; "It must be sent at once."

The Duke knelt, and begged for ten days' respite, to prepare his wife; but Anne insisted, and when the Duke began to plead for some officers who were under arrest for using abusive terms towards the Ministry when drinking his health, she broke in, "I will talk of no other business till I have the key."

The Duke went home and told the Duchess, and on his insisting, she snatched the key from her girdle, and flung it into the middle of the room, whence he took it up, and carried it to the Queen, who received it like the spoils of an enemy. She made the Duchess of Somerset Mistress of the Robes, and Mrs. Masham Keeper of her Privy Purse.

Lord Cowper, going next day to Montagu House, found the Duke lying on his bed in a room full of company, the Duchess railing violently at the Queen, and their daughter, wife to Godolphin's son, was weeping near her father, while her mother blamed her for being so silly as still to love the Queen, and Marlborough softly told those about him not to heed his wife, for no one minded what she said when she was in a passion. Poor man, he had reason to know it; she really loved him heartily, yet once, when in a rage with him, she had cut off all her beautiful hair because he admired it. She found it after his death hidden in a secret drawer among his greatest treasures.

Whatever might be said of his avarice, she had always been an honest and disinterested woman. When her accounts were rendered in, on her going out of office, no flaw was found in them, she had voluntarily abolished the system of fees to herself for appointments in the household, and when Swift, in one of his lampoons accused her of having gorged £22,000, the Queen herself declared it a calumny, and said cheating had never been one of the Duchess's faults. Long ago the Queen, in an access of affection, had granted her a pension of £2,000 a year, but this she had never drawn. However, now in her anger she claimed all the arrears for nine years back, and to this the Queen assented silently. She likewise, on being desired to remove her property from St. James's, ordered the brass locks on the doors and the marble chimney-pieces to be torn off. Her husband was in Holland by this time, and, much vexed, wrote to stop the destruction in time to save the mantelpieces, but not the doors. The Queen could not but be much displeased, and said she would build no house for one who was pulling hers to pieces. For the great grant for Blenheim was remembered in "A Bill of English gratitude," contrasted with "A Bill of Roman gratitude," which was put forth by Swift, where the expenses of a triumph were estimated at £994 11*s.* 10*d.*, and those of English gratitude at £540,000.

Such attacks greatly harrassed Marlborough, and were most certainly beyond what he deserved, and he had been very glad to get away to the Continent, where he was appreciated far more than at home, as an admirable general, and moreover as a man of such prudence and forbearance that no personal matter ever made him forget the interests and honour of his country.

In the meantime Harley, as Prime Minister, did not satisfy the extreme Tories, and, indeed, he could not have done so without alienating the other half of the country. A strange thing happened which gave him for a time popularity. There was a certain Abbé Guiscard, a wretch who had broken the laws both of the Church and

CAMEO XXII.

Attempt to Assassinate Harley. 1711.

State in the most flagrant manner, who fled to England and there professed to be a convert to Protestantism, who had given up everything for the sake of his faith. Of course those who knew nothing of his antecedents admired and made much of him, and he was offered Church preferment; but probably he was not in Holy Orders, and did not wish to be, for he obtained the command of a foreign regiment in the English service, partly composed of disbanded Dutch Guards, partly of the scum of the French refugees. It had the reputation of being the wickedest body of men in Europe; but, happily, was entirely cut to pieces at Almanza, though Guiscard escaped after showing great daring.

He obtained a pension of £500 a year; but Harley, as Lord Treasurer, reduced it to £400, whereupon he offered himself as a spy to Louis XIV. He had an interview with the Queen on the evening of the 7th of March, 1711, nobody being present but Mrs. Kirk, the lady in the waiting, who generally was asleep all the time of such attendance.

He urged his entreaty against the reduction of his pension, but in the meantime his French correspondence had been detected, and the next morning he was arrested in St. James's Park, and brought before the Privy Council then sitting in the Cockpit. He desired to speak in private with Secretary St. John, and when told this was not fit to be granted to a man in his situation, he flew at Harley and stabbed him in the breast with a pocket-knife, which struck against the bone, and broke short off. He repeated the blow, and Harley fell bleeding. "The villain has murdered Mr. Harley!" cried St. John, and there was a general rush at him with fists, swords, and whatever came to hand. He would have been killed on the spot but Lord Paulet called out that he ought to be kept for examination. As he was dragged out the wretch entreated to be despatched; but the Duke of Ormond, who was nearest, told him it was not work for a gentleman. When taken into another room he desired to speak to the Duke of Ormond, who was accompanied by Lord Dartmouth. He seems to have rambled a good deal, repeating that the Duke of Marlborough was a lucky man; he was taken to Newgate, and there died of his wounds.

The public decided that Harley was the victim of a Papist plot, rejoiced that the Queen had escaped, and tried to banish all Roman Catholics from London. Harley's peace of mind and composure on the first shock, while the blade was still in his body, and his life might be in danger, were regarded as witnesses to his excellent disposition, and he became extremely popular. He was a long time recovering, and when he appeared again was received with enthusiastic compliments in the House of Commons, whence he was soon promoted as Earl of Oxford.

The Queen's health seems to have been shaken by the alarm, and very soon after she lost her uncle, Lord Rochester. She was heartily

CAMEO XXII.
—
Death of Joseph I.
1711.

longing for peace, and when papers authorising measures connected with the War were brought to her for signature, she would sigh and exclaim, "When will this spilling of blood be at an end?"

There was no one who was not weary of the war, in England or France, except the victorious army of Marlborough; and the death of Joseph I. made a good reason for giving up the cause of Charles, since no one wished to see Germany and Spain united as under Charles V. Eugene had to withdraw his troops to guard the Diet at Frankfort for the election of an Emperor from a dash of the French, and thus Marlborough had not numbers enough for a brilliant dash over the frontier, such as might have finished the war before Paris.

However, an unexpected event changed the whole course of affairs. This was the death of the Emperor Joseph from small-pox, or perhaps from the treatment which swathed him from head to foot in scarlet cloth. He died on the 17th of April, 1711, leaving only two daughters, and Charles remained the last male of the House of Hapsburg. He set forth to obtain his election to be King of the Romans, and the contest in Spain was virtually given up, though Barcelona, hoping for aid from Germany, actually held out till 1714, and was only conquered by one of the terrible sieges such as Spaniards are noted for enduring, and was finally taken by a frightful assault by the Duke of Berwick.

This was the conclusion of that war on behalf of two puppet-like rivals, in which, as Charles truly said, the English had all the glory.

It seems a strange way of entering on negotiation, but Anne, desirous of understanding the real state of the French King's mind, availed herself of a certain Abbé Gautier, who had come to England as Confessor to Marshal Tallard when a prisoner, to ask Louis XIV. privately if he were really bent on peace. Things had come to such a pass that it was like asking a drowning man whether he would take hold of a rope. The poor old bereaved King, now past seventy, was considering of putting himself at the head of his reserves.

However, measures began to be taken in earnest, and there was a further shock to the popularity of the war in England from the failure of an expedition against the French possession in Canada, which had been entrusted to Mrs. Masham's brother, General Hill, a man whose promotion had caused great displeasure. The failure was, however, not his fault, but that of bad weather and insufficient supplies.

The Queen let Louis know the points on which she meant to insist—the dismantling of Dunkirk, the cession of Gibraltar and Port Mahon, commercial advantages for England, and—to our shame be it spoken—the Assiento, or monopoly of the slave-trade for thirty years, also a guarantee that France and Spain should never be united, as was only too possible in the direct line of succession, since Philip V. was the next heir to France after the sickly babe his brother had left—and of course, the recognition of herself as Queen of England. In return, she

CAMEO XXII.

Negotiations. 1712.

was willing to accept Philip V. as King of Spain and the Indies, provided he resigned Naples and the Low Countries. Louis sent over an envoy called Mesnager, who agreed to these terms; and Anne then saw the Dutch deputy Heinsius, and told him that she was anxious for peace. If the Allies would not agree in the terms, she would prosecute the war; but as England was only bound to supply the third part of the expenses, and had really defrayed them all, she should only give the third part.

They were very angry, and it was felt that while they still saw Marlborough at the head of the army, they would not give up hope, nor believe Anne in earnest.

A serious complaint had been raised against him, and everyone was envenomed. The Austrian Ambassador, Count Gallas, had been shown, in strict confidence, a copy of these preliminaries, and he gave one to the Whig newspaper, the *Daily Courant*. Furious invectives were thereupon launched against the Ministry, and the Tories replied with equal abuse of Marlborough, who complained to Oxford.

The answer was, "As I know I am every week, if not every day, the mark for some libel or other, I would willingly compound that all the ill-natured scribblers should write ten times more against me, upon condition they would write against nobody else."

Commissioners had been appointed to examine into the expenditure during the War, and a Jew contractor for the supply of the army, Sir Solomon Medina, stated that he had paid the Duke of Marlborough a large sum every year for his own use. The universal conclusion was, that this was meant as a bribe to make the Commander-in-Chief wink at the insufficient provision of food, clothing, and the like sent to the soldiers. Indeed, it is said that the men threw their ragged coats over the wall of St. James's Palace, and that the Queen wept at the sight. It is a fact, however, that, besides that, these same coats had been through a campaign, and that the roguery of the Commissariat has been always a proverb, Marlborough's army was noted on the Continent for the excellence of the appointments of the men.

He defended himself by a statement that these sums had always been the perquisite of all commanders, and he had used them for secret service money as well as two and a half per cent deducted—with the consent of the other Princes of the Grand Alliance, from the pay of the troops contributed by them. Through the intelligence conveyed by persons paid by this money, he considered most of his successes to have been gained.

He came home soon after, but avoided entering London, lest he should be dragged into the Whig celebrations of the accession of Queen Elizabeth on the 17th of December, when there was always a party procession with bon-fires and burnings in effigy. The Tories feared a riot, kept the military in readiness, and captured the figures that were to have been burnt.

Marlborough saw the Queen, and remonstrated on the preliminaries

CAMEO XXII.

Congress at Utrecht. 1712.

of the Peace; but in the meantime Swift published a pamphlet on the "Selfishness of the Allies," proving that the Allies had left England to pay almost all the expenses, as well as to win almost all the battles throughout the war, when, after all, the gain would be far more to them than it could be to England. It had a most telling effect as a prelude to the Queen's Speech at the opening of Parliament on the 7th of December, when she spoke of peace as nearly secure, in spite of the arts of those who wished to prolong the war.

There was a hot debate afterwards among the Peers on the Address, and Lord Nottingham moved that no peace could be safe which left Spain and the West Indies in the hands of one of the French royal family. Lord Anglesea said peace might have been made after Ramillies, but for some interested person.

On this Marlborough rose, and justly defended himself, for he had really always grieved over the war, and only wished to end it honourably; but he was one who hated the French so much as to think Europe unsafe as long as Spain remained to a Bourbon, and the majority of the Peers were with him; but the Commons were more Tory, and Robert Walpole's motion, on the same lines as that of Nottingham, was negatived.

So a Congress at Utrecht was decided on, and the Queen's Commissioner was Dr. John Robinson, Bishop of Bristol, Lord Privy Seal, the first and only ecclesiastic who had been in the Government since Bishop Juxon under Charles I. Prince Eugene came over to see whether he could influence the Queen in favour of the Allies, and of his friend Marlborough. But Prince Eugene was given to living in camps, and caring little for appearances; he had never worn anything but a tie wig, and Queen Anne considered it a personal insult to appear before her in anything but a full bottomed wig. In the ante-chamber, the Austrian Ambassador saw with dismay the mere military periwig of the Prince, and warned him. Eugene replied, rather contemptuously, that he had tried to borrow a wig of the right sort from his valets and footmen, but nobody had such a thing! So in he went, and being always small, thin, and slight, he was almost eclipsed by the stately presence of Mr. Secretary St. John!

The Queen was displeased, though on her birthday he appeared in grand equipment, and smothered in a huge wig. She was obliged to present him with a sword worth £4000; but she avoided all conversation on business with him, and he could give no material aid to his friend Marlborough, except by manifesting his own warm sense of affection and admiration.

The inquiry into the Duke's supposed peculations was going on, and when the Duke's sedan-chair was stopped on this very birthday in the Park by crowds who wanted to see the Prince, on finding who it was, they cried, "Stop thief!"

Eugene was shocked and did all in his power for his friend. When Bishop Burnet showed him a spiteful sentence saying the Duke of

CAMEO XXII.
—
Visit of Eugene.
1712.

Marlborough had been *once* fortunate, he answered that it was the greatest of compliments, since, if mere fortune had once decided a success for the Duke, it proved that all the rest had been owing to his ability. When the Lord Treasurer congratulated himself on entertaining the greatest captain of the day, "It is you who have made me so," replied the Prince, meaning that this was by removing Marlborough from the command. His generous defence caused him to share his friend's unpopularity. Ribald ballads were sung, which happily he did not understand, about his mother, Olimpia Mancini, and he was even accused, together with the Duke and Duchess, of encouraging a wild set of young men of the higher ranks, who called themselves Mohawks, and made night hideous in the streets of London with their drunken brawls, ferocious pranks, and savage revelries, which timid people even suspected to be intended to cover plans of assassination of the Queen, and burning London. There was immense excitement; the Whig ladies would not go to Court, and as it was then the fashion to wear little black patches of Court plaister to enhance the fairness of the complexion, the Whig ladies put them on one side of the face, and the Tories on the other.

Giving up hope, after ten weeks Eugene left England, and though the Conferences at Utrecht were going on, the Duke of Ormond joined him with the English Army when he took the field against Villars. Both wished to follow up Marlborough's scheme and march into France. There was great alarm at Versailles, and it was advised that Louis XIV. should retire to Blois; but at seventy-four, after all his sorrows, the old lion was ready to turn to bay. He wrote to Villars to give battle, adding, that in case of defeat, he would himself come to Péronne or St. Quentin to collect the remnant of the army, summon his nobles to his standard, and die in the last conflict. No doubt the old bereaved man felt that if his sun was going down, such a blood-red sunset would leave a recollection of glory.

Private orders were, however, sent to Ormond not to join in a battle, and he therefore refused when Eugene wished to attack Villars in camp. His English soldiers and the Dutch Allies were extremely incensed, and an explanation was demanded in the House of Lords by Lord Halifax, demanding that the General should be commanded to act with the Allies. Marlborough pointed out what an advantage a victory would give in the negotiations; and thereupon Earl Paulet insultingly said that "Ormond was brave, but not like a certain General, who led troops to the slaughter, and caused officers to be knocked on the head in battle, or against stone walls, that he might dispose of their commisions." Halifax's motion was lost by sixty-eight to forty, but afterwards the Duke felt himself bound to send Lord Mohun with a challenge to Paulet for this flagrant insult. Lady Paulet discovered what was intended, and sent to Lord Dartmouth, who arrested Paulet and informed the Queen, and she sent orders to Marlborough to abstain.

Victories could not be expected in such a state of affairs, Ormond was

greatly perplexed between his honour and his orders, and the Dutch withdrew their troops from his command and placed them under that of Eugene. When Quesnoy was beseiged, and the Prince, annoyed at the scanty support he gave, reproached him, and appealed to his sense of honour, the poor man was reduced to saying that he knew no honour but to obey his Queen's orders.

Things grew worse when Dunkirk was to be placed in English hands as a pledge, and on this Ormond marched off with his British troops, raging with vexation and shedding tears of wrath. There were numerous regiments of Germans in British pay, and these absolutely refused to follow him, though he cut off their arrears of pay, and as they would not retreat with him, the gates of Dunkirk were shut against him, and he had to return home in great humiliation, though the peace party did their utmost to console him.

Quesnoy had, however, fallen, and Eugene was besieging Landrecies with very strong lines of defence; at Denain, Keppel, Lord Albemarle, a great friend of William III., was now commanding seventeen battalions of Dutch and German troops of the covering army. A false attack was made to draw off his dragoons, and then Villars attacked him with the best French troops. The steadiness of the English under fire was missed, and Albemarle was made prisoner, with two Nassau princes, the Princes of Holstein and Anhalt, and a great number of officers, only 400 men escaping. Another great outpost with a quantity of artillery was soon after taken by Villars, Eugene was obliged to raise the siege of Landrecies, the spirits of the French revived, and Villars retook Douai, Quesnoy, and Bouchain. By the end of the campaign, Eugene had lost fifty battalions, and 20,000 of his men were prisoners.

The other armies of Louis had done nothing of consequence, and the Duke of Vendôme had died in Spain of over-eating himself with Mediterranean fish.

Henry St. John, whom Anne created Viscount Bolingbroke, was sent to Paris to arrange the conclusion of the treaty, taking with him Matthew Prior, the poet, as his secretary; and Lord Lexington was sent to Spain, where Philip had to make his choice between his present kingdom and the not improbable succession to France, in case of the death of his little nephew, the infant Dauphin. He declared that he would never forsake his faithful Spaniards, and as nothing could induce the Powers of Europe to consent to a union of the crowns of France and Spain, he renounced any possible rights in France to his brother of Berry and the House of Orleans, while they gave up any chances of the Spanish inheritance to the House of Savoy, who were descended from a daughter of Philip II. Staremberg still held out in brave Barcelona; but the Emperor Charles would not make any terms for the Catalans, his first and last supporters. His troops and those of the English were withdrawn, but still the city stood a siege by Berwick, ending in a blockade of almost unexampled misery, so that when at length the place was taken, it was a scene of utter desolation, and Catalonia suffered by the

CAMEO XXII.
—
Peace of Utrecht.
1712.

loss of all her precious privileges. The fortress of Gibraltar and the island of Minorca were to be retained by England. The Emperor Charles resigned his claims to Spain on receiving the Netherlands and Lombardy, while the two Sicilies were made into a kingdom and bestowed on Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy. The Dutch obtained various frontier towns, and were to guard the Belgian provinces for the Austrians. Louis resigned Newfoundland, Upper Canada, and Nova Scotia to the English, and deprived the young Stewart of his protection, sending him to live in Lorraine, and acknowledging Anne as Queen.

Such were the terms finally agreed to at Utrecht. The Duke of Hamilton, a Jacobite at heart, was about to be sent to Versailles to ratify it, when on the 15th of November, 1712, he and a noted duellist, Lord Mohun, were found both dying in Kensington Park. The Duke was said to have insulted Lord Mohun, and a deadly duel took place, the details of which were never thoroughly understood. However, the peace was signed by all the sovereigns concerned, and though it was a matter of party, and England had gained little but glory, it was well that Europe should be at rest.

Godolphin died while the peace was being concluded, and Marlborough and his wife went to Holland and Germany, where every honour was paid to them.

CAMEO XXIII.

THE ENDS OF TWO REIGNS.

1713-1715

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1702. Anne.	1643. Louis XIV.	1711. Charles VI.
	Spain.	
	1700. Philip V.	

CAMEO XXIII. — *Lampoons.* 1713.

THE peace of Utrecht, though a relief to Europe, could not bring back joy to either of the sovereigns of France or England.

The English nation were furious, chiefly out of dread lest the Queen and the Tories meant to bring back her half-brother, and likewise because so little had been gained by all their glories. Such monstrous libels and lampoons went forth that Anne complained of them in her speech on opening Parliament, in 1713. Swift, who is said to have composed the speech, was certainly not behind others in venom, though his writings always had the salt of real wit, such as theirs had not. He was, as a political partisan, recommended by her ministry to the see of Hereford, and Anne, who never read anything she could avoid, mentioned him to Dr. Sharpe, Archbishop of York.

"Ought not your Majesty to ascertain whether Dr. Swift is a Christian before making him a bishop?" was the suggestion.

Upon which Anne asked what was meant, and the Archbishop showed her some of the grossest passages in the "Tale of a Tub;" and the Duchess of Somerset likewise brought forward a spiteful libel, accusing her (the last of the direct line of Percies) not only of red hair, but of having, at fourteen, been privy to the murder of her betrothed husband, Mr. Thynne, by Count Konigsmark.

'England, dear England, as I understand,
Beware of carrots from Northumberland.
Carrots sown *thin*, a deeper root may get
If so be they are in *Summer set.*
Then *Cunning's mark*—for I have been told
They assassin when young and poison old—
Root out these carrots, O thou whose name
Spelt backward and forward is always the same,

CAMEO XXIII.
—
Anne's Decline.
1714.

And keep close to thee always that name
Which backwards and forwards is almost the same;
And England, would thou be happy still,
Bury those carrots under a *Hill.*"

Anna was the name always the same, Masham the name nearly the same.

The Queen was greatly shocked, and refused the bishopric to Swift who learnt the cause from Lady Masham, and revenged himself by equally atrocious libels, in which he called the Archbishop a crazy prelate, the Queen a royal prude, and as to the Duchess—

"Now angry Somerset her vengeance vows
On Swift's reproaches for her murdered spouse;
From her red locks her mouth with venom fills,
And thence into the royal ear distils."

Nevertheless, instead of being prosecuted for libel, Swift was made Dean of St. Patrick. Indeed, Lord Bolingbroke hated and dreaded the Duchess of Somerset quite as much as Swift did. The last of Hotspur's line was not so amenable as the promoted waiting women. The Queen, too, was much out of health, suffering continually from gout, which at times attacked her stomach, and gave immediate fears for her life. She could take no active exercise, and would not be prudent in her diet, so that her existence hung on a thread. At Windsor, she was even moved from one story to another in a lift.

Every one dreaded her death. The Jacobites, indeed, the Tories, were anxious for time to bring about some arrangement with her brother, just grown to manhood, and the Whigs were desirous of inviting to England the Electress Sophia and her son, so as to secure the succession. The poor Queen herself yearned after her own nearest kin, and dreaded nothing so much as having to receive her German cousin. She seems to have staved off an invitation by publicly denouncing the pretended Prince of Wales, and setting a price of £5000 on his head, if he were found in Great Britian or Ireland.

In the midst, on the 10th of June, 1714, the Electress Sophia died. She was eighty-four, but had long been in so much better health than the Queen that she had fully hoped and expected to write herself "Sophia, Queen of England." The Queen was only fifty, stout and high coloured, and had not lost her sweet powerful voice, so that when she reopened what proved to be her last Parliament all were delighted to see how well she looked. She was thought to have dismissed the Parliament early in order to prevent a debate when the death of Sophia was formally announced, on the substitution of her son's name for hers, in the prayer for the heir apparent.

There were further annoyances. Oxford, the Lord High Treasurer, was at issue with Bolingbroke, being apparently less willing to go all lengths with the Jacobites; and Anne began to repose the more

CAMEO XXIII.

Shrewsbury in power. 1714.

confidence in Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, a man of such winning manners that William III. had termed him "King of Hearts"; but, though he had once been an ardent Whig, he had been alienated by the disdain with which his young Italian wife had been treated, and had gone over to the Tories. The Queen had made him Lord Chamberlain, and liked him personally.

Lady Masham considered that Oxford, her cousin, owed everything to her; but a quarrel broke out between them—apparently about some shares on the profits on the South Sea trade, in which the treasurer disappointed the lady. Whenever they dined together, she showed her displeasure, and at last told him, in the Queen's presence:

"You never did the Queen any service, nor are you capable of doing her any."

"I have been abused by misrepresentation," returned Harley, "but I will leave some people as low as I found them."

This wrangling went on for two hours, the poor Queen having no spirit or power to check it. However, a day or two later, she demanded Oxford's staff of office; but there was such a lack of ability and integrity among public men that it was very difficult to fill up the post, and Harley had to retain the white staff for some time while a successor was sought.

Things were in a miserable state. The nation was restless and uneasy lest the Queen should be about to deliver them over to her brother, who in their view represented Popery, tyranny and persecution; and the Bishops, not being Non-Jurors, were all of the same mind. The Whigs wanted the Electoral Prince of Hanover to come to England to secure his claim, and were greatly disappointed that he, being a dull man, who loved his ease and had no mind for forcing himself on an unwilling country, gave no signs of intending to come.

The poor Queen was torn to pieces. Her conscience bitterly reproached her for the part she had taken towards her father and brother; and, a widow and bereaved mother, she was alone, without a being of kindred blood near her. She yearned after her brother, and, while natural affection and conscience on one side bade her recall him and make restitution, her religious feeling and her duty to her engagements to her people inclined her towards the Protestant succession.

On the 25th of July a fierce dispute took place in the Cabinet Council as to whether the post of Lord Treasurer should be put in commission and who were to be the commissioners. Hot and indecorous wrangling went on from nine o'clock at night till two in the morning before the poor worn-out Queen, who at last fainted. She was carried to bed and wept bitterly all night. On the 28th there was an attempt at a Council, but she was too ill to preside, and it was adjourned to the next day. She was in absolute terror of the scenes that took place before her, and said to Dr. Arbuthnot: "I shall never survive it."

CAMEO XXIII.
—
Shrewsbury Lord Treasurer.
1714.

It was just before the hour fixed for this dreaded Council that Mrs. Danvers, an attendant who had been with her from early girlhood, coming into the presence-chamber, saw her standing before the clock which told eight, gazing in such a strange fixed manner that the good woman approached and asked whether her Majesty saw anything unusual in the clock.

Anne turned round without a word, but with such a miserable, bewildered stare that Mrs. Danvers declared she saw death in the look and called for help. She was carried to bed, and some of her doctors were summoned, but not all, for one of the chief, Dr. Mead, was a strong Whig, and the poor Queen, half delirious, was muttering, "My brother, my poor brother, what will become of him?"

She had eaten in the course of the day a great number of black-heart cherries, and this might have added to the effects of her distress and terror at the prospect of the Council about to take place in causing an attack of apoplexy. She was cupped, and somewhat relieved, but a fresh attack came on in the morning and it was plain that she was dying.

The confusion of the Cabinet became worse confounded when her state was known, but the Whig Dukes of Somerset and Argyle appeared there by their right as privy councillors, though not ministers, and taking the lead, sent summonses to all the other privy councillors to attend if they wished to save the Protestant succession. The matter of the Lord Treasurer was imminent, and Shrewsbury, though of late a Tory, was known to be strong against the Stewarts. So Bolingbroke went to the bedside and told the Queen that it would be for the public good to appoint him. She assented, but Shrewsbury would not take the office without her conferring it. He stood by her and asked if she knew him, and to whom she gave the white wand.

"To the Duke of Shrewsbury," she said, and touched the staff, adding, "For God's sake use it for the good of my people." They were nearly her last fully conscious words. The Bishop of London was with her, not her old friend and tutor, Henry Compton, who had recently died of a fall down stairs, but Dr. Robinson, and to him she seems to have unburthened her conscience, intending to receive the Holy Communion the next day, but for this she was far too ill. She continued to moan "My brother, my poor brother," as long as her utterance could be distinguished, and thus gradually sank into unconsciousness.

Meantime the Great Seal was set to a document long ago prepared, appointing a Council of twenty-four to act as Regents in an interregnum. Secretary Craggs was sent off to Hanover with tidings of her extremity; the Whigs were collected; the trained bands had orders to be ready to be called up at any moment; and, on the other hand, the Jacobites within the palace held counsel, and sent for Lady Masham from the Queen's bedside.

CAMEO XXIII.

Death of Anne. 1714.

"We are undone," she told them, "the Queen is a dying woman. Nothing can save her."

"Could no one speak to her?" they asked.

But this was impossible, she was either delirious or torpid, and incapable of speech.

"That is hard," said one. "Could she but speak to us, and give us orders and sign them, we might do the business for all this."

The Duke of Ormond said that if he only had authority from her he would at once proclaim her successor. He could answer for the army.

"Do it then," said Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester. "Let us go out and proclaim the Chevalier at Charing Cross."

On this, however, they did not venture, and finally decided that they had better proclaim the Elector of Hanover, as the proclamation must take place instantly on the Queen's death, and thus they would gain time to make opposition. During this night of turmoil all around, the Queen lay unconscious, breathing heavily, and growing colder, till between seven and eight o'clock on the morning of the 1st of August, 1714, when she expired, not quite fifty years of age.

Poor Queen Anne! She was a pious and conscientious woman, a beneficent Queen according to her lights, but her whole self had been surrendered to a violent and unscrupulous woman, and the conduct towards her father, into which she had been led, brought on her a mournful retribution, in her piteous later age, when the favourite she had fostered became her tyrant, and her final emancipation from that yoke had only brought further misery upon her: misery that all the affection of her people could not alleviate, in her desolate home, where she was really done to death by the dissensions of the rude and vehement partisans who disregarded her weakness.

The Duke of Shrewsbury remained master of the situation, the Jacobites durst not move, and George I. was proclaimed, while Addison, then clerk of the council, was employed to write the invitation to him. It is alleged that he was so overpowered by the thought of the greatness of the occasion that he could only couch his letter in the driest and most formal terms, and certainly anything else would have been lost on the "wee German lairdie," as the Jacobites termed George Louis of Hanover, a most unwilling king.

The sands of life of another sovereign were running out. Louis XIV., who had seen six English monarchs on the throne, had reached his 77th year when the peace of Utrecht brought some repose to France. Family sorrows did not, however, cease to pursue him. First, his grandson, Philip V. of Spain, lost his bright young wife, Marie Louise of Savoy, early in 1714, and in May, the Duke of Berri bruised his chest against the pommel of his saddle, and died from the internal injury a few days later. There only remained the frail little great-grandson, the child of the Duke of Burgundy, for the Duke of Berri left no heirs, only a widow, the Duke of Orleans'

CAMEO XXIII.

Deaths of French Royal Family. 1714.

daughter, and the scandal of the court. The legitimated children, as they were termed, of Louise de la Vallière and Athenaïs de Montespan had all died, except the two sons of the latter, who both were good and able and studious men, but the Duke of Maine had been lame from his birth, and the Count of Toulouse was in bad health. The Duchess of Maine, a daughter of the Prince of Condé, was a tiny being, full of wit, liveliness and ambition, holding a little court at Sceaux, which was full of amusement but terribly extravagant. They had lost their only child during this melancholy year. The King of Spain had two little sons, Louis and Fernando, to the younger of whom France began to look for the future in case the sickly little Dauphin did not survive.

Philip shut himself up in his despairing grief, with the Princess des Ursins, who seems to have contemplated making him marry her; but was afraid of the old king. She however, took care to choose him a wife so rapidly, that there was no chance of previous interference. She thought that the daughter of the Duke of Parma, Elizabeth Farnese, would be easily amenable, as coming from a petty court, and being very young. So the young lady was brought to Spain, and the Camerera mayor went off to receive her in state; but, instead of accepting her civilities, Elizabeth turned round to the guards, saying, "Take away that mad woman," and caused her to be put into a carriage and conducted to the frontier in the most summary manner. Philip showed himself very glad to be thus freed from his tyrant, and became instantly devoted to his new wife. Madame des Ursins repaired to Italy, and her latter days were spent in managing the affairs of James Francis Stewart.

Louis XIV. was hurt at his grandson's emancipation from his authority, and manifested his displeasure by an act which placed the Duke of Maine and Count of Toulouse on a level with the Princes of the Blood Royal.

No well-wisher to France, or to the little heir, could wish to see Philip of Orleans at the head of affairs, though Louis had never believed all the harm reported of his nephew, and called him *Le fanfaron de crimes;* but evidently under the influence of Madame de Maintenon, he made an attempt to prevent all power from falling into such unprincipled hands, by drawing up a will in August, 1714, arranging as best he could for the welfare of the poor child, his great-grandson, by appointing the Duke of Maine to watch over the boy's safety and education, and failing him, the Count of Toulouse. Both had seats in the Council of Regency. The Duke of Orleans was necessarily nominally to be at the head; but the King closely restricted his power, without, however, much hope that the dead hand would be respected.

A niche, closed by an iron door, in the Palais de Justice, received the will, Louis saying as it was placed there, that no one, save himself, knew the contents, and adding, "I have purchased my rest."

CAMEO XXIII.

The Bull Unigenitus. 1713.

Afterwards he said these same words to Madame de Maintenon and Queen Mary Beatrice, whom he found with her, adding, "I know its impotence and uselessness. While we exist, we can do as we will. Afterwards, we can do less than private individuals. See what became of my father's will, and those of other kings. I know well; but it was required of me. So, Madame, it is done. Come what may, I shall no longer be tormented."

All the next winter and spring, he continued his usual habits—as in the prime of his vigorous age—he still rose early in full state, heard Mass, sat upright, working hard with his ministers, and attending to everything, as of old; gave audience to ambassadors, showed all his keenness and resolution; took his drives to Marly; hunted the stag in his carriage; spent his evenings in Madame de Maintenon's room, playing at lansquenet, and hearing music, or conversing but wearily and sadly; and Madame de Maintenon, older than he was, was known to sigh out that no one knew how hard it was to amuse an unamusable king. He missed the Duchess of Burgundy; and Madame de Berri, trying to take the same place, only disgusted him, for her wit was spiteful satire, not innocent mirth; and her share in the orgies of her father, the Duke of Orleans, shocked him. Indeed, the Orleans party sneered and derided the strict religious observances of the court; and no doubt in many there was much hypocrisy, and, at the best, much narrowness of mind and tyranny over men's consciences.

Louis had long been pressing for a more crushing condemnation of Quesnel's *Commentary on the Gospels*, therewith of Jansenism, and at last, in September, 1713, it was extorted from Pope Clement XI., in the form of what was called, from its opening words, the Constitution *Unigenitus Dei Filius*. It condemned a hundred and one sentences in Quesnel's book, as agreeing with the five propositions ascribed to Jansen. They mostly were founded on the incorrect doctrine of the irresistibility of grace; but they could not in more impartial times have been convicted of heresy. In the committee of bishops who were appointed to report on the Constitution, and compose a letter of thanks to the Pope, nine, with Cardinal de Noailles at their head, expressed their dissatisfaction with the Bull, though forty accepted it submissively. Parliament registered it, though not without a dissentient voice; and at the Sorbonne, the theological college where De Noailles was provisor, there was the same request that reference might be made to His Holiness for explanation. The King sent down positive orders for unqualified submission, and four of the chief dissentients received *lettres de cachet*. Cardinal de Noailles still resisted, and it was felt that to put a blameless man, much revered and loved by the whole country, under censure for asking an explanation was going too far. A National Council was talked of, and M. Amelot, a Councillor of State, was sent to Rome to confer with the Pope.

CAMEO XXIII. — *Doubts of Pope Clement XI.* 1715.

Clement XI. declared then in a private interview that he greatly regretted the putting forth of the Bull, and he had only consented because the King and his Confessor Le Tellier had assured him that there would be no opposition. Then Amelot asked why such a long catalogue of extracts had been put forth, such as to provoke controversy. The Pope burst into tears and caught the envoy by the arm. "O, Monsieur Amelot," he cried, "what would you have had me do? I struggled to the utmost to curtail the list, but Father Le Tellier had told the King that there were more than a hundred propositions meriting censure. He did not choose to be shown to have spoken falsely, and they forced me at the point of the bayonet to condemn more than a hundred to prove him right. I only added one! You see, M. Amelot, how impossible it was that I should act otherwise."

However Clement dreaded a council, yet he sent orders to Noailles to submit within fifteen days under penalty of being degraded from his Cardinal's office, but the message never seems to have been communicated. The King had decided on his own authority on convoking a National Council, but the end of his reign and life prevented this. He was not strong enough to hold the *lit de Justice* for convoking the Council, and it was remarked that he had grown much thinner and his legs were swelling, but he did not give way till the August of 1715 when he nearly fainted while giving audience to the Persian ambassador.

Black spots appeared on his legs, but he kept his Court round his bed, and had his meals in public. On the 24th he found it difficult to swallow, but on the next day, the Feast of St. Louis, when the drums came as usual to salute him, he ordered them up under his window, and afterwards had the door opened into the ante-chamber to listen to four-and-twenty violins and hautbois. In the evening, however, after a sleep, he felt so ill that he spoke of receiving the last Sacraments, and for the next five days he was sinking, though fully conscious and as dignified and resolute as he had always been. To the Cardinals of Rohan and De Bissy, in the presence of Le Tellier and Madame de Maintenon, "I die," he said, "in the faith and obedience of the Church. I have not sufficient learning to understand the questions which trouble her; I have simply followed your advice. I have done what you required. If I have done wrong you are answerable for it before God, and for this I call Him to witness."

The Confessor at least seems to have had no doubts. The dying King wished to see and be reconciled to the Cardinal de Noailles, whom he had always esteemed, but Le Tellier clogged the message with the stipulation that the Bull *Unigenitus* should be accepted unconditionally, and to the extreme grief of the Cardinal he was excluded.

On the 26th, he sent for all who had the *entrée* of his apartments. "Messieurs," he said, "I ask your pardon for the bad example that I have set you. I have much cause to thank you for the manner in which

CAMEO XXIII.

Deathbed of Louis XIV. 1715.

you have served me, and the attachment and fidelity you have always shown to me. I am very sorry not to have been able to do for you all that I wished. The bad times have been the cause. I ask for the same attention and fidelity towards my grandson. He is a child who may have many reverses. Follow my nephew's orders. He will govern the kingdom; I hope he will do so well. I hope all will contribute to union. I feel that I am agitating myself; I am agitating you, also, I beg your pardon. Adieu, messieurs, I hope you will sometimes remember me."

The princesses then came in, giving way to noisy grief.

"You must not scream so," said the King; and after bidding them farewell, he sent for the little Dauphin. The boy was brought by his governess, the Duchess de Ventadour, who put him on the bed. "My child," said the old man, "you are about to be a great king. Render to God what you owe to Him. Know your obligations towards Him; make your subjects honour him. Try to keep peace with your neighbours. I loved war too well. Do not imitate me in that matter, nor in my over-great expenses. Take advice about everything, and try to follow the best. Try to relieve your people, as I have been so unfortunate as never to have done." Then, kissing the child, "Mignon, I give you my blessing with all my heart;" and then called him back a second time for a fresh tender embrace and blessing, with hands uplifted, so that every one wept at sight of the half-bewildered orphan, with fair face and golden hair, thus lifted away from the dying man, the only person who loved him by the ties of blood.

The King saw two of his attendants sobbing in a corner. "Why do you weep?" he said. "Did you think me immortal?"

Madame de Maintenon had been close to him all the time, and to her he said—

"I have always heard that it was difficult to resolve to die—I do not find it so."

"Ah, sire," she said, "it may be so when there is great attachment to creatures, hatred in the heart, or reparations to make."

"Ah, reparations," said the King, "I have not to make to individuals. As to what is due to the kingdom, I hope in God's mercy."

He sent again for the Duke of Orleans.

"When I am dead," he said, "you will have the young King taken to Vincennes, where the air is good. He will stay there till all the ceremonies are over at Versailles, and the castle well cleaned afterwards, then you will bring him back."

He even gave orders for the furnishing of Vincennes, and had a case opened where there was a plan of the castle; because, as the Court had not been there for fifty years, the present grand marshal of the chambers had never arranged the accommodations. Several times he said: "When I was king." When the curé of Versailles told him that prayers for his life were being offered in all the churches, he said: "That is not the concern; it is my salvation that ought to be prayed for."

CAMEO XXIII.

Death of Louis XIV. 1715.

While he spoke to others, Madame to Maintenon was in a room close by, and she was with him whenever he was alone. Once he said: "What comforts me in leaving you is that we shall soon meet again." She could not answer.

"What will become of you?" he asked. "You have nothing."

"Do not think of me," she said, "I am nothing! Think of God."

She remained beside him till he became unconscious, and then went away to St. Cyr. She has been much blamed for this, but at her great age she was entirely worn out; and in her unrecognised position there were difficulties avoided by going when she could no longer be of any service to him, and all supposed there would be no more power of recognition.

When, however, the priests were chanting the prayers for the dying, his voice was heard joining in. "*Nunc et in horâ mortis*," he was heard to mutter several times. Then aloud, "My God, come to me; haste Thee to help me."

These were his last words, and at eight o'clock on the morning of the 1st of September, 1715, he died, the day before his seventy-seventh birthday, after a reign of seventy-two years.

The next day, the Duke of Orleans brought Madame de Maintenon an order for a pension of sixty thousand livres, "rendered necessary by her generosity," the preamble said; and she lived four years longer in peace and devotion at St. Cyr.

It is impossible not to compare the deathbeds of the two sovereigns whose armies had so hotly contended, and whose reigns both alike completed an era.

Queen Anne, in her piteous desolation, was certainly the most melancholy, but did she not carry with her a deep repentance for the great error of her life, the hard-hearted levity with which she had been led to treat her father and deny her brother? It is hard to judge what would have seemed the duty of a wiser, more far-sighted woman, for the dangers to Church and State were very near; but there is no doubt that Anne erred greatly in the unnatural part that she acted, and that she suffered a bitter retribution. Had she been passive, the revolution would equally have been accomplished, and the ends gained. Had she adhered to her father and refused the Crown, she would have been remembered with honour; but here there is no judging. As it was, she could honestly and conscientiously reign by the choice of the nation, and weak, illiterate, and even silly woman as she might be by nature, there is no question but that she was a good sovereign, whose reign had an excellent effect on her people. Hers were quiet, homely virtues, but they had their influence. The appointments to Church benefices were conscientious, and there was an effort to raise the nation from the slough into which Charles II. had plunged it, though unhappily the next reign plunged it back again.

And, alas, many of the corruptions of those times were chargeable

CAMEO XXIII.

Characters of Louis and Anne. 1715.

to the example of Louis XIV. So brilliant a personage, on such an eminence of success, and with so many really high qualities, could not sin without imitators, and princes found it easier to follow his vices than his virtues.

He was a man who, with better training, might have been a true glory to his country and benefactor to Europe; but under his good, but narrow and ignorant, mother, and the intriguing Mazarin, self-idolatry and mechanical religion grew up with him, and he never had such cultivation of his powerful intellect as to enable him to enter into great questions of religion or politics. Thus, in private life, he followed his inclinations though against his conscience; in religion he gave himself blindly to his leaders, and used his despotic power not only to persecute those whom they denounced, but even to force the hand of the Pope; and, in his government at home, he sincerely believed that any amount of sacrifice of his subjects was due to himself and to the glory of his kingdom, and that abroad all nations should bow to France. Yet with all his errors and all the fatal harm he did, there was a certain uprightness of heart, honesty of purpose, and rectitude of will, that, joined to the majesty and graciousness of his demeanour, might well win the hearts of his people, who, from first to last, almost adored him. He died with great dignity, and as nearly repentant as he knew how to be. Fénelon, the noblest, most blameless, and perhaps the most unjustly treated of all his contemporaries, had preceded him by a few months to the grave, falling ill first after Christmas. His nephews, the Marquis de Fénélon, and the Abbé, his brother, had hastened to his side, and brought the best physician in France, manifesting the most tender affection, but nothing could prolong his life. "Thy will, not mine, be done," was his prayer, as he suffered until the morning of January 17th, 1715. It is said that Clement XI. wept, not only for the loss, but for his own weakness in not having made the saintly man a cardinal for fear of Louis XIV.

Both reigns had been times of great progress in literature, meriting in some degree their title of Augustan ages, but the chief writers in France had belonged rather to Louis's zenith than to his decline, and he had outlived most of them, whereas most of the greater writers of Queen Anne's time were in their prime at the time of her death.

Swift had taken up his residence at Dublin as Dean of St. Patrick's, and there continued to write his most memorable works. George Berkeley, the admirable Christian philosopher, whose schemes far outran his time, was Bishop of Cloyne. Alexander Pope, the Roman Catholic poet, small in person but keen in intellect, was writing his epigrammatic couplets at Twickenham, as full of ability as of bitterness; and in 1711 Joseph Addison and Sir Richard Steele commenced the *Spectator*, which, by its criticism on literature, the examples it held up, and its gentle satire, did much to purify and renovate the taste that had become degraded.

CAMEO XXIV.

TWO NEW REIGNS.

1714–1715.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1714. George I.	1715. Louis XV.	1711. Charles VI.
	Spain.	
	1700 Philip V.	

CAMEO XXIV.
—
George I.
1714.

"QUEEN ANNE'S dead." We can quite believe the proverb to have arisen in the days of wailing that ensued on the demise of the dull and gentle lady whom circumstances had brought to the throne.

Proclamation of George was made everywhere without obstruction; the Jacobites could not move without orders, and James Edward Stewart durst not move without the support of France. He was at Bar-le-duc in Lorraine, but came as far as Plombières to facilitate interviews with the French authorities; but in the exhaustion of the nation, he was received with no encouragement, and his mother, who came thither to meet him, dreaded any adventurous step, so that he only set forth a manifesto, declaring his claims and explaining to his English friends that he had been waiting for assistance from his sister, which had been prevented by her deplorable death.

George, on his side, showed no haste to mount the throne. He was fifty-four years of age, and averse from trouble, much attached to his native dukedom, and by no means desirous of the toils of governing a strange country. He had been married to his cousin, Sophia Dorothea, the daughter of his uncle, Duke of Zelle, by a left-handed marriage with a beautiful Frenchwoman, Eléonore d'Olbreuse. The arrangement seems to have been made to prevent difficulties as to the succession, and after she had borne him two children, George and Sophia, charges were made against her, apparently without cause, and she was shut up in the castle of Ahlden and never allowed to see her children again. Twenty-eight years were thus spent, and she died a little before her husband's accession. Both her children were married, Sophia to the heir of Prussia, George to Caroline of Anspach, a very handsome, brilliant, and clever woman. It was not a very satisfactory court. The

CAMEO XXIV.

Arrival of George I. 1714.

immorality of France had infected most of the petty princes of Germany, who could resemble Louis XIV. in his vices if in nothing else; and even the ladies who were virtuous themselves expected nothing from their husbands. And indeed, there was a freethinking tone among the cleverer persons of the day, led by the society around the Regent Duke of Orleans, and in which Caroline participated.

It was nearly seven weeks after Anne's death, before George I. arrived in England on the 18th of September, 1714, accompanied by his son, and publicly entered London. Two ladies, Mademoiselle Schulenburg and Countess Platen, understood to be such as Madame de Montespan had been, came too. They were believed to be very avaricious, and when driving through London were mobbed. One of them, the best English scholar of the two, put out her head, and said: "My good people, we are come for all your goods."

"Ay, and for all our chattels too!" was the answer.

So little had George cared for his possible inheritance that he had never taken the trouble to learn English, but he understood the bias of parties enough to make all his cabinet of Whigs, Lord Halifax, First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; Lord Cowper, Lord Chancellor; Shrewsbury, Lord Chamberlain; Marlborough, Commander-in-Chief; and Sir Robert Walpole, Paymaster of the Forces; but Marlborough was mortified by finding that almost all power as to commissions and promotions was taken out of his hands. When the writs were issued for the new parliament, a proclamation accompanied them, that the electors should show due regard to the Protestant succession, and so unlike were people then to what they are now, that this was effectual in securing a considerable Whig majority.

Sir William Wyndham very reasonably attacked the proclamation in the House, calling it unprecedented, and dangerous to the well-being of parliaments, but as this came from a Tory, the Whigs shouted, "The Tower! the Tower!" till Walpole said: "I am not for gratifying the desire that the honourable member shows for being sent to the Tower. It would make him of too much consequence." However, it was known that there was an intention of impeaching the members of the recent Government for their Jacobite attempts, and Lord Bolingbroke fled from the storm, crossing to Calais in the disguise of a servant.

The Duke of Ormond and Lord Oxford, however, remained, and the former gave splendid entertainments at Richmond; the Secretary of State was John Erskine, Earl of Mar, who had vibrated between Whig and Tory till his popular nickname was Bobbing John, perhaps alluding to his deformity, for he was sometimes said to be as crooked in mind as in body.

The Tory Government had made him the chief manager of Scottish affairs, and he addressed a letter of warm congratulation to King George; but he was not trusted, and was deprived of his office, whereupon in great wrath he threw himself into the arms of the

CAMEO XXIV.

Impeachment of Tories. 1714.

Jacobites, and put himself into communication with the Chevalier de St. George.

John Campbell, Duke or Argyle, was made commander of the Scottish forces, and held levées in princely fashion.

After all the papers that could be collected respecting the Peace of Utrecht or Jacobite correspondence had been seized, a committee was appointed to examine them, Walpole being their chairman. When their report was read in the House of Commons, there was great indignation, and Lord Bolingbroke was impeached for high treason, with little opposition. Then followed the impeachment of the Earl of Oxford, and, after some delay, that of Ormond, who fled to France. It is said that before he went, he visited Oxford and advised him to escape. On finding that the Earl would not do this, he said, "Farewell, Oxford without a head," to which the reply was, "Farewell, Duke without a duchy." Ormond never returned, and died after thirty years of exile.

Oxford was sent to the Tower, and the poet Prior was examined in hopes of eliciting evidence against him, but nothing available was found, though he remained for some time longer a prisoner. In the meantime the Jacobites began to be full of hope. It was known that George was not popular, and that Marlborough was neglected; and, indeed, he corresponded with his nephew, the Duke of Berwick, as if anxious to be well with both parties, and when Bolingbroke and Ormond came over as banished men, their hopes rose high. Just before his death, Louis XIV. had actually given the Chevalier de St. George, as James Stewart was usually called, arms and stores enough to fill twelve ships which lay at Havre; but great changes had come over the French Court.

Poor little Louis XV., a fair delicate creature of five, had been proclaimed and produced in public, led by the Duchess de Ventadour, in purple velvet leading-strings, for the desolate child had no one near enough to him in rank to be seen touching his hand, and his steps were not yet secure.

The Duke of Orleans went in state to take the late king's will out of its hiding-place, but there was very little intention of acting upon it. It was already known that the endeavour had been to limit the power of the Duke of Orleans as much as possible, and to throw it into the hands of the Duke of Maine and a Council of Regency, and the general dislike and weariness of the old policy, the jealousy of the Duke of Maine, and the sense that this was contrary to the old habit of making the regent a king in power for the time being, all influenced the persons concerned. In like manner, Henri IV. and Louis XIII., who had no confidence in their queens, had tried to set bounds to their authority; but in both cases the will had been set aside, as Louis XIV. had well remembered when he warned Madame de Maintenon that his would be a dead letter.

It was carried to the parliament. Every one was present, but the will was read in a low rapid voice, and nobody affected to attend to the

words of the man whose speech when alive, two days before, had been listened to almost like that of a god. Lord Stair, the English ambassador, was in a private seat; he had been assured by the Abbé Dubois, the chief confidant of the Duke of Orleans, that the Houses of Hanover and Orleans were bound to support one another.

When the will had been read, the Duke of Orleans said: "No doubt the King did not understand the force of what he had been made to do" (with a meaning glance at the Duke of Maine), "for he told me, during his last days, that I should find nothing that would not satisfy me." Then he demanded that his regency should be declared full and absolute, with power to choose his own council. The Duke of Maine tried to speak: "Monsieur, in your turn," said Philippe of Orleans. And he went on to declare that the regency was impossible under such conditions.

There was a mournful silence, for every one knew why he had been thus fettered; and the Duke of Maine was able to speak of the late king's great confidence in him.

"Strange," said Orleans, "that it should be in any but myself."

A dispute began, in which the Duke of Maine's known high character was giving him the advantage, when it was broken up by his enemies persuading all to adjourn till after dinner. In the interval, they spent their time in persuading the peers and magistrates, and hinting to the timid that the duke had guards surrounding them, and that weapons were under the dresses of his friends. When the Assembly met again, no one durst utter the reasons why the poor old king had wished to put the child into other hands. The entire authority was then vested in the hands of the regent, and the Duke of Maine then said: "Since I am despoiled of the authority conferred upon me by the codicil, I demand to be discharged of the guardianship of the King, and of the responsibility for his person, only preserving the superintendence of his education."

"Very willingly, monsieur," said the Duke of Orleans.

The Duke of St. Simon regarded this as the greatest triumph of his life by the humiliation of the legitimate princes. So narrow were men's views, this was all they saw when giving up their country and its infant king to one of the worst and most unprincipled of men, and thus sealing the general ruin; while there is something remarkable in the tardy precautions of Louis XIV. for both having been frustrated through the effect of his own earlier vices.

In the Bourbon race, the type of Henri IV. has from time to time been reproduced—extreme good nature and fascination of manner, united to the most lax habits of self-indulgence. Our own Charles II. was a decided instance, and Philippe of Orleans was such another, and he had fallen upon times when there was even less of restraint than in the Court of the Restoration.

"I wish to be free to do good, and to have my hands tied for evil," he said, when in the name of the little king, who was carried to hold a

CAMEO XXIV.
Toleration of Jansenists. 1715.

bed of justice on the 12th of September, he appointed six councils, for foreign affairs, finance, conscience, war, naval affairs and interior affairs, to which one for commerce was added. It sounded well, but the members were chiefly his dissipated friends, or men who got in by bribing his confidants.

However, his kindness of heart led to a great release of prisoners, especially Jansenists. In the Bastille were persons who had been there so long that their very crime was forgotten. One Italian, who had been arrested thirty-five years before on his arrival at Paris, only begged to stay there, for he had no home, no relations, no resources! In fact, though the Bastille was the emblem of tyranny, the captives seem to have lived a fairly comfortable life, and to have enjoyed one another's society, and visits of friends. After this great gaol delivery, it was very little used.

The Regent wished to give some relief to the Protestants, but his counsellors prevented him, though their condition was much less wretched than before during his government. The Jansenists were no longer molested, indeed Cardinal de Noailles was put at the head of the ecclesiastical council of conscience, while Père le Tellier was sent away with a pension of 6,000 livres, though the will had appointed him confessor to the young Louis. Marshal Villars was very properly at the head of the War Department, the Count of Toulouse over the Naval, Marshal d'Huxelles had foreign affairs, the Duke d'Antin Domestic.

Orleans himself had no unkind feeling towards the boy, whose protector he knew himself to be, but he was too much steeped in dissipation to attend to the duties of his position more than he could help. The sub-preceptor of his boyhood, the Abbé Dubois had been his great corruptor, ministering to his excesses from boyhood upwards, and thus acquiring great ascendancy over him, and so over public affairs; it is hard to say who was the most shameless person in Europe, the Abbé Dubois, the Regent, or his widowed daughter, the Duchess of Berri.

"Woe to the land whose king is a child, and whose princes drink in the morning," is a sacred saying often verified, and never more completely than in the days of the young Louis XV., when as Guizot says: "the long agony of France was beginning."

The little king was thus far in kindly hands. Madame de Ventadour loved him, and the Abbé de Fleury, his tutor, was a good and pious man; but there was no spirit of Fénelon to guide them, and instead of being taught his responsibilities, the shy boy was coaxed to show himself at the window by the call, "Come, sire, look at these people, they are all your Majesty's." He was a gentle, docile boy, with no signs of ability or of strength of will like his father, but more like his uncles, pleasant to his tutors, but with little substance or promise of spirit.

Outside his nursery, the Court was in a state unparalleled, except by

CAMEO XXIV.
—
Dubois.
1715.

that of heathen Emperors of old, with the one exception that there were no cruelties, except that the persecutions of the Huguenots still had their course; but that was in the south, beyond the ken of the good-natured Regent. Indulgence of all kinds, shared freely and shamefully by his daughter, the Duchess of Berri, scandalised all that was respectable, while the affairs of the kingdom were chiefly guided by the Abbé Dubois.

This man was the son of an apothecary in a little town in the Limousin, and by considerable cleverness had become tutor to the Duke of Orleans, and then his boon companion in his wildest dissipation, as well as in scientific experiments, and from boyhood upwards the duke had depended on him for saving trouble. Dubois was sixty years old with a face like a fox under his blonde wig, when the Regent made him a Minister of State.

A very good Chancellor was however appointed on the sudden death of the former one, M. d'Aguesseau, who was taken quite by surprise. He was at church when a messenger summoned him to the Palais Royal, but he would not move till the Mass was finished. Then the Regent received him by giving him the seals, and presenting him as Chancellor to those present, then taking him to pay homage to the little king. Half dizzy with surprise, he went to his brother, who was clever, idle and a philosopher, and whom he found sitting by the fire in his dressing-gown, smoking his pipe.

"Brother," said D'Aguesseau, "I am Chancellor."

"Chancellor? What have you done with the other?"

"He died suddenly last night."

"Oh! Rather you than I."

CAMEO XXV.

THE FIFTEEN.

1715-1716.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1714. George I.	1715. Louis XV.	1711. Charles VI.
	Spain.	
	1700. Philip V.	

CAMEO XXV.

Jacobite Schemes. 1715.

THE unpopularity of the House of Hanover was an encouragement to the Jacobites, and the deposition of the Earl of Mar from the Government of Scotland, as well as the prosecution of Lord Bolingbroke, gave fresh impulse to their schemes, though there was little direct movement on the part of James Stewart himself. But in contrast to the rude, clumsy, middle-aged German George, he was handsome, graceful, young, and well-mannered, and the very thought of him and of his misfortunes caused an enthusiastic feeling in the Roman Catholic gentry of northern England, and among the Scots, who had none of the John Bull distaste to French breeding.

The French Court, however, was adverse. Orleans disliked Queen Mary Beatrice as belonging to the Maintenon clique, and, moreover, the finances of France were in such a state that it would have been most imprudent to do what could not but result in a fresh war. The Earl of Stair had his ear, and persuaded him of the improbability of the success of a Jacobite rising, and he therefore would not raise a finger for the attempt, giving neither money nor troops.

The only chance of prosperity would have been to have had such a general as the Duke of Berwick at the head of the expedition; but as a Marshal in the French army, he, as one of the most loyal of men, could not stir without the consent of his Government, though he did what he could by council. Mary Beatrice placed all her confidence in him, and this excited jealousy on Bolingbroke's part. Indeed, he soon found that there was little, save confusion and chatter, among the Jacobite counsellors, and that nothing could be easier than for Lord Stair to discover their plans. There was one wild proposal of obtaining the hand of Mademoiselle de Valois, the Regent's unmarried daughter, for

CAMEO XXV.
—
Standard raised. 1715.

the Chevalier de St. George, whom she admired enough to make her desirous of the match, but she could get no answer from her father but, "*Nous verrons, ma fille, nous verrons.*"

Bolingbroke was sure that there would be no success in Scotland without co-operation in England, and sent forth orders to the Earl of Mar, in the name of "King James," not to stir without a rising south as well as north of the Tweed; but these instructions seem to have come too late, for James had actually been foolish enough to send him a commission without the knowledge of either Berwick or Bolingbroke.

On the 1st of August, 1715, Mar went to King George's levée; on the 2nd, he started for Scotland in a collier with General Hamilton and Colonel Hay, and it is even said that he worked his passage. Arrived at Newcastle, he made his way to his own Castle of Braemar in Aberdeenshire, and there invited the Jacobite gentlemen to a great hunting match on the 27th.

Lords Huntley and Tullibardine, being the eldest sons of the Dukes of Gordon and Athol, the Earl of Southesk, the Chief of Glengarry, and some others came, and it was agreed to overthrow the Union, raise the standard of James, and summon their retainers. There was a strong box in which Mar was supposed to have 800,000 guineas, but if £8,000 was there, it was the utmost sum.

With sixty men around him, Mar raised the standard on the 6th of September at Kirk Machael. The gilt ball fell off the top of the pole, and this was viewed by the Highlanders as an evil omen; but he gathered 500 men of his own vassals, and all the mounted gentlemen were formed into a Royal Squadron under the Earl of Linlithgow, and had the standard confided to them. The clans eagerly rose, and James was proclaimed by the Earl of Panmure at Brechin, the Earl Marshal at Aberdeen, by Lord Huntley at Gordon, and by Claverhouse's brother at Dundee.

A letter was despatched to the Chevalier in Lorraine, entreating him to come and put himself at the head of his loyal subjects, and another to the Regent of France, begging that if he would not assist their Sovereign he would at least not prevent his joining them. Orleans had, however, already made up his mind to be on the side of the House of Hanover, and had laid an embargo on twelve ships of weapons and stores, which had been collected by the connivance, if not the assistance, of the old King, and on which all the available money of the Jacobites had been spent, so that James had nothing to send but a Duke's patent and a commission as Commander-in-Chief.

At Edinburgh, Lord Drummond, a Roman Catholic, with about eighty more gentlemen, laid a plot for scaling the castle at nine o'clock on the night of the 9th of September, and had even gained over three soldiers of the guard. Scaling ladders were prepared, which these men were to secure on the top of the wall, surmounting a very steep part of the rock up which the assailants were to climb. Having thus surprised the castle, they were to fire three cannon, and then on the coast of Fife a

CAMEO XXV.
—
Abortive plans.
1715.

beacon should be lighted and carried on from hill to hill, so as to warn Mar and his army to push forward to Edinburgh.

Far too many people knew the secret. In one house, where eighteen of the gentlemen were drinking, the hostess told some one that they were powdering their hair before taking the castle, and a lady, Mrs. Arthur, heard the whole scheme from her husband, a physician, whose brother was one of the conspirators. She quietly sent off a letter to the Lord Justice Clerk, but it did not reach him till ten o'clock, nor did his despatch arrive at the castle till eleven, so that if the surprise had been made at the time appointed, the warning would have come too late; but the carousing and powdering had delayed the party so long that the ladders were not brought till two hours after the time fixed, just when the guard was being changed, and the express had put the garrison on the alert. The sentinel, seeing his comrades coming up, fired his musket, and called out that they were ruined, the rope ladders were let go, and away went the conspirators, so fast that only four were made prisoners.

Government summoned to Edinburgh a good many suspected persons, and imprisoned those it could lay hands on; but the others, if wavering, were thus impelled to join the rebels. The Duke of Argyle had come to take the command, but he brought with him no troops, and at Stirling found only 1,000 infantry and 500 dragoons. It seems insanity in Mar, who had 8,000 men, not to have moved at this time, but he was waiting for news from the English Jacobites and for the arrival of the Chevalier, and he was trying to have Perth fortified, but it was said that the person employed in this was a French dancing master!

James, who was at Commercy, actually set forth for Scotland, intending to traverse France incognito, but nobody belonging to him had the power of keeping a secret, least of all his mother, and Lord Stair was informed at once. He obtained an order from the Regent for stopping him. This was confided to M. de Contades, but Stairs, truly suspecting that gentleman of being resolved *not* to find the unlucky traveller, had charged a Scot, named Douglas, to seize or even assassinate James. So it is said, and it can hardly be doing an injustice to the promoter of the massacre of Glencoe to think him capable of the crime, which he might justify to himself as saving his country from a civil war. However, when the Chevalier de St. George and these emissaries of Douglas were actually in the same hotel at Nonamcourt, the post-mistress, suspecting the matter, intoxicated one of the Scots, locked up the other, and sent the Chevalier safely on his way to St. Malo; but that port was watched by the English ships, and he had to make for Dunkirk, where he only arrived in December.

The Duke of Ormond had already tried a landing in Devonshire, but nobody had attempted to join him, and he had to sail away again. The Act of Habeas Corpus was suspended, and various of the most influential Jacobite gentlemen in England were arrested, among them Sir William Wyndham, son-in-law to the Duke of Somerset, and likewise sundry

CAMEO XXV.

Rising in Durham. 1715.

gentlemen at Oxford, who had been openly drinking King James's health every night.

A writ was sent to Durham for seizing Mr. Forster, the Member for Northumberland, and also James Ratcliffe, Lord Derwentwater, a Roman Catholic noble, with an enthusiastic wife and Stewart affections, derived through his grandmother, one of the illegitimate children of Charles II. Hearing of the order for their arrest being on the way, these two resolved to hasten on the rising, and met at Greenrig on the 6th of October, with a small troop of tenants and friends, when they marched to Warkworth, and were there joined by Lord Widdrington, the descendant of him who, at Otterburn, "when his legs were cutten off, fought upon his stumps," and of another who died on behalf of Charles I. in 1651; but though the Tower of Widdrington was "mother of many a valiant son," he seems to have been an exception, for the chaplain to the army says: "I never could discover any boldness or bravery in him." With his contingent there were ninety horse, and Forster was appointed general, not for his abilities, but because he was not a Roman Catholic, and therefore might excite less opposition. He proclaimed James III. at Warkworth with sound of trumpet, but kept himself in disguise. Tardily he moved on to Morpeth, his force now amounting to about 300, as he could not accept the services of those who could not provide their own horses and weapons, and they hoped to obtain foot soldiers from Lord Mar, with whom they were in communication, or Lord Kenmure, who had proclaimed James VIII. at Moffatt, and had been joined by the Earls of Nithsdale, Wintoun, and Carnwath.

It was thought that Newcastle might have been seized if the Whig inhabitants had been taken by surprise; but Forster was not prompt, and there was time for 700 men to enlist as volunteers, and for the walls to be hastily repaired. Baffled here, Forster proceeded to Hexham, and thence to Kelso, where they actually did join Kenmure's army. They then went on to Kelso, where they expected to be joined by Brigadier MacIntosh of Bohun, the only capable and experienced leader among them all, whom Mar had detached for the purpose.

Mar had, instead of attacking Argyle at once, tried to catch the Campbells in what he called a horse-net, and thus divided his own forces. MacIntosh was thus sent off to cross the Firth of Forth and threaten Argyle from the rear. To cross was dangerous, as there were three English ships on guard; but he occupied their attention by a feint of crossing at Burntisland, and in the night got 1,600 safe across in boats.

Edinburgh was exceedingly dismayed, and MacIntosh really hoped to surprise it by a sudden dash, but when within a mile of the city, he learnt that Argyle was close at hand, and therefore contented himself with seizing the citadel of Leith, where he could obtain a large quantity of stores from the Custom House. Argyle coming up, summoned him

CAMEO XXV. — *Disputes between English and Scots.* 1715.

to surrender, on which a Highland gentleman, the Laird of Kinnachin, appeared on the walls with the intimation that those within did not understand the word surrender, and hoped they never would. As to an assault, they were also, he said, prepared.

However, Argyle had no artillery with him, and waited for it. And MacIntosh, seeing it vain to attack Edinburgh, stole off at night, and reached Seyton House belonging to the Earl of Wintoun, where he entrenched himself and prepared for defence; but as Argyle was called off by an advance of Mar upon Stirling, he pushed across Lammermuir to Kelso and effected his junction with Kenmure and Forster, while on the other hand Mar drew back to Perth instead of engaging Argyle.

The conjunction of English and Scots was unfortunate, for there was no making their counsels agree, for the English would not go into Scotland to join the Earl of Mar, and the Scots would not go into England to encounter General Carpenter, who was an experienced officer. By way of splitting the difference, they took the middle course, which was the worst of all, marching along the Scottish edge of the Cheviots, while Carpenter, following in their track with his dragoons, appeared to be pursuing them.

There was an idea of besieging Dumfries, and Carpenter sent word to the inhabitants that if they could hold out for six hours he would come to their aid. However, the Englishmen declared that the only thing to be done was to return southwards and raise Lancashire and Cheshire; but this the Highlanders would not do, declaring that they were not going to England to be kidnapped and made slaves of, like their fathers in Cromwell's time. The English horsemen threatened to force them on, whereupon they cocked their muskets, and shouted that if they were to die, it should be in their own country. The Earl of Wintoun managed to appease them, but nothing would induce them to enter England, and at Ecclefechan, when the march into Lancashire was finally determined on, 500 of them deserted, meaning to get back into their hills, but a good many of them were taken on the way by the Cameronian peasantry. Wintoun went too, but presently returned to the army, though he took no more interest in the councils, and gave himself up to the idle dissipations of the hour, like one despairing of the cause, but bound in honour to share the fate of the rest.

They marched into Cumberland, and at Brampton, a small village, Forster opened his commission to command in England. The Bishop of Carlisle and Lord Lonsdale, the Lord Lieutenant, had called out the *posse comitatus*, 12,000 in number, but these were mostly rough ignorant peasants, greatly terrified at the first sight of the Highlanders who still remained, and of the gentlemen who formed the cavalry, and they all fled away at once, leaving such arms as they had behind them. Lord Lonsdale was left with only twenty men, and had to take refuge in Appleby Castle, and many prisoners and horses were taken. The men were released, the horses retained.

CAMEO XXV.
—
Surrender at Preston.
1715.

Most of the Roman Catholic gentlemen of Cumberland and Westmoreland were safe out of harm's way in Carlisle Castle as prisoners; but in Lancashire there was a considerable rising, and about 1,200 very ill-equipped people joined the troop at Preston; but during the last year Lancashire had been in such a state of turmoil that a good many soldiers were at hand, with General Wills, who collected them at Manchester, and then communicating with Carpenter, agreed that both would advance on Preston and there fall upon the rebels.

On the 11th of November, the tidings of Wills's advance came to Preston, whereupon Mr. Forster went to bed, and was roused with difficulty by Lord Kenmure to give the needful sanction to measures of defence.

Of course there were no walls, but the Ribble was crossed by a long narrow bridge, which might have been defended. It was, however, decided to defend the streets with barricades, and Lord Derwentwater laboured hard without his coat to encourage the toilers. Four barricades were erected, each protected by two pieces of cannon, and the houses round were occupied by men who shot from the windows.

Brigadier MacIntosh fought bravely all day, and repulsed each attack of Wills with much loss to the assailants. So did all the other three, and the only advantage gained by Wills was that the Cameronian regiment fought their way into two houses. The fight went on all night; but in the morning, the 13th of November, it was reported that General Carpenter was at hand. Forster lost heart, and, without a word to his comrades, he sent off to offer terms of capitulation.

These were refused by General Wills, who considered these unfortunate men as traitors, not enemies; but he finally relented so far as to say that if they would lay down their arms he would protect them from being cut to pieces by his soldiers.

The tidings caused the utmost fury in the little army, and if Forster had shown himself, he would have been torn to pieces. The Highlanders considered themselves as betrayed, and wanted to cut their way through the enemy; but their chiefs could not agree, and finally Lord Derwentwater and Macintosh—not the Brigadier, but his chief—were given up as hostages, and the royal troops were admitted.

The unfortunate besieged, 1,400 in number, were enclosed in the church and churchyard, and very roughly treated, the gold lace on the gentlemen's clothes tempting the soldiery so to strip them that they were obliged to take the green baize of the pews to cover themselves. So ended the miserable battle or siege of Preston, in which seven Jacobites and seventy of their opponents had been killed.

On that very same day, the 13th of November, came the crisis in Scotland. Mar had delayed at Perth, as if for the sake of giving Argyle time to increase his army, once a mere handful, but by reinforcements increased to 3,300 men, of whom 1,200 were cavalry. At last, on the 11th of November, Mar set forth with 10,000 men, some gentlemen well mounted and armed, but the greater part wild High-

CAMEO XXV. — *Sheriffmuir.* 1715.

landers, or peasants in greatcoats, and without any approach to the number of available weapons in the other force; besides that, these last were under good discipline, and had a leader who knew his own mind. Moreover, they suffered two great losses. The clan Fraser, 500 in number, had been brought by Mackenzie of Fraserdale, the husband of their direct heiress; but the heir male, Simon Fraser of Lovat, seeing which way matters were about to turn, suddenly arrived in the camp, and carried them all off with him, as they held the heir male to have far more claim to their allegiance than the lady's husband.

A hundred of the Gordon Highlanders also went off from discontent; but the Gordons who still remained were in high spirits, and thought themselves alone able to beat King George's army. The plan was to march to Ardoch, and send the vanguard forward to occupy the town of Dumblane. However, as the horse were advancing, a lame boy, making the best speed he could, met them, and told their commander, the Master of Sinclair, that the Leddy of Kippendavie, whose husband was in the army, had sent him with a warning that the Duke of Argyle was in the act of marching through Dumblane.

They sent forward a reconnoitring party, and a message back to the Earl of Mar, and bivouacked on the bank of the river Allan, whither another emissary of the Leddy of Kippendavie found her way, confirming the tidings of the enemy being beyond Dumblane.

All slept on the heath under their plaids, and in the morning of the 13th, they beheld a few officers reconnoitring on the top of the low hills on the opposite side of a bit of open ground, where the Sheriffs had been wont to hold their musters, and which was therefore called Sheriffmuir.

Mar, now it was come to the point, had determined to fight, though there were some who would have drawn back, even now, but the Highland clans were full of fire, and fairly rushed up the higher ground before them, so fast that the horsemen in the rear had to gallop. They met the Duke's columns on the summit, and ought to have charged at once, but the word was not given, though an old chieftain was heard to sigh, "Oh, for one hour of Dundee!" An old officer, Captain Livingstone, rode up to General Gordon and swore at him for losing the right moment, and Sir John MacLean, placing himself at the head of the clan, shouted, "Gentlemen, this is a day we have long wished to see. Yonder stands MacCallum Mohr for King George! Here stands MacLean for King James! Bless MacLean and King James! Charge!"

A brief prayer was muttered, the plaids were cast away, the Highlandmen dashed forward, firing, then dropping their pieces, and drawing their broadswords as they rushed among the bayonets. The young chief of Clanranald fell, but Glengarry, waving his bonnet, cried, "Revenge to-day! Mourning to-morrow," and all gave way before the furious charge. Broadswords were far more formidable weapons than bayonets, and all this left wing of Argyle's army was in such a panic

CAMEO XXV.

The Bob of Dumblane. 1715.

that the flight was pell mell, and General Whitham never paused till he reached Stirling.

Part of the centre likewise gave way, and the rest ought to have been charged; but while some of the Jacobite cavalry were pursuing the fugitives, the others, under Lord Huntley and the Master of Sinclair, were inert, either from lukewarmness, obstinacy, or because two regiments of dragoons kept them in check.

On the left wing of the Jacobite army Mar himself advanced, and tried to outflank Argyle; but the Duke, perceiving that a great morass on his right had been frozen over, ordered Major Cathcart to lead a squadron of horse across, and take the rebels in flank, while he charged in front. This was too much for them, though they fought bravely, and at last he drove them across the river Allan, when many were drowned. Thus the left wing of each army was defeated by the right wing of the other, and at the close of the day each army was on the field, Mar on the top of a rising ground, Argyle below.

It was said that when some one observed to the latter that his Grace had hardly gained a complete victory, he hummed the burthen of an old song—

> "If it was na weel bobbit, weel bobbit, weel bobbit;
> If it was na weel bobbit, we'll bob it again."

He no doubt expected a renewal of the fight, and indeed he was in considerable danger, for if Mar's men had only rolled down stones, they could have disordered his troops, instead of which Mar senselessly drew off his troops, whereupon Argyle took up his quarters at Dumblane, and returned next morning to the field. Ballads could not fail to treat with sarcasm this drawn battle of Sheriffmuir, otherwise the Bob of Dumblane.

> "There's some say that we wan,
> And some say that they wan,
> And some say that none wan at a', man.
> But of one thing I'm sure—
> That at Sherra Muir
> A battle there was that I saw, man;
> And we ran, and they ran,
> And they ran, and we ran,
> But Florence ran fastest of a', man."

Florence being Huntley's battle steed.

Another is a conversation between two shepherds on the Ochill hills—

> "O cam ye here the fight to shun,
> Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
> Or were ye at the Sherramuir,
> Or did the battle see, man?
> Pray tell which o' the parties wan,
> For weel I wot I saw them run
> Both south and north, when they begun
> To pell and mell, and kill and fell,
> Wi' muskets a' and pistols knell;
> And some awa did flee, mon."

CAMEO XXV. — *James's arrival. 1716.*

Finally they agree that—

'Scotland has not much to say
For such a fight as this is,
Where both did fight, both ran away,
And very close the miss is
That every officer was not slain
That ran that day and was not ta'en,
Either flying to or from Dumblane."

The loss of men on either side was nearly equal; but Argyle had captured four guns, thirteen colours, and three standards, including the Royal one, which had been named the Restoration.

The Seaforth Mackenzies ran away without a blow, so did the Stuarts of Appin, and even the Camerons of Lochiel, though they never dared to tell their very aged chief, Sir Evan, who had fought under Montrose and Dundee. Rob Roy Macgregor, the famous outlaw, said, when ordered to advance, "If they cannot do it without me, they shall not do it with me."

Mistrust of Mar, and despair of the cause he conducted, were probably the reasons for this tameness. General Hamilton declared, "If we have not gained a victory, we ought to fight Hamilton twice a week till we have;" but there was no stirring up Mar, and besides, the defaulters who had fled at Sheriffmuir never returned, while 6,000 Dutch troops were on the way to join Argyle. A deep snow hindered further measures, but just at this most hopeless juncture, young James Stuart landed at Peterhead, on the 12th of December, with six companions, one of whom was the Marquis of Tynemouth, son to the Duke of Berwick.

He arrived safely at Fetteresso, the abode of the Earl Marischal, who, on receiving the tidings, hurried off to welcome him, together with Mar and about thirty other gentlemen. They found him ill with ague, and they had to tell him of the defeat at Preston, and moreover that they could not hold out Perth, but must retreat into the Highlands.

It was a bad beginning, and the poor young Chevalier was a depressing person, tall, thin, and pale, shy and grave, of few words, and hardly ever seen to smile, altogether spiritless. It was indeed a melancholy state of affairs on which he came, but some men would have put new life into this decaying body, and, indeed, the bare news of his arrival greatly delighted his partisans, and filled them with hope till they saw him.

He reached Glamis Castle on the 4th of January, 1716, and two days later made a state entrance into Dundee at the head of 300 gentlemen. The people thronged to kiss his hands, and he went on to Scone, the palace and crowning place of his ancestors. He appointed a Privy Council, but his first speech was melancholy enough, for he told his friends that he was accustomed to misfortune. He was not to be persuaded to make any proclamation favourable to the Reformed religion,

and in consequence only two Presbyterian ministers publicly prayed for him. In one measure he allowed himself to be overruled, much against his own wishes, namely, that all the villages between Perth and Stirling were burnt down lest they should afford harbour to the advancing army, all the inhabitants being driven out in the depth of a severe winter.

This measure of course made his cause unpopular, and in the meantime Government, thinking Argyle tardy, sent Cadogan, one of Marlborough's generals, to quicken operations. Argyle probably wished to let the rebellion so die out as to save the lives and fortunes of his countrymen, but his inaction was viewed as suspicious, and on Cadogan's arrival, preparations were made for marching forward upon Perth.

The Highlanders hoped for a battle, sounded their pipes, and were in high glee till they heard that it was decided to retreat. "If he will die like a prince," they said, "here are 10,000 gentlemen ready to die with him!"

Sullenly then did they on the 30th of January begin their retreat through Dundee and Montrose. The weather was too severe for them to be pursued, but there was nothing but desertion and discontent. The poor Prince himself shed tears, but he was willing to have shared the fate of his party till the last, and only after the very strongest persuasions, was induced to join Mar in creeping out at a back door from his quarters at Montrose, and putting off in a boat for a French vessel which carried him to Gravelines. He left behind him a letter to Argyle, with all the money that remained to him, begging that it might be bestowed on the poor people whose houses had been burnt.

The Highlanders were furious when his evasion was known. The forsaken army under Gordon dragged along, diminishing at every step, as one after another went home, until in Caithness they broke up, the gentlemen mostly taking boat to the Orkneys and thence to the Continent, the poorer sort getting back to their farms, very few being made prisoners.

Preston had, however, unhappily afforded many prisoners. Those who had held commissions in the army under Queen Anne were shot at once, Lord Charles Murray hardly obtaining a reprieve. Many were sent to Chester and Liverpool, but the men of condition were taken to London, and at Barnet their arms were pinioned like criminals. The Guards came out to meet them with all the mob, and they were led into London amid hootings, abuse, and clattering of warming-pans by the rabble of the Whig mug-houses, where beer was drunk in opposition to the ale, which was the Tory beverage. Thus they were taken to the different prisons, Newgate, the Marshalsea, &c., the noblemen, Derwentwater, Widdrington, Nithsdale, Wintoun, Carnwath, Kenmure, and Nairn being carried to the Tower. It is not, however, the usual habit of the English to insult the fallen, and soon supplies of all kinds, food, money, and drink, were poured in on the capitives. The Tories

CAMEO XXV. — *Trial of Derwentwater.* 1718.

often visited them, and it was said that nowhere was it so easy to get change in gold or silver as in the prisons; but on the other hand, the jailors charged every room, indeed, every separate bed, at an exorbitant rate, that would have paid the year's rent of the best houses in London.

Parliament met on the 9th of January, and Mr. Lechmere began by impeaching James, Earl of Derwentwater, of high treason. The impeachments of the other noblemen followed and were sent to the Upper House. The seven—two English and five Scottish—were brought to the bar of the House on the 19th; they knelt, but the Lord Chancellor bade them rise, when they all pleaded guilty except Lord Wintoun, throwing themselves upon his Majesty's mercy.

For those who pleaded guilty, no trial was requisite, and Lord Cowper, the Lord High Steward, had to pronounce on them the sentence of beheading, and the six were taken back to the Tower with the edge of the axe turned towards them.

Great pity and solicitude were bestowed on them. Lady Derwentwater was accompanied by the Duchesses of Cleveland and Bolton to present a petition to the King, and £60,000 was offered to the First Lord of the Treasury if he would save the Earl's life. Lady Nithsdale and Lady Nairn obtained access to the palace and sat behind a window curtain, whence they came and met the King, kneeling before him, and speaking French to him. Lady Nithsdale held him by the skirt of his coat, and tried to thrust the petition into his pocket; but, like a German bear as he was, he marched on, so that the unhappy wife was dragged on her knees as far as the door, when one gentleman took her round the waist, and another wrested the coat from her, while the petition fell down and she almost fainted.

General Stanhope, who had been at Eton with Lord Nairn, made strong intercession for him, and obtained his pardon. In the House of Commons several of the Whigs, among them Sir Richard Steele, pleaded for mercy; but Walpole was determined on severity, and declared himself indignant that there should be "unworthy Members of the House who could speak in favour of rebels and *parricides*."

As if they had ever made a father of George I.! He moved the adjournment till the 1st of March, meaning to have the execution over in the interval; but he only had a majority of seven.

In the House of Lords, the Earl of Nottingham, though in office, led the party of leniency, and an address was sent up to the King entreating for mercy. The answer was that he would do what was suitable to the dignity of his crown and the safety of his person; but this remonstrance saved the lives of Lords Carnwath and Widdrington, though it hastened on the time appointed for the execution of the other three.

However, Winifred, Countess of Nithsdale, had her scheme for saving her husband. She took two ladies with her to the Tower on the last day, as if to take leave of the Earl. One, Mrs. Mills, was a large,

CAMEO XXV.
—
Escape of Nithsdale.
1718.

stout person, not much smaller altogether than the prisoner; the other, Mrs. Morgan, was tall and very slender, so that she could, without attracting notice, wear under her riding dress garments exactly like those of Mrs. Mills. Only one might go in with Lady Nithsdale at a time, so she first brought in Mrs. Morgan, who there took off one of her sets of clothes, and left it, the Countess going partly down stairs with her, and begging her aloud to send up her maid quickly with the dress in which to present her last petition. There then Lady Nithsdale received Mrs. Mills, who came in with her handkerchief up to her face, as if crying. She was a light-haired woman, and the Earl was dark; but his wife painted his eyebrows, and put on him a wig, then dressing Mrs. Mills in the gown, cloak, and hood brought by Mrs. Morgan, she took that lady downstairs, not crying this time. Lady Nithsdale again called, "My dear Mrs. Catherine, pray send my maid to me as quickly as possible. Hasten her as much as you can."

Then she hurried back, dressed the Earl in Mrs. Mills' clothes, and just at twilight, before the lights were brought, she conducted him down with his handkerchief to his face, while, as they passed the Guards, she reiterated entreaties for the maid to be sent with her dress. The maid Evans was at the bottom of the stairs, and he, bewildered, and incredulous of success, went away with her, while the brave wife returned, and talked aloud, so that the Guards might not suspect his absence. Finally she bade farewell to the supposed prisoner, saying that as Evans was not come, she must go and find out the cause, and telling the servant that he was not to take in lights till his Lordship called for them, went downstairs and called a coach, driving back to her own lodgings.

The Duchess of Montrose went to Court and saw the tidings received of the escape. She said the King was very angry; but another account says that he declared it was the best thing a man in that position could do!

The Nithsdales were hidden in a tiny garret, with no provision but a loaf and some wine, brought by Mrs. Mills in her pocket, from Thursday to Saturday, when that good friend conveyed the Earl to the Venetian Ambassador's, without the knowledge of that personage himself; but one of his suite smuggled the fugitive to Dover, in a livery as one of the servants accompanying the coach and six sent to meet his Excellency's brother.

The Countess in her hiding place must have heard the death-knell of her husband's friends, Derwentwater and Kenmure, who were led out to die on the 24th of February, the very morning after her exploit. Derwentwater was the first to be led up to the scaffold covered with black on Tower Hill. He turned very pale as he put his foot on the stair; but with a firm voice read aloud a paper, declaring himself to die a Roman Catholic, owning no sovereign but James III., only intending to have done his duty, and averring himself to be in charity with all men.

He took off his coat and waistcoat and bade the executioner not

CAMÉO XXV.

Execution of the Jacobite Nobles. 1718.

strike till he gave the signal, by the third repetition of "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Then his head was struck off at a single blow.

Lord Kenmure, a much older man, belonged to the church of Scotland, and was attended by two English clergymen as well as by his son. He died with the same piety and dignity. Tradition tells that Lord Derwentwater's remains were carried down to Westmoreland by a solemn procession, moving only by night, and resting by day in Roman Catholic chapels, where masses and requiems were said till nightfall, when the procession moved on again. It is also said that the little daughter born after his execution bore blood drops on her neck. His estates were granted to Greenwich hospital, and the family is extinct.

The Earl of Wintoun, who had pleaded "not guilty," was put on his trial on the 15th of March. Of his having been with the insurgents and with the Chevalier there was no doubt, but he hoped to prove that it had been on compulsion, and declared that he had plenty of good witnesses in Scotland, if their Lordships would only send for them and wait. Lord Cowper answered roughly that there had been delay enough.

"I hope, my Lords," said Wintoun, "that you will do me justice and not give me what we call in Scotland cupar law—hang a man first and try him afterwards."

He was sometimes considered as under witted, and this shrewd pun amused the Peers the more. He, however, was found guilty, but there was no intention of carrying out the sentence, and he was allowed to escape after a time.

In April a commission was opened for trying the commoners. Forster, Brigadier MacIntosh, and twenty more of the Preston prisoners were found guilty of treason, but Forster and MacIntosh with seven more found means of escaping to the Continent. Four were hanged in London, twenty-two in Lancashire, a thousand submitted to the King's mercy, and were shipped off to the plantations. This was thought extraordinary leniency at the time.

Of those who had escaped, some hung about St. Germains, or the Court of James, hoping for some fresh attempt. The wiser went into foreign service, French, Spanish, Austrian, or Prussian, where the Earl Mareschal was especially distinguished.

James himself had at first hurried to reassure his mother of his safety, and to hold a private interview with the Regent, in which he did not succeed. Bolingbroke came to see him, and advised him to go back to Bar le Duc; but he had to wait for permission from the Duke of Lorraine. In the meantime he quarrelled with Bolingbroke and dismissed him. Queen Mary Beatrice tried to mediate, but received from Bolingbroke the polite answer that he wished his right arm might rot off if he ever used gun or sword again in the service of her son.

James took up his abode in the papal city of Avignon. His mother never saw him again. She died at St. Germains on the 17th of May, 1718, in her sixtieth year, after thirty years of exile, and sixteen of a widowhood spent in pious exercises.

CAMEO XXVI.

BUBBLES—FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

1718-1722.

England.	*France.*	*Spain.*
1714. George I.	1715. Louis XV.	1700. Philip V.
	Germany.	
	1711. Charles VI.	

THE general degeneracy that seemed to have set in with the 18th century manifested itself among other forms in fierce lust of gain, and a wild spirit of speculation. Those financial complications which had hitherto been left to Jews, Venetians, and Genoese began to occupy every one, and the ideas of interest upon capital became universal. Paterson, in the Bank of England, gave the first impulse, but with a sober-minded spirit which made it a success.

France, on the other hand, at the opening of the Regency, was in such a state as to be ready to resort to desperate remedies. When the Duke de Noailles presided the treasury was empty, the country exhausted, there was no pay for the troops, and in the provinces there were whole districts going out of cultivation, partly from depopulation through the long wars, partly from the crushing weight of the taxes, imposts, feudal dues of every sort that overwhelmed the peasantry. The Duke de Noailles tried to be economical. He diminished the enormous Royal household, and while reducing the army by 25,000 men, each soldier who should repair a ruined homestead and cultivate its farm was promised freedom from taxes for six years. The accounts were looked into, and the collectors who farmed the revenue were squeezed, so as to deprive them of all the wealth unfairly gained. But this measure was much obstructed.

The Parliament, though honest men little favourable to fraud, were jealous of Government interference, and so entirely dulled was public morality in this respect, that the courtiers, ladies, and all took bribes from the threatened financiers to obtain exemption from the inquiry from the easy-going Regent! Thus there was much less recovered than had been expected, and the deficit in the treasury was terrible.

CAMEO XXVI.
—
John Law's Scheme.
1705.

Some twenty years before, Paterson had come to the aid of William III. by suggesting the establishment of the Bank of England, and another Scotsman offered to show the Regent the means of freeing himself from his difficulties. John Law, who was born in 1671, was son to a goldsmith in Edinburgh, a profession with which banking was still closely united. He lost his father at fourteen, and soon became a man of pleasure, and was known as Beau Law or Jessemy Law at Edinburgh and in London. He gambled on system, and with such dexterity that he prospered greatly till a love affair caused a duel, in which he killed his opponent, was tried, and sentenced to death, but was reprieved. Hopes were given of a pardon, but the family of the deceased hindered it, and he escaped from prison and repaired to Paris, where after another course of successful gaming, he is said to have eloped with Lady Catherine Knollys, Lord Banbury's sister. At Genoa and Venice he studied banking, and afterwards at Amsterdam. There he conceived a system making Government become a gambler on a large scale, by using paper money instead of metal of intrinsic worth. He offered his plan to the Scottish Parliament in 1705, but it was rejected, and he travelled about to the Courts of Europe trying to get it accepted, and at the same time so continuing his play, that in 1714 his property amounted to £1,100,000. The first person who had believed in his scheme was Victor Amadeus, who, from Duke of Savoy, had been made King of Sicily. "I am not powerful enough to ruin myself," however, was what he said, when urged to make trial of it. However, he recommended Law to repair to France, where he declared the temper of the people was sure to be favourable.

So Law went to Paris in 1714. He already knew the Duke of Vendôme and the Prince of Conti, and being a handsome, distinguished-looking man of good breeding, he made his way in society. In 1716, he obtained permission from the Regent to set up a Bank, where he issued notes, whose value was secured upon his own property and that of his fellow-speculators. It throve extremely, and in the end of 1718, the Duke of Orleans persuaded his colleagues, the Duke of Bourbon and Marshal d'Autin, to convert Law's private Bank into a National Bank, like the Bank of England, issuing notes secured on the Royal property and the taxes, all the payments from Government to the public being made in paper, and difficulties being thrown in the way of changing it into money. Indeed, there was such a quantity of false coin current at the time that the notes were preferred, although the Royal Bank, which had branches at Lyons, Tours, Rochelle, Orleans, and Amiens, never cashed them without a profit, so that they were seldom returned, and their excess of pledges over the sum in hand was not felt.

The Parliament, which still had charge of all the finance, however, distrusted it all, and could not endure the promotion of a foreigner. A week before the Bed of Justice, when the edict for the full establishment of the Royal Bank was to be registered, they put forth a decree stopping all the traffic of the Bank, and forbidding all aliens, even when

CAMEO XXVI.
—
The Mississippi Scheme.
1717.

naturalised, to meddle with the administration of the Royal property. They even intended to have Law arrested by their own officers, to hurry over his trial in three days, hang him in their court with closed doors, and then open the gates and display his corpse!

Warning was given to Law, and he took refuge in the Palais Royal, whence he did not emerge till after a Bed of Justice, when Royal authority overruled the Parliament, and gave him security in his position as Director, and he took every means of depreciating the current value of gold and silver in comparison with that of paper, even authorising creditors to receive payment in coin.

To enhance their value, as well as for his own profit, Law, that first of the huge modern brood of speculators, set going a great Company, for which, in 1717, he had obtained letters patent. On the conclusion of the Treaty of Utrecht, to France had been ceded the south-eastern portion of North America, where the French had been the first explorers, and had begun a few settlements. The climate was good, and there was much fertile soil around the rivers. The advantages were magnified to the utmost extent, Louisiana, as the country was called, was said to contain gold mines, and a large company was formed expecting to get fabulous profits. It was termed the Company of the West, and commonly known as the Mississippi Scheme. Shares were issued, and money—paper-money, of course—paid down for them; the waste land sold at 30,000 livres for a square league. To people these grounds and bring in these huge profits, the slave trade was actively pursued, orders were sent to the criminal courts to transport the convicted felons, also the Huguenots. The police caught all whom they called vagabonds to deport, among them respectable citizens, who ransomed themselves if they could. Eighty coiners of false money were landed near the mouth of the Mississippi, where they founded New Orleans. The Regent divided on the map the vast territory into dukedoms and marquisates, which were obtained by favour or purchase, and thus colonised. By a bargain with some of the German Princes, 12,000 of their subjects were to be sent out to Law's own grant, and 4,000 actually went. There was neither order nor preparation for the most part. The unhappy beings were turned loose in the swamps, where many perished in great misery, and it was comparatively a very few of birth and intelligence who went out, with due arrangements, and founded the little colonial châteaux, that long were a feature in these regions, and where they and their descendants lived a joyous, easy, graceful life for full a century. The great proportion of the poor creatures died of fevers, inundations, starvation, mixed with the Indians, or gained an uncertain livelihood by the chase.

It was not of the realities of the lives of settlers that the nominal owners thought, but of their shares and dividends, selling and stock-jobbing other companies, such as that of the Senegal and of the East Indies existed. These were bought up, and fresh shares created, and there was an absolute frenzy of selling and buying so as to gain on each

CAMEO XXVI. — *Mania at Paris 1718.*

transaction. Fortunes, at least in name, were made by a few scratches of the pen, and all the world was rushing to profit by them. The Rue Quincampoix, between the streets of St. Denis and St. Martin, contained the Exchange. It was only 150 paces long and five wide, and it was choked by such throngs that each end was necessarily closed by an iron gate, which was opened at six in the morning and shut at nine at night, to the sound of a bell. It was absolutely blockaded, and transactions were going on constantly, not only in the houses but in the street, where a little hunchback made 50,000 francs by letting out his back as a desk to write upon. All ranks and both sexes mixed up together; great ladies, peers, citizens, priests, servants, country-folk, all jostled together asking questions on the one great subject with the easiest familiarity. A footman would set up his own carriage, but from force of habit get up behind. A lady, crazy to speak to Mr. Law, but finding him always too busy, resolved to be upset in her carriage close to him, that he might be forced to pick her up; and when she saw him, she was heard calling out to her coachman, "*Versez! Versez!*" Paper could not be made fast enough for the vouchers and bank notes.

Law himself purchased fourteen estates with titles annexed, among others the Marquisate of Rosing, the parental estate of the great Sully, whose family had become impoverished. He renounced his Protestantism, and being thus eligible for office, was made Comptroller-General of the Finances. Lady Catherine had a perfect court. The Duke of Orleans wanted a Duchess to take his daughter to Genoa.

"Send to Madame Law," said his shrewd old mother. "You will find them all sitting in her drawing-room."

He came to Court with a train of Marshals, Dukes, Bishops, and even the Prime Minister Dubois; and no wonder his arrogance swelled, so that he was heard to say before some English, that there was only one great kingdom in Europe, France; one great city, Paris.

But this splendour was as brief as it was brilliant. The shrewder persons began to be uneasy at the quantity of paper money which, as they well knew, outran the value it represented, and the directors began to secure, in other countries, the gold that had been given in exchange.

The Prince of Conti was one of the first to take alarm, and by actual force and threats, obliged Law to give him three waggon loads of gold and silver representing the value. It made the Regent very angry, and was a great shock to the general credit. There were symptoms of a run on the Bank, which Law thought to remedy by an edict, as Comptroller-General, forbidding the exchange of paper for specie, except for small sums, ten francs in silver or 300 in gold; and as his anxiety increased, he actually used Royal authority to issue an order that all specie should be brought to the Bank, and that what was retained should be confiscated, half being given to the informer.

Accusation became a trade, so that even a son denounced his father,

CAMEO XXVI.
The Mississippi Bubble. 1720.

and in a month about forty millions were brought in, while every one did what they could. Then Law caused the goldsmiths to stop work, and called in their metal, as well as forbidding the use of diamonds and pearls. At last, he made the worth of the notes in coin only half their nominal value. There was such an outcry that the Regent withdrew the edict. "Since Law has been Comptroller, he has lost his head," he said.

That night Law was arrested, but his books were in admirable order, and his plans most plausible, especially as he was no conscious imposter, but implicitly believed in them himself, and he was released; and though deprived of the office of Comptroller-General, continued a director.

People trod on one another in the rush to the Rue Quincampoix. In a single day three persons were trampled to death. Moreover, the stock jobbers had to carry such a mass of paper in their portfolios, that in the crowd they became a mark for thieves. A police was established, but could not entirely prevent crime. A young profligate of high rank, only twenty years of age, Count Horn, who, in spite of his connection with princely families, had been prevented by his outrageous debauchery from rising to the rank of captain in the Austrian army, united with a Piedmontese named Millé, and another man of like character. They announced themselves as wanting to buy 100,000 crowns worth of shares, and appointed a meeting with a broker in a little public-house in the Rue Quincampoix. There, after looking over the unfortunate man's papers, they stabbed him with their daggers, and expected to escape by their audacity, but the cries of the landlord brought the police, and Horn and Millé were arrested, though their comrade escaped.

For the pride of the blood he had disgraced, half the nobles in Flanders, France, and Germany exerted themselves to save the wretched Horn, and a promise was extorted from the Duke of Orleans that at least he should not be broken on the wheel; but the brokers and stock jobbers were in such a state, that to content them, he did not interfere, and the wretched men both alike suffered the lingering agonies of that atrocious form of execution. It was a sad contrast with the undeserved death of his ancestor under Philip II. After this catastrophe, the Exchange was removed to the Place Vendôme, where there was more room, and the rush went on as much as ever, for still there were shares in the companies to be purchased, and sometimes in a few days sold again for a huge value. The song in the streets went—

"Lundi, j'achetai des actions;
Mardi, je gagnai des millions;
Mercredi, j'ornai, mon ménage;
Jeudi, je pris un équipage;
Vendredi, je m'en fus au bal;
Et Samedi, à l'hôpital!"

The greediest of the stock jobbers was the Duke of Bourbon, whence the Exchange was called the Camp de Condé; but a little later the

CAMEO XXVI. — *Explosion of Bubble.* 1720.

Prince de Carignan (brother or nephew to Prince Eugéne) contrived to have the Exchange removed to the gardens of the Hôtel de Soissons, where he erected six hundred little wooden booths, by which he gained 300,000 livres for each of the few months that the madness continued. For the collapse came quickly on. In the September of this same 1720, which had begun with Law the object of universal adulation, a trifle would buy what nine months before was worth thousands!

Rage succeeded to disappointed hope, and of course fell upon Law. His carriage was broken to pieces in the street, and the President de Mesmes announced it in the Grand Chamber of Parliament by coming in, chanting solemnly—

"Messieurs, messieurs, grand nouvelle,
La carosse de Law est réduit en cannelle."

Up started all the counsellers, eagerly shouting, "Is Law torn to pieces?"

He had, however, reached the Palais Royal in safety; but when he went to the theatre with the Regent there was such an outcry that the Regent sent him off in secret in a carriage of the Duke of Bourbon's, and advised him to retire to one of his estates; but he was not safe there from arrest and vengeance. The Duke sent him passports, and he reached Brussels, whence he travelled to Venice, and by and by returned to London. His fourteen estates had been confiscated, and his latter years were passed in great poverty. He died at Venice in 1729, in his fifty-ninth year. This epigram was made on him—

"Cy gît cet Écossais célèbre,
Ce calculateur sans égal,
Qui, par les règles d'Algèbre,
A mis France à l'hôpital."

He was one of the chief speculators on record, but even his worst enemies were forced to allow that he deceived himself as much as other people. It seems that he really believed that the fictitious value of paper would serve for currency as well as metals, and that besides, belonging to the cool Scotch nation, he had never calculated on the exaggerated frenzy of France and the unscrupulous worthlessness of the Government, which actually had shifted off fifteen thousand millions of their debt upon him.

England, however, was by no means free from the infection of speculation. As early as 1711, Robert Harley, on coming into office as Lord Treasurer, on the fall of Godolphin, had found the floating debt of the nation amounted to ten millions. To provide means of paying interest of six per cent., he rendered permanent the duties upon wine, vinegar, tobacco, Indian goods, wrought silks and whale fins, and he proposed that the creditors should have the monopoly of the trade to the Spanish coasts of America, being formed into what was called the South Sea Company, and sanctioned by Royal charter. The plan was

CAMEO XXVI

South Sea Bubble. 1717.

much admired and called Harley's masterpiece, but it was not till 1717 that the Company's first ship actually sailed.

In 1719, it was proposed that all the annuities upon the National Debt should be bought up, and all the national securities placed in the hands of the purchaser. The directors of the Bank of England and the South Sea Company bid against each other, and the latter was the purchaser for seven and a half millions. Walpole had coolness and sense enough to oppose the Bill authorising the purchase; but it passed, by one hundred and seventy-two against fifty-five. In the peers, Lord Cowper compared the scheme to the Trojan horse, only bringing destruction. However, only seventeen peers voted against it.

At once the directors opened a subscription, which soon reached two millions. Every one thought well of it. George I. called it his beloved child, and the shareholders were led to expect fifty per cent. It was said that Gibraltar and Port Mahon were to be exchanged for places in Peru, and landed estates were sold in the hope of large fortunes!

All manner of schemes were hatched at the same time, as Walpole had feared. A Royal proclamation was issued forbidding them to be set on foot without legal authority, but there was no enforcing this, and the Prince of Wales actually appeared as governor of the Welsh Copper Company. He remained there till the company was in danger of prosecution, and then retired with a profit of £40,000!

Change Alley was another Rue Quincampoix, though with this difference, that excepting the one great South Sea Company, the hosts of speculations were private ventures, but the jobbing in them was almost as eager, and some of the schemes even more ridiculous: "For making oil from sunflower seeds; for extracting silver from lead; for trading in human hair (for wigs); for fatting of hogs; for a wheel for perpetual motion; for importing of large jackasses from Spain," which last seems unnecessary, when one company was "for an undertaking which shall in due time be revealed." However, the South Sea Company, eager to absorb all the money in the market, obtained writs of *scire facias* against the managers of some of these absurd companies. It was a prick to their own huge bubble. Every one grew anxious and distrustful, and wanted to exchange their paper bonds for solid cash. No doubt what was passing in France in this very year, 1720, increased the panic. The same mistake had been made, though not to such a fatal extent, there was not gold enough to meet the demand. Stock, which had been going at 1000 in August, came down to 300 in September, and in November to 135!

There was ruin and rage among the multitudinous dupes, and when Parliament met on the 8th of November there was no lack of furious invective. Lord Molesworth said the Roman punishment to a parricide was to be sewn up in a sack and thrown into the Tiber, and he would be willing to see the contrivers of the South Sea scheme undergo the like!

CAMEO XXVI.

Fall of the Scheme. 1721.

Walpole, however, observed that if London were on fire, it would be better to put out the flames before hunting down the incendiaries, and that something must at once be done to restore public credit. However, the directors were called on to show up their accounts, and a Bill was brought in "against the infamous practice of stock-jobbing." Walpole's plan, though it passed the House, was not carried into effect; immediately after Christmas the directors were to be examined before a committee. They petitioned to be allowed counsel; but this was denied them, as it then was to felons at the bar.

The cashier, after his first examination, escaped to France, carrying with him the register of the company. Connivance of some of the grandees concerned was suspected, and there was a furious scene in the committee room. Four Members of Parliament, who had been directors, were expelled from the House, declared incapable of sitting again, and soon after taken into custody, together with five other directors; but the punishment was an extremely difficult matter, since they had committed no statutable offence.

The fury shown in the House of Peers was equal to, if not greater, than that in the Commons. Lord Stanhope, who had never meddled with any of the jobbery, and had merely permitted the scheme as a Minister, was especially attacked by the young Duke of Wharton, a man of great ability, but a profligate and an atheist, who was president of a society of lawless and wicked young men, called the Hell-fire Club. Of all men in the world he was one of the most unfit to declaim about public virtue, denounce a respectable and honest Minister, and compare him to Sejanus, the infamous favourite of Tiberius.

It absolutely killed Lord Stanhope, who made a full vindication of himself, but whose anger brought a rush of blood to the head, of which the next day he died, a great shock alike to the King and country, where there never had been the least imputation on his honesty and uprightness.

Lord Townshend became Secretary of State; Aislabie, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was so much implicated that he had to resign, and Walpole took his place. The committee worked hard at the unravelling of the scheme, and when their first report appeared, it was found that in the last year more than a million of South Sea stock had been created, or rather invented for it had no existence, but the receivers would obtain any gains if the prices rose, losing nothing if it fell. This had been used for bribery to facilitate getting the Bill passed. The two favourite German ladies, who had been justly said to be come "for all our chattels," and their two nieces, had all had £10,000 of this apiece. The Earl of Sunderland had had £50,000, the two Craggses, father and son, one of whom was Postmaster-General, the other secretary, had each had their share, and so had Aislabie.

The younger Craggs, an accomplished man and a friend of the poet Pope, died of small-pox while the report was being read, and his unhappy father soon after poisoned himself. Lord Somerset was acquitted

CAMEO XXVI.

Walpole's Ministry. 1721.

as more of a dupe than a rogue, but he was obliged to resign, and Walpole became First Lord of the Treasury.

Some of the principal directors, such as Sir John Blunt, had fled; but all were disabled from ever sitting in Parliament, and their property, amounting altogether to about two millions, was seized to compensate the sufferers—a pittance being allowed for their own maintenance. Of one, who had, in his foolish exaltation, said he could feed his horses on gold, it was said he might now feed on it himself, and should have just as much as he could eat, and no more.

However, by a great effort of sagacity, Walpole succeeded in restoring public credit, and in returning thirty-three per cent. to the sufferers from the South Sea scheme, and the agitation and discontent gradually abated, although many families were irretrievably ruined. The passion for speculation was, however, by no means finally cured, and at times set in like a fever—not recognised as "that which hastens to be rich and is not innocent."

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CAMEO XXVII.

PETER AND CHARLES.

1718-1724.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1714. George I.	1715. Louis XV.	1711. Charles VI.
	Spain.	
	1700. Philip V.	

CAMEO XXVII. — *Peter and the Patriarch.* 1718.

WE must follow the erratic course of the two foreign heroes, Peter I. of Russia and Charles XII. of Sweden, though they mingled little more in English affairs. Peter had, indeed, an envoy in London named Matveof, who got into debt, and was imprisoned on the suit of his creditors. Queen Anne caused him to be released, but did not fulfil Peter's demands that the creditors should be severely punished or even put to death, though Lord Whitworth made ample apologies to the Czar.

Peter's improvements were carried on with ardour, though they often jarred terribly on his people. When he built a palace at Voronetz on the Don, he adorned the portico with statues of Mars and of Venus. These were a grievous scandal to the people, and when Peter invited their Bishop to dinner, he received a refusal to come as long as the heathen statues were there. The good man then went to his cathedral, fully expecting to be imprisoned for his resistance; but, on coming out, he met a message that the Czar expected him to supper, and that the images were taken down.

The Patriarch of Moscow was almost a Pope, with undefined powers which sometimes interfered with those of the Czar, and Peter, on the first vacancy, made a "guardian of the Patriarchal chair" to perform episcopal functions, appointed a Council for the administration of the Church, and, when petitioned to fill up the vacant chair, said, "Behold in me your Patriarch!"

The strange wilful captivity of Charles XII. in Turkey had given every opportunity to his enemies, and was the ruin of poor Stanislas Lecksinski, who was driven out of Poland, came after Charles to Turkey, and was there kept prisoner. Prussia, Saxony, Denmark, all wanted—as well as Russia—to seize on his dominions.

CAMEO XXVII.
—
Charles XII. at Stralsund.

Peter attacked Finland, and Frederick IV. of Denmark the Swedish Isles. Denmark was at this time in a very prosperous state. Frederick was an able and beneficent king. It was he who sent forth the noble missionary Hans Egede, to work among the Greenlanders, and Zieganbalg to Tranquebar to the Hindoos, thus beginning that great work which in successive hands has had such mighty results in Western India.

He possessed an admiral of great talent and bravery, Peter Vassen, once a tailor's apprentice, better known by his nickname of Torden Skjold—Thunder Shield—whom he sent to attack the Swedish possessions. Bremen and Verden were taken, and then sold to George I., for the benefit of the dukedom of Hanover. When Charles XII. suddenly presented himself at Stralsund, in 1715, he refused to confirm the surrender of his two cities, and took the command of Stralsund, which was threatened by the two kings of Denmark and Prussia. There was a great fight when the trenches were opened, but though the slaughter was great, the siege was not prevented. Hearing that a descent was to be made on the island of Rugen, Charles hurried thither and took the command of the two thousand Swedes it contained. He actually stormed the camp of the Prince of Anhalt, whose numbers were far superior; but he was finally beaten off, with a wound in his breast, and had to make his way back to Stralsund. He held the place with his wonted obstinacy, but at last, when all the fortifications were in ruins, the commandant persuaded him that the garrison could make better terms without him, so he escaped, through the very midst of the confederate fleets, in a little fishing boat, with only ten persons, at midnight, to Ysted, in Schonen, whence he went to Carlskrona, and there spent the winter in his strange sullen fashion, being perhaps ashamed to enter Stockholm as a beaten man, but still making every exertion to retrieve his cause, and well seconded by his high-spirited nation. Men were hired throughout the kingdom, down to boys of fifteen. All the iron was bought up, provisions seized, taxes imposed on silk dresses, gilt swords, and wigs, and the people did not murmur. By the month of March, 1716, he had 25,000 men in hand, and with these he dashed over the Dovrefelds, and burst into Norway, carrying all before him, and defeating the Danes over and over again; but hunger defeated him at last, and for want of provisions he was forced to retire into Sweden.

If Russia had joined the alliance against that country, Charles could hardly have saved it; but he had a very remarkable Minister, the Baron von Gortz, a Franconian adventurer of great shiftiness and ability, and with a special dislike to the House of Hanover. He persuaded Charles to let him go to Moscow, where he arranged with Peter a scheme, by which Charles was to yield Finland and Livonia to Russia, and the two were to unite to restore Stanislas to Poland, and James Stewart to England.

After this, Gortz proceeded to the Hague as Swedish envoy to Holland,

CAMEO XXVII.

Peter on a tour. 1717.

and in his suite was a young man who afterwards became well known as Voltaire, but was then going by his father's name of Arouet.

Peter again visited Holland, and renewed all the associations of his shipbuilding days at Amsterdam, going to his old hut and handling his tools with much delight. He then made a flying expedition to Paris, where he had much conversation with the Regent Orleans, and was introduced to the little five-year-old Louis XV., who had learnt a short speech by heart. Two chairs of equal height were placed for the two monarchs, but to the great surprise of the French courtiers, the Czar caught the royal child up in his arms and tossed him up, while to their equal astonishment, little Louis laughed and was delighted with the rough play. Peter, however, said to his own people: "Alas for this country and its child king! Luxury will sooner or later prove their ruin." He also had a great desire to see Madame de Maintenon, who let him come to her bedside at St. Cyr. He sat down for a moment and asked, through an interpreter, what ailed her.

"Extreme old age," she answered with a smile.

He thrust aside the curtains, gazed at the shrunken old face, and tramped off. On the whole he seems to have been better behaved than he was at the Court of William III., for St. Simon admired his grace and politeness! He went to see the tomb of Richelieu, where he stood in deep thought, and finally exclaimed, "Oh! great man, one half of my Empire would I give to learn of thee how to govern the rest." The doctors of the Sorbonne oddly enough requested his advice as to the supremacy of the Pope, which was rather like asking that of Henry VIII., but he very wisely declined to reply, saying that he was only a soldier, and could not decide. He then went on to Berlin, to the Court of the strange, fierce old trooper Frederick William. Rough as Frederick was, he was civilised compared with Peter. The Queen, Sophia, was frightened by the twitching of Peter's face, and was not reassured when caught by the arm and held tight. "Of more tender mould than my Catherine," he said. His domestic habits were not improved, for he did as much mischief at her Palace of *Mon Bijou* as at Says Court in only two days, after which he was summoned home by reports of the misconduct of his son Alexis.

This unhappy young man was the only child of Peter's first wife Eudocia, who had been much disturbed and displeased by his innovations, and had inspired her son with all her dislike to them and to his father. The marriage with the low-born Catherine had of course further alienated the youth, and there was some of the insanity of the Romanoffs in his nature. He became violent and reckless, and showed little improvement when married to the good and gentle Christina of Brunswick in 1712. Peter was very fond of this sweet lady, and bore with his son for her sake, though Alexis caused her bitter grief, by his vices as well as his obstinate refusal to interest himself in any public matter. She died in 1715 when only twenty-one, leaving one daughter, and one son named Peter.

CAMEO XXVII.
Death of Alexis. 1718.

After her death, the Czar wrote a terrible warning to his son, telling him, "I will give you a fixed time for repentance, but if you remain unchanged, I will cut you off from the succession as a diseased limb is severed from the body. Think not that because I have no other son, this is a vain threat. If I spare not my own life for the good of Russia, how should I spare yours? I would rather leave the sceptre to a stranger than to a worthless son."

Alexis, in answer, made no promises of amendment, but offered to resign the succession; and his discontent was increased when Catherine gave birth to a son. When Peter had started on his southern journey Alexis fled to Vienna and asked the protection of Charles VI., whose wife was his sister-in-law. The Emperor sent him to Naples, whence his father summoned him home, giving a promise not to touch his life or liberty. On his arrival, however, he was imprisoned, and Peter appointed a tribunal of 186 nobles and fifty-five clergy to try him for a conspiracy against his father.

Every companion of his was closely examined, but nothing was absolutely proved against him except bitter murmurs and contemptuous expressions about the reforms, and his having asked the German Emperor to support him with an army if he were disinherited. By Russian law this was sufficient ground for condemnation, though the clergy interceded for him, and appealed to the example of David, and to the words of our Blessed Lord; but the Czar was inexorable, and on the 8th of July, 1718, it was given out that the Czarevitch had died of convulsions on hearing his sentence, but it was universally believed that the sentence had been privately executed. Like Philip II. of Spain, Peter had believed himself bound to prevent the accession of an unworthy, if not insane successor, but when Catherine's only son soon after died, his agonies of grief evidently partook of remorse.

In the meantime Baron Gortz was carrying on his intrigues at the Hague and had arranged that Charles and Peter should make peace, and with the assistance of Spain should attack the Regent in France and George I. in England, Charles XII. himself invading Scotland with 12,000 men.

The little Jacobite Courts of St. Germain and Avignon were full of eager anticipation and in high spirits, but the despatches of Gortz to Count Gyllenborg, the Swedish envoy in London, were intercepted and deciphered, and it was decided in counsel that to conspire against the Government was to forfeit the rights of ambassadors, and accordingly General Wade was sent to arrest Count Gyllenborg and seize his papers. Gortz, who was on his way to England, was arrested by order of the States, and the whole scheme was disconcerted. Charles was at first exceedingly angry and imprisoned the British envoy, but the mediation of the Duke of Orleans was accepted, and the two envoys were exchanged and set at liberty.

Charles does not seem to have renounced his schemes on behalf of the Stewarts, but in the meantime he decided on again attempting the

CAMEO XXVII.

Death of Charles XII. 1718.

conquest of Norway in the very depth of winter. He sent General Arenfield into the interior with 10,000 men, and himself laid siege to Frederickshall, though it was December. The ground was frozen so hard that the trenches could hardly be dug, and the unfortunate sentinels were often found dead at their posts. The fire from the town was steady, and late in the evening of the 11th of December, 1718, Charles went out to visit the posts. He stood upon a gabion, leaning against a parapet, in the midst of a fire of chain shot from the ramparts, and when his aide-de-camp and chief engineer begged him not to expose himself to such useless danger, he refused with his usual obstinacy to move away. A few moments later they found him dead, shot through the head. He was in his thirty-sixth year, a man of iron, with something of the ancient Northman in his composition.

It is impossible not to quote respecting him Dr. Johnson's lines—

> "His fate was destined to a foreign strand,
> A petty fortress and an unknown hand;
> He left the name at which the world grew pale,
> To point a moral or adorn a tale."

Well might Britain "grow pale" when we remember that in the very lifetime of the writer, this veritable Berserk was planning a descent on our shores.

He had never married, and the Crown passed to his sister Ulrica Eleanora, who was married to the Prince of Hesse. These were reasonable people, who immediately retracted Charles's crazy measures. The siege of Frederickshall was raised, and Gortz, with the consent of the Senate, was arrested. The natives passionately admired their late King, but they chose to visit upon Gortz the calamities that he had brought on them, and they insisted that the Minister should suffer for the exhaustion and danger of the nation through his wild schemes. So Gortz was brought to trial for tampering with the public credit, and for inciting the King to a ruinous campaign, with designs of interfering with the succession. He defended himself with great ability, and disproved all the accusations brought against him; but the Swedes were resolved to have a victim, and he was executed, saying, in German, as he laid his head on the block, "Glut yourself, Sweden, with that blood for which you have so craving an appetite."

Suspicion arose that Charles's death, so opportune for his kingdom, had been, not the deed of the enemy, shooting "at a venture," but of an assassin; and his remains, interred at Riderholm, have been examined to discover whether the shot seemed to have come from before or behind, but the skull is so shattered that there can be no certainty.

Peace was the object of the new Queen, all support of the Jacobites was dropped, and England mediated with her King as Elector of Hanover. He paid a million of crowns for the cession of Bremen and Verden, and the Kings of Denmark and Russia likewise made treaties; Augustus of Saxony was accepted as King of Poland, and the only

CAMEO XXVII.

Death of Peter. 1725.

remaining enemy was Peter, who sent his fleet to lay waste the whole Baltic coast of Sweden.

However, in 1721, a peace was concluded at Nystadt, by which Sweden resigned to Russia the provinces conquered by Peter, namely Livonia and Esthonia, though Finland was restored to Sweden. There were immense rejoicings at St. Petersburg, and three years later, Anne, Peter's eldest daughter, was married to the Duke of Holstein, son to Queen Ulrica's elder sister.

Peter's health was breaking up, though he was only fifty-two, and when he caught a chill by wading into Lake Ladoga to rescue a stranded boat, he could not recover, and after severe suffering, began to sink. "See what a miserable being man is," he said. He became unable to speak or write. His last attempt was "Restore all to——" but the last words he could not trace. He died on the 28th of January 1725, aged fifty-two, after a wonderful reign, in which his single hand had raised Muscovy from a barbarous state to be one of the great Powers of Europe, but with a strange hollowness of savagery beneath the superfluous cultivation.

CAMEO XXVIII.

THE QUADRUPLE ALLIANCE.

1716-1720.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1714. George I.	1715. Louis XV.	1711. Charles VI.
	Spain.	
	1700. Philip V.	

CAMEO XXVIII.

Septennial Parliament. 1716.

IT was in the subsidence of the alarm caused by the Jacobite attempt of 1715 that it was felt that there was a certain instability in a Parliament dispersed every three years, and the ministry of George I., of which Lord Townshend was the head, brought in the Septennial Bill, fixing the necessary existence of the House of Commons at seven years. It was passed on the 26th of April, 1716, just before the King went to Hanover, the only place where he was happy, as he rudely told his ministers, who wished to keep him from thus exciting the jealousy of the English.

They told him that if he went he must make the Prince of Wales regent. This, the King, who had a bitter quarrel with his son, was most unwilling to do, but he was really urgently needed at his beloved Hanover, and he finally consented to name the Prince, Guardian of the Realm and Lieutenant. Before going, he made Madame von Schulenberg Duchess of Munster, and afterwards she became Duchess of Kendal, and was said to be his left-handed wife. She had all the revenues of the Master of the Horse during the vacancy of that office, and her greed only equalled that of her rival, Baroness Kilmanseck, created Countess of Darlington. General Stanhope went with the King, and, indeed, there was much scope for diplomacy in the unsettled state of Europe.

To begin with, Charles VI., the new Emperor, had set his mind on obtaining the succession to his own hereditary dominions for his own children, whether sons or daughters, to the exclusion of the daughters of his elder brother, Joseph II. In France the extreme delicacy of health of little Louis XV. gave rise to much anxiety, since his uncle in Spain was his rightful heir by blood, while the crown had been settled on the

Duke of Orleans and a war in case of the King's death would be inevitable. George I. was not over secure on his throne, but Lord Stair and Dubois had agreed to do their best to support their masters' doubtful claims in conjunction.

By the Treaty of Utrecht, Louis XIV. had bound himself to demolish the port and fortifications of Dunkirk, a standing menace to England. This had been done, but a new canal and harbour had been commenced at Mardyke, which would have exactly the same effect, and the English Government remonstrated. The Regent had once before sent his familiar, Dubois, to meet Stanhope at the Hague and conduct a negotiation, and in this the Abbé had been so successful that he was again despatched to Hanover. He lodged in the same house with Stanhope, and an agreement was finally made by which George purchased the demolition of the works at Mardyke by engaging to support Orleans in succession in the case of the death of the little king. A treaty was made by which Holland, Austria, France, and England bound themselves to maintain the House of Hanover in England and the House of Orleans in France, and this was known as the Triple Alliance.

Meantime, George's mind was chiefly set on acquiring for Hanover the secularised bishoprics of Bremen and Werden, which belonged to the Crown of Sweden; but during the captivity of Charles XII. at Bender, his domains were a prey to all around. Money for the purpose was wanting, also for the payment of some German troops, hired during the Jacobite rising, and over these matters the King and Sir Robert Walpole had a great quarrel. They had no common language but Latin, so that it was no wonder that there should be misunderstandings. Walpole had various enemies, among them the Earl of Sunderland, son to Anne's minister and son-in-law to Marlborough. It ended in Walpole's going out of office, Lord Townshend's being disposed of as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, while Stanhope and Sunderland came into office. Stanhope was soon after raised to the peerage, by which means the ministerial leaders in the House of Commons became Addison, Mr. Secretary Craggs, and Mr. Aislabie, none of them able to make a strong impression on the House, and the last two weak men, easily duped.

Great anxieties were at this time caused by the ambition, not of the King of Spain himself, but that of his wife.

Philip V., like all Fénélon's pupils, was a good, pious, and conscientious man, but it had not been possible to give him a larger mind or more force of character than had his father, the Grand Dauphin. Like that prince, he had no taste for reading or conversation and cared for no amusement but hunting, and like his mother, who was said to have died of her own dulness, he was very shy and unwilling to see any one. To each of his wives he was devoted, and all through his reign he was home-sick, longing to get back to Versailles, so that on his grandfather's death his ministers had hardly been able to prevent him from starting at once to claim the Regency of France, and the chief thing he seems to have inherited from his grand-

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Queen of Spain's ambition 1716.

father was the conviction that it was mean to shrink from war, as the only means of winning glory.

The leading spirit was his second wife, Elizabeth Farnese. Her face was much disfigured by small-pox, but her figure was fine, and she had much grace and dignity as well as kindness of manner, though she was of an extremely haughty and ambitious nature. From the first moment of her arrival, she studied to keep full possession of her husband, sharing his devotions and seeming to enjoy the chase as much as he did. She never contradicted him, nor appeared to lead him, even while she did so completely; and from the moment of the birth of her first child, Carlos, on the 16th of January, 1716, her mind was set on making the boy a king. She even thought that if his half-brother Luis were King of Spain, he might be King of France, and whereas the two Italian ducal families of Parma and Tuscany were verging towards extinction, she hoped to put forward claims to these, although they had never gone in the female line. Above all things, she hated the house of Austria, both with an Italian's feeling towards the Germans as oppressors of Lombardy, and because the Emperor Charles still would give no title to her husband but that of Duke of Anjou, while Madrid could only retaliate by calling him the Archduke.

The chief assistant in all her schemes was Giulio Alberoni, the representative of her brother, the Duke of Parma, at the Spanish Court. This man was the son of a gardener at Piacenza, and had not begun to learn to read and prepare for the priesthood till he was twelve years old, when he went to the Jesuit school, and made the most rapid progress in all branches of study.

During the War of Succession he had acted as interpreter for the Parmesan Government, and thus had become acquainted with the Duke of Vendôme, whom he pleased by his jests and witticisms, and a style of buffoonery that accorded well with his grotesque appearance—short, stout, and with head and face disproportionately large; but he had a beautiful voice, and could on occasion speak with an eloquence that surprised his hearers. Vendôme took him to France, and presented him to Louis XIV., who, after the Duke's death, sent him to the Court of Madrid, where it was he who induced the Princesse des Ursins to select Elizabeth of Parma as Philip's wife, the choice that turned out so ill for the poor Camerera Mayor; but Alberoni remained as Representative of the Court of Parma, and became the Queen's chief adviser and instrument.

He was too wise to demand as yet any higher or more Spanish position, but he guided the Queen, and she managed the King, and the resources of Spain began to be developed so far as was practicable in the midst of inveterate abuses, interwoven with the interest of the grandees.

"Five years of peace," said Alberoni, "and this might be made the most powerful monarchy in Europe."

The English minister at Madrid, Mr. Bubb—afterwards Bubb

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—
Alberoni.
1720.

Doddington, and then Lord Melcombe—was of the same opinion. They made friends, and a treaty of commerce was arranged by them, which was to give the English the rights of trade on the Mediterranean Spanish Coast, and with the Colonies in South America.

But this did not please George I., who was afraid of offending powers that might threaten Werden and Bremen, and at the same time the Spanish Court was affronted at any alliance of England with the Emperor, and still more at the Triple Alliance, which confirmed Philip of Orleans in his pretensions to the crown of France. Each side was offended, and the King and Queen of Spain were both so much determined on a war that Alberoni could not withstand them, and indeed was hurt at the rejection of his own advances; but the army of Spain merely consisted of 50,000 men, and he was working at the navy, which only numbered twelve ships of war and 8,000 men.

To the Pope, Clement XI., he alleged that this armament was to defend Christendom against the Turks, who were besieging Corfu; and he thus obtained the great object of his desires—the Cardinal's hat. He was trying, however, to dissuade the King from beginning the war till the preparations should be complete, when an outrage on the part of the Emperor precipitated matters.

Don Jose Molinos, the Spanish Ambassador at Rome, and a very infirm old man, had been nominated Inquisitor General for Spain. He was travelling home by land, trusting to a safe conduct from the Pope, and a verbal assurance from the Imperial ambassador at Rome that it would be respected, besides which, the North of Italy had always been considered as neutral throughout the war. Nevertheless a German officer pounced on the poor old man at the Milanese borders, sent his papers to Vienna, and shut him up in the citadel of Milan, where he died, two years later.

Philip V. could not choose but be greatly incensed, and so likewise were all his council. War was inevitable, and the fleet was sent off at once to attack Sardinia, which had formerly belonged to Spain, but had been made over to the Emperor when, at the peace of Utrecht, Sicily had been given to Victor Amadeus of Savoy. There was severe fighting, and much loss from the unwholesome climate. About 5,000 men were left to garrison the island, whose natives greatly preferred the Spanish to the Austrian rule, and the fleet returned to Barcelona.

There was great indignation, for the Pope considered himself to have been made to give the hat on false pretences; and the Emperor called on the members of the Triple Alliance to punish an attack made without any formal declaration of war; but every one in Europe, except the King and Queen of Spain, wanted peace, and the Regent of France sent Dubois over to London to confer with Stanhope on the best means of preserving it; whille William Stanhope (afterwards Lord Harrington) went to Spain to assist Bubb Doddington. Alberoni was with all his might having ships built, artillery cast, sailors trained, soldiers enlisted; all with the support of the Queen, for the King was dangerously ill, and

CAMEO XXVIII. — *War with Spain, 1710.*

in a state of hypochondriac melancholy. Curious things took place in his bed-chamber, for the Spanish grandees were naturally exceedingly jealous of the ascendancy of the Italian, and wanted to have Philip set aside as imbecile, and his eldest son Luis, Prince of the Asturias, placed on his throne.

One day, the old Duke of Escalona, who was the Lord Chamberlain, a very proud and determined man, but very infirm and gouty, made his appearance when the queen was sitting by the bed, and Alberoni and some attendants standing by. The page in waiting refused to open the door, so the Duke threw it open for himself and hobbled in; but an attendant was sent to order him back. Still he went forward, and the Cardinal advanced and told him that the King wished to be alone.

"That is not true," said the Duke, "I may be lame, but I am not blind, and you never approached the head of the bed, nor did the King speak to you."

To this Alberoni replied that the visitor must retire, and laid a hand on his sleeve, an insult that enraged him to such a degree that there was a personal struggle between them in which the old man was pushed back into a chair, but there, raising his cane, he struck the Cardinal about the head and shoulders, and raved on with opprobrious language, declaring that but for the presence of the King, he should kick the impudent Italian varlet out.

The King apparently took no notice, but the next day a sentence of exile was brought to the old Duke, upon which all the Spaniards near at hand came to pay him their respects as an honour to his country. They could, however, do nothing, the King was absolute, and the Queen and Alberoni could conduct everything, and were bent on war.

They were in correspondence with James Stewart, who had been driven to Rome by the Triple Alliance, and in whom fresh hopes were excited by promises of a Spanish army to land in some part of Britain, in conjunction with the Swedes of Charles XII. who was determined to retain the two bishoprics. A new Armada was being fitted out in Spain for this new Stewart, 29 huge men of war, 100 heavy artillery, 40 mortars, and hosts of transports were all lying prepared in Cadiz Bay, their destination, it is said, kept secret from the Spaniards themselves; and when William Stanhope and Nancré, the French envoy, tried to come to treaty, Alberoni called their scheme for peace an unheard-of impossibile monster, a *hirco-cervus* or goat-stag, and the peace of Utrecht a treaty made for the devil, in which his King was used like a mere German! At the same time, he complained loudly of the fleet preparing by England at Portsmouth. However, the account of the Spanish armament decided Stanhope upon sending 20 ships of the line to sail for the Mediterranean, under Admiral Sir George Byng. The Spanish fleet had gone from Cadiz to Barcelona with sealed orders, indeed, it is said that no one knew Alberoni's plans except his friend Patiño, who had been brought up as a Jesuit. His schemes were to obtain Sicily, and compensate Victor Amadeus by assisting him to

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Spanish attempt on Sicily. 1718.

extend his kingdom over northern Italy. Victor Amadeus had not at first been unwilling, but when he saw that all Europe was against Spain, he declined the arrangement, and remained under Austrian protection.

The Spanish fleet had gone to Cagliari where the orders were opened and proved to command a descent upon Sicily. The Admiral, the Marquis de Castaneta, therefore sailed for the Bay of Solanto, and there landed the Flemish Marquis de Leyde to attack Palermo, where the Piedmontese Viceroy had only 17,000 men. Victor Amadeus was not popular in Sicily, being regarded as a foreigner, and his exactions were heavy, besides which the Sicilian nobles had many Spanish connections. The viceroy retreated from Palermo, and the citadel soon surrendered. Alberoni thought that he could there act freely, since Sicily had not been specially guaranteed by France or England; but the very news of the despatch of the fleet to Barcelona had led to the admittance of the Emperor to the Triple, or, as it became, the Quadruple, Alliance.

Alberoni was furious, especially with Nancré, the French envoys, and he seems to have been much disappointed that England would not allow him to pursue his attacks on the Austrian dominions. Byng's fleet was off Cape St. Vincent, and the admiral sent to Madrid to Colonel Stanhope for instructions. Stanhope showed Alberoni a list of the English ships, which the Cardinal tore to pieces in his rage and trampled under foot. Byng proceeded on his voyage, and Nancré and Stanhope left Madrid, Alberoni shedding tears as he took leave of the latter.

Byng sailed on, and anchored in the Bay of Naples the very day after the Spanish force had begun to blockade the citadel of Messina. The city had willingly admitted them, but here was a garrison of 2,500 Piedmontese in the citadel, and Byng undertook to convey 2,000 German troops from Count Daun, the Viceroy of Naples, to their assistance; but, as war between England and Spain had not been proclaimed, he sent a captain with a letter to De Leyde, proposing to wait for two months before offering any hostilities. This was declined, and he put the Germans for safety into Reggio, and sailed through the strait in search of the Spanish fleet.

It was a beautiful day, and, as the English ships sailed through the strait between the high hills, past the now mitigated Scylla and Charybdis, the heights on either side were thronged with Calabrians and Sicilians, as if they expected it had been a regatta.

The Spanish admirals, four in number, held a council of war, in which the best advice was given by Cammock, an Irish Jacobite, who recommended that they should remain at anchor in the Bay of Il Paradiso, two miles from Messina, in line of battle, with their broadsides to the English, and with troops and batteries behind them.

Spanish pride, however, disdained this advice, and Castaneta and Chacon put out to sea in full sail. Byng followed all that day, but when his fleet had gone beyond the influence of the current of the straits, progress was difficult to him, as the wind went down into a dead calm,

CAMEO XXVIII.

Defeat of Spanish fleet. 1718.

which did not equally disable the Spanish ships rowed by galley-slaves. However, the next morning, the 11th of August, 1718, a land breeze sprang up and carried the English to Cape Passaro, the southernmost point of Sicily, where they found the Spanish Rear-Admiral de Mari with six men of war and all the galleys, fire-ships, bomb-ships, and store-ships separated from the main body. Byng sent Captain Walton of the *Canterbury* with six ships after them, and sailed on in pursuit of Castaneta, who was in the broad channel between Cape Passaro and Malta. A slight breeze favoured the English ships, and from half past ten in the morning till late in the afternoon the battle raged. The Spaniards fought gallantly, but each ship for itself, without concert. Castaneta, wounded in both legs, had to surrender his *Philip the Royal* to Captain Matthews in the *Kent*, and three more ships were taken, others destroyed, but Admiral Cammock carried off ten safely. Byng pursued the other. Admiral Guevara in vain; but, five days later, he received the following laconic despatch from Captain Walton :—

"SIR,—We have taken or destroyed all the Spanish vessels which were upon the coast. Number as per margin."

A good margin it was; the flag-ship, with De Mari in it, all the rest of his six, a ship laden with arms, a fireship, and a bomb, and he had then sailed into the port of Syracuse. Altogether, the Spaniards had lost seventeen vessels, the English not one—only the *Grafton* was a good deal damaged. Sir George Byng sent one of his sons to England with despatches, and the journey from Naples, performed in fifteen days by land, was considered a marvel. Young Byng was joyfully welcomed by George I., received a handsome present for himself, a grant of all the prizes to the officers and crews, and powers for Sir George to negotiate with the Italian states.

Byng himself had sent a polite letter to the Marquis de Leyde calling the battle an accident and hoping that it would not lead to a rupture between the kingdoms. The Spaniards did not equally spare his feelings. Alberoni, much enraged, recalled his ambassador from London, and at the same time seized all the British goods and vessels in Spanish ports, while a prohibition was sent forth by beat of drum in Madrid against any mention being made of the disaster of the fleet!

Alberoni tried intrigues in all the courts of Europe to overthrow the Quadruple Alliance, but with no success, except in Sweden, where Charles XII., being very angry with George I. about Bremen and Werden, was ready to join the alliance and endanger the House of Hanover by an attack on Scotland in favour of the Chevalier de St. George.

With the Regent Duke of Orleans, Alberoni could have no chance, though there was a strong feeling against actual war with so near a relation as the King of Spain. Dubois, however, greatly hated Alberoni and was very jealous at his having been made a Cardinal, and both

CAMEO XXVIII.

Intrigues of the Duchess of Maine. 1718.

Philip V. and his wife much disliked the Regent, both as a formidable rival to the inheritance of the French throne, and as a man whose licentious morals and deistical opinions so horrified the pious King, that it seemed only natural to attribute to him crimes of which that good-natured, unambitious prince never dreamt.

The counter-party in the court was what Alberoni reckoned upon, for the Duke and Duchess of Maine bitterly felt their exclusion from power. Indeed, Dubois had incited his master to hold a bed of justice and deprive the Duke of the superintendence of the King's education. The Duchess was especially angered. We know a good deal about this little, fiery woman, both through the memoirs of St. Simon and those of Jeanne Delaunay, afterwards Madame de Staal, a lady who had to serve her as a sort of humble companion at her little court at Sceaux, where wit, theatrical and literary, alternated with ambitious intrigues. Her endeavour was to prove that her husband, as the son of Louis XIV., had rights of which he had been deprived, and she sought precedents all through ancient history, so that the little creature lay in her bed, after the custom of fashionable ladies, among piles of huge volumes of Chaldean or Greek history and held conversations with *savans* as if Nimrod and Semiramis afforded rules for the Bourbons.

She confided her discontents to the Spanish ambassador, the Prince of Cellamare. He took the matter up warmly, and on several nights was brought to meet her at the Arsenal (Sully's old abode), where they plotted together, with some other malcontents, to stir up the nation to demand a bed of justice, where the King of Spain, as the King's nearest relation, should put forth his claims to take the guardianship of the poor boy from one so obviously unfit as the Regent.

The whole was known through spies to the Regent and Dubois all the time. It was exactly the pretext they wanted for the still further humiliation of the Duke and Duchess. They waited till the whole party had thoroughly compromised themselves by writings and then pounced on Cellamare first, seizing all his papers and declaring him to have violated the privileges of an ambassador.

The Duchess then learnt that she was suspected of the plot. After three days the Regent carried the young king to another bed of justice, where the legitimatised princes were deprived of all the privileges left them by their father; but the Count of Toulouse was at once reinstated, as his conduct had been satisfactory, thus proving that the blow was entirely aimed at the Duke and Duchess of Maine, and they hastily left the Tuileries, sending Mdlle. Delaunay before them to Sceaux to look over the papers there, and destroy any dangerous ones. This she did effectually, but there was an intense anxiety prevailing, especially as it was said that the Spanish ambassador had named all the plotters, and for several days reports were continually coming that the Duchess was to be immediately arrested.

At last, in the middle of the night, the officers arrived, and poor Jeanne Delaunay had to get up and dress before them, as they were

CAMEO XXVIII.

Imprisonment of the Duke and Duchess of Maine. 1719.

ordered not to lose sight of her; and, being suspected of knowing all her mistress's secrets, she was taken to the Bastile.

The Duke of Maine was taken to Dourlens. He scarcely spoke the whole way, only sighed heavily, and whenever he passed a church crossed himself and murmured prayers. The Duchess, on the contrary, on her way to Dijon, filled the carriage with her lamentations, complaints, and abuse of the Duke of Bourbon, her nephew; but the Count of Toulouse made his peace with the ruling powers.

The Bastile, happily for Mademoiselle Delaunay, was a far less terrible place than once it had been, yet bad enough in itself. There was court within court, moat within moat, and the view was into a gloomy yard, shut in by six towers, the very figures that stood on each side of the great clock wearing chains. However, Jeanne was allowed the attendance of her maid, and money was sent by a friend for the ample supply of her needs.

She was examined, but neither would nor could betray anything, and she remained where she was, not severely treated, but interrogated every now and then, in hopes that weariness would lead her to speak out; and latterly she was allowed intercourse with her fellow captives concerned in the Spanish plot. Even when the Duchess had made her confession and been liberated by the Regent, Mademoiselle Delaunay was still imprisoned, as the Duke of Orleans was determined not to release her till she had confessed her knowledge of the plot, and her having destroyed the letters that contained it. He declared that he would break down misplaced heroism; but she held out bravely till the Duchess sent her word to confess all she knew, and she then was able to explain how entirely ignorant the Duke had been all along of his wife's machinations.

Release followed, and she spent the rest of her days in attendance on the Duchess. It was constraint even greater than she had lived in at the Bastile, a weary round of frivolous amusements. Even her marriage did not set her free, for it was with an elderly widower in the Swiss Guards, and only for the sake of giving her rank so as to be more with her exacting mistress. Her memoirs are very clever, and I believe it is she who embalmed that triumph of egotism, the speech of the lady who said, "*Moi, je ne parle jamais de moi.*"

War with Spain was proclaimed in the January of 1720, and the Duke of Berwick was placed in command of the army, first, however, chivalrously sending back his Golden Fleece and renouncing all the property granted to him in Spain. Philip V., with a flash of spirit, put himself at the head of the Spanish army, for the relief of Fontarabia, which Berwick was besieging; but Alberoni, who knew that a battle where the King was personally engaged would be fatal to any hopes of the Iron Crown, managed to get him delayed in the Pyrenees till the town was taken. St. Sebastian was also taken by Berwick, who then crossed over to Roussillon to co-operate with the English fleet, but a

CAMEO XXVIII.

Spanish Jacobite attempt. 1720.

great storm so broke up the ships bringing provisions that his measures were disconcerted, and he only took a few small fortresses. On the other hand, King Philip's melancholy returned, and he went back to the Escurial.

Alberoni's attempts to create a diversion were all failing. He had sent the Duke of Ormond with a squadron of ten ships of war to attempt a Jacobite rising in Scotland, with 6,000 troops on board, and the Earls Marischal and Seaforth, and the Marquis of Tullibardine; but another storm shattered and dispersed the fleet off Cape Finisterre, and only two ships, with the three lords, arrived at the Isle of Lewis, with 300 men. The Mackenzies rose at the call of their chief, and he crossed to Kintail. A skirmish took place in the Valley of Glenshiel with the English troops, in which the Highlanders had the advantage, but Seaforth was badly wounded; it became plain that nothing could be done, so the clansmen dispersed to their homes in the night, the three noblemen escaped to the Continent, and the 300 Spaniards surrendered as prisoners of war.

Brittany likewise made a demonstration in favour of the King of Spain becoming Regent; but it was easily put down, and four nobles were beheaded, to the great relief of Philip V., who not only was miserably hypochondriac but very angry with his minister. Everybody turned against Alberoni, even the King's nurse, who, when the Cardinal accidentally touched her master's linen, threw it into the fire as if defiled. She persuaded the Queen to give up the minister, and orders were sent to him to leave Madrid in a week and Spain in three. "Spain was a corpse," he said, "which I revived for a time, but which has returned to her tomb."

The Queen, being flattered with hopes of Sicily for her son, was persuaded to consent to peace and to relinquish Sardinia to the Duke of Savoy, Victor Amadeus I. The King of France was to marry Mariana, the eldest daughter of Spain, and Luis, the heir of Spain, Elizabeth, the fourth daughter of the Regent Orleans, and the two princesses were exchanged at the Bidassoa, poor little Mariana, who was only three years old, not being allowed a single Spanish attendant. Peace was signed at the Hague on February 17th, 1720.

CAMEO XXIX.

JACOBITE SCHEMES.

1717–1725.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1714. George I.	1715. Louis XV.	1711. Charles VI.
	Spain.	
	1700. Philip V.	

CAMEO XXIX.

Death of Marlborough. 1722.

THESE years alike in England and France are dreary and barren of interest. Robert Walpole was Prime Minister, although he and the King had no language but Latin in common. His great objects, in which he succeeded, were to restore the national credit after the South Sea disaster, to keep the peace, and to depress the Jacobites and Tories; and therewith the Church, appointing Bishops more for their Whig politics than their virtues, and encouraging latitudinarianism. He had the field more and more to himself, for the Earl of Sunderland died suddenly on the 19th of April, 1722, and in June, his father-in-law, the great Duke of Marlborough, followed him. For six years paralysis had affected his powers. Once he looked up at the portrait of himself, in all his glory of manly beauty and ability, and sadly said: "That was a man!" He had a state funeral at Westminster Abbey in Henry VII.'s chapel, but the sarcophagus was removed to the chapel at Blenheim to a huge semi-classical monument, in the strange taste of the day.

Duchess Sarah survived him for twenty-two years. She was immensely rich, and had various offers of marriage, but she answered that, were she only thirty instead of sixty, she would not give the Emperor of the world a share in the heart which had been devoted to her great Duke. Indeed, there had been deep faithful love between the pair, in spite of the lady's temper, which did not improve with age, and brought her into foolish quarrels, exposing her to the derision of Alexander Pope.

It was a time of stagnation. The Jacobites were much excited. James Edward Stuart had married Clementina Sobieski, the grand-daughter

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Atterbury and Hoadley. 1717.

of the only great King of Poland, and on the 31st of December, 1720, was born her eldest son, Charles Edward Casimir, in the presence of seven Cardinals as witnesses. The elation of his party no doubt conduced to make Walpole the more harsh to, and distrustful of, the orthodox clergy. He even quashed collections in churches for fear money should be sent to "the Pretender."

Indeed, the most distinguished of the Bishops Francis Atterbury of Rochester, was avowedly a strong Jacobite, and corresponded with the exiles. He had, it may be remembered, when Prolocutor of Convocation in Queen Anne's time, led those who censured Benjamin Hoadley's sermon; but in 1714 he had been Queen Anne's last appointment to a see, whereas Hoadley was one of the first chosen by the new dynasty and given the see of Bangor. In 1717 Hoadley, excited by some papers of Hickes, the Non-juror, preached a sermon and published a treatise, denying the existence of any visible Church, and throwing over all principles of Church government and orthodoxy. In the Convocation of 1717 it was unanimously censured, and thereupon the Ministry, not troubling themselves about the merits of the question, and only knowing Hoadley as Whig and Convocation as Tory, prorogued it; and from that time forth, though duly summoned at every fresh Parliament, it was instantly again dismissed. Happily, however, the summons was kept up as a constitutional custom until, after nearly a century and a half, it was restored. Archbishop Sheldon little knew the harm he did when he resigned the right of the clergy to tax themselves. Not for the pecuniary difference, but because, as in the case of the Commons, the power of the purse secured the having time for consultation, and the being able to enforce demands and protests, whereas the voice of the clergy had become utterly disregarded.

William Whiston, Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, had in Queen Anne's time put forth some heretical doctrines which had been examined and censured in Convocation, and the paper sent up to the Queen, but in the confusion of her broken health and many perplexities it was lost and never signed.

Ever since there had been a sharp issue of pamphlets, producing more heretical and mischievous writings on the side of Whiston and his friends, so that being unable to reach them through Convocation, the Earl of Nottingham brought in a bill for the suppression of profane and blasphemous publications, enacting that whoever should put forth publicly in speech or writing, denial of the being of God, against the Divinity of our Blessed Lord, the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, the inspiration of Scripture or the truth of the Christian religion, should be imprisoned for an indefinite time or till he recanted; and that nonconformist ministers should not be licensed without subscribing their assent to the primary articles of the faith.

The measure was supported by Bishop Atterbury, but it was too violent to pass. The Bishop of Peterborough said it would establish

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Plot of Bishop Atterbury. 1721.

a Protestant Inquisition, and Lord Onslow declared that much as he loved the doctrines of the Church he could not consent to their being upheld by persecution. The bill was thrown out by sixty to thirty-one votes.

The same year, the Quakers, who had been released from the necessity of oaths in the Courts of Justice, sent up a petition against the insertion of "in the presence of Almighty God" in the affirmation required of them, as being equivalent to an oath. The Archbishop of York and Bishop Atterbury opposed this concession, but in vain, and it was granted.

Those prelates had been by far the wisest who had decided that politics were no part of their mission, and that they ought to submit to the powers that be, as long as they enjoined nothing actually sinful. Atterbury did the cause of the Church great harm by his manœuvres on behalf of the Stuarts. There was great provocation, for besides the sight of the coarse, irreligious foreign king, with a scandalous court, and of the latitudinarian measures of Parliament, a bill had been passed decreeing that any Scottish Episcopal clergyman who did not take the oaths to Government, or proxy for King George, should be imprisoned for six months, and his chapel shut up, and any place of worship where nine persons besides the household met for worship was declared a chapel or meeting house. It was not as yet rigorously enforced, but any time it might be, and was a whip always ready. No doubt it helped to justify Atterbury in his own mind for forming one of the Junta or Council of five, who managed Jacobite affairs in England. The others were the Earls of Arran and Orrery, and Lords North and Gower, and they held communication with Lord Oxford.

Their plan was to get five thousand foreign troops under the Duke of Ormond to land in England, but as all the continental sovereigns were at peace with George I. this could only be done by private enlistment of disbanded officers or soldiers. On this Ormond himself was at work in Spain and General Dillon in France. They were to come up the Thames, surprise the Tower and the Bank and proclaim James III., and it was expected that the great unpopularity of George I. would make the citizens willing to accept him. The Lord Mayor bore the surname of Stewart, and the shouts of "A Stewart! a Stewart!" on Lord Mayor's day, had been thought to bear a double meaning. Some of the plotters thought the best time would be during a general election, others when the King was absent in Hanover, and in preparation James had quitted Rome for a villa near Porto Longone, and Ormond was waiting near Bilbao, but they had been foolish enough to ask the Regent of France for five thousand troops, and he gave warning of the design to the English Minister. When on the alert, Walpole discovered enough of the conspiracy to make him bring the troops to London, form a camp in Hyde Park and arrest some of the agents.

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Arrest of Atterbury. 1721.

Those who conducted the correspondence were Plunkett, a Jesuit, Neynoe, an Irish priest, Carte and Kelly, both non-juring clergymen, and Layn, a young barrister. Plunkett was taken, Layn tried to escape, but was seized, Neynoe let himself down from his window on a wall, and tried to swim across the Thames, but was drowned. Kelly's sword and papers were seized, and laid down in a window while the officers searched further. Springing on them, Kelly drew his sword, and threatened to kill the first person who came near him; then holding the sword in his right hand, he burnt the papers in a candle that stood by with his left, and did not surrender till they all were destroyed. Carte escaped to France, where he wrote an admirable History of England, the only one which rivalled that of the French Huguenot Rapin until Hume's was written and became the standard.

On hearing of these arrests, Lord North fled, but was captured in the Isle of Wight, Lord Orrery and the Duke of Norfolk were also sent to the Tower, but there was not evidence against them and they were released. Many letters had been intercepted, and in these the persons engaged in the conspiracy were mentioned under a variety of names, some very absurd. One was Harlequin. Now a little spotted dog named Harlequin had been given by Lord Mar to Bishop Atterbury, and having broken his leg had been left with one Mrs. Barnes to be cured. Some of the plotters used its name for its master, and poor Mrs. Barnes, being asked to whom Harlequin belonged, innocently answered: "To the Bishop of Rochester."

There were other proofs, and Atterbury was arrested and brought before the Council, when he showed much coolness and readiness, and at length was sent to the Tower in his own coach as quietly as possible. He was a good and thoroughly orthodox bishop, but whatever were his feelings towards the House of Stuart, he ought not to have bound himself to George I. if he were secretly taking part against him. There was strong indignation at the imprisonment of a bishop. Such a thing had not happened since the seven had been sent to the Tower, and the Tories were greatly shocked. The Bishop of Rochester was prayed for in the churches of London as a sick person, since he had an attack of gout, and a print appeared, showing him in prison looking at a portrait of Archbishop Laud. This public sympathy caused him to be the more harshly and suspiciously treated. The letters he wrote were opened to be used as evidence, everything sent to him was searched, even pigeon-pies; he was only allowed to see his daughter, Mrs. Morice, in the presence of a gaoler, and when he had to consult with her husband about his defence it could only be done from a window in the second story, while Mr. Morice stood in an open space below.

The Bishop remained in prison until Parliament should meet, nor was his case mended by a manifesto issued from Lucca by James Stuart in September, 1722, claiming the crown, calling on the English to join him, and promising George I., on his retiring to Hanover, to

CAMEO XXIX.

Exile of Atterbury. 1722.

confer on him the title of king thereof, with recognition from all the Powers of Europe.

Perhaps George himself might not have been sorry for the change, but he and his Parliament could only regard this polite offer as insolent, and it not only caused an address of loyalty to George I., but enabled Walpole to carry a motion for raising £100,000 by a tax on Roman Catholics and non-jurors, thus, as Lord Stanhope observes, making Jacobites of all who were not so already. Only the Penderell family were excepted, in memory of Charles II. in the oak. This enactment produced a frightful amount of perjury, for the choice lay with every owner of property between swearing allegiance to George or enduring the weight of taxation and other petty persecutions, and many yielded to the temptation even while they doubly hated the House of Hanover.

The plot was reported on by a Committee. Layn had been already tried and condemned at the King's Bench, Plunkett and Kelly were to be imprisoned, and then a bill was brought into the Lower House for the deprivation and banishment of the Bishop of Rochester, and that he should not be pardoned by the King without the consent of the Parliament.

Atterbury let the bill pass the Commons and reserved his defence, as a peer, for the House of Lords. He brought as a witness a secretary, to show how easily handwriting might be forged, and likewise the poet, Alexander Pope, to describe his engrossment in his family and his studies. Pope was much attached to him, but broke down and stumbled as a witness.

Another, named Skeyne, said that he had asked Mr. Neynoe whether there were any plot, and received for answer that he (Neynoe) knew of two, one of Mr. Walpole against some great men, and one of his own to get £20,000 out of Mr. Walpole. Neynoe being dead could not be interrogated, but Walpole was called, and the lookers-on considered that the examination by the Bishop himself was a wonderful duel of the tongue between two of the cleverest men of the day, each striving his utmost to confute the other.

Atterbury then made a most able defence, declaring his attachment to the English Church, and endeavouring to show that nothing proved against him was treasonable. The other bishops were mostly against him, but Lord Bathurst turned round on them and declared that he could not explain such animosity unless they were like Red Indians, who supposed themselves to inherit not only the spoils but the abilities of a slain enemy. Lord Cowper maintained that Parliament had no right to judge or degrade a bishop, but when the division took place only forty-three voted against it, thirty-three for it.

The Bishop was allowed to see his friends before leaving England. His last present to Pope (a Roman Catholic) was a Bible. "Perhaps," said the poet, much affected, "it is not only in this world that I may have cause to remember the Bishop of Rochester."

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Life abroad. 1723.

Atterbury was taken on board a man-of-war, and landed at Calais, where the first person he met was Lord Bolingbroke, who had made his peace with Government, and been pardoned. "So I am exchanged!" said the Bishop.

Bolingbroke was weary of exile and of the impracticable affairs of the Jacobites, but though his person was safe in England, he had not obtained the restoration of his property, and was coldly treated by Walpole. By and by he returned to Paris, where he married the Marquise de Villette, the niece of Madame de Maintenon.

Bishop Atterbury went first to Brussels and thence to Paris, where he continued to work for James, though so secretly that his friends in England could protest to the contrary. He was invited to visit the Stuart Court at Rome, but felt it wiser to refrain; so that after being the Chevalier's favourite, he found himself discarded and went off, but was arrested by the Swiss Republic at Geneva, to oblige the English, as they supposed. The correspondence to which this led ended in his pardon, and receiving a pension out of his estates.

James's reigning favourite was Colonel John Hay, whom he made Earl of Inverness, with James Murray, called Earl Dunbar, and governor of the young Prince Charles Edward. They ruled him entirely, much to the disgust of his wife Clementina Sobieski, who was shocked that her son should have a Protestant governor, or her husband a Protestant adviser, and demanded "if a man had not true faith towards God, how could he be faithful towards man?"

Alberoni was her chief adviser, and she declared that she would not remain with her husband unless he parted with Inverness, and she actually withdrew to the Convent of St. Cecilia, whence she and James exchanged angry letters. There was nothing to do but to wrangle, but the quarrel was finally made up.

Another project of invasion, 1728, failed, and James, who had gone to Lorraine to be ready for the attempt, was requested by the Duke to leave it, upon which he retired to the little Papal state of Avignon, but was ordered back to Rome again. Bishop Atterbury at the same time took up his abode at Montpelier.

His only child, Mrs. Morice, was dying of decline, and longed to be with him: but there was much delay, as special royal permission, under heavy fees, was required before any English subject could visit an exiled Jacobite.

At last she sailed, too ill to go by land. She arrived at Bordeaux, and travelled in a barge up the Garonne, in a sinking state, longing to see her father, who had come to Toulouse to receive her. They met and were together for twenty hours, while she strove to comfort her father and husband. "It was my business to have taught her to die," wrote Atterbury, "instead of it, she taught me!"

He lived four years longer, always showing himself a staunch Anglican. His body was sent home for burial in Westminster Abbey, but previously his coffin was searched for Jacobite papers! His

CAMEO XXIX.

State of Ireland. 1726.

political proceedings, by discrediting the English Church, did harm that was not overcome for at least a century. The better spirit which had come in after the Restoration had become confused with politics by the doctrines of passive obedience and that of hereditary right. The expulsion and deprivation of so many good men had caused much slackness, and orthodoxy was discouraged while latitudinarism was favoured. There was much unbelief and a great deal of immorality among the upper classes: and in the country very rough coarse manners prevailed among the gentry, though with numerous exceptions, and the country clergy were often of a very low stamp, hardly above the farmers with whom they caroused. There were highly cultivated and learned priests, but they generally enjoyed the higher benefices or the town livings, and there were also deeply devout households, both lay and clerical, as for instance that at Epworth, where Mrs. Wesley was bringing up her large family to strict piety and obedience.

In Ireland the strong opposition to Rome kept the Church on the most Protestant lines, and the non-Romanists were either a few descendants from the old English lords of the Pale, mostly either descendants from the Cromwellian soldiery, or else from the Scottish settlers in Ulster, and little inclined to the Church or its laws.

Indeed, ever since the great war on behalf of James II. the Roman Catholics had been under a yoke which would have been terrible if it had been really enforced. Like the French law against the Huguenots, it had been enacted that, if the child of a Papist avowed himself a Protestant, he was to be removed from his parent's custody, but be still supported by him. Moreover, if a Papist's farm produced more than a third in excess of the rent, his gains should pass over to the first Protestant who should be lucky enough to discover this. A Papist heir might not succeed a Protestant. Romanist schoolmasters were forbidden to teach, and rewards were offered to any informer who would trace one out, or any Romanist priest not licensed by the authorities. These laws were made not by the English Parliament, but by their own Irish Parliament.

The favourite toast among the Protestants was: "The glorious and immortal memory of the great and good King William, who delivered us from Popery, slavery, brass money, and wooden shoes"—with a tail of execrations against those who refused the pledge. Dr. Peter Browne, Bishop of Cork, preached against this piece of profanity, and was therefore denounced as hostile to the Revolution.

The Irish Protestant gentry were quite as violent and hard to keep in order as the Romanists, against whom they enacted such savage laws that the English Ministry had to advise the Sovereign not to pass them; but in point of fact they never enforced them against their neighbours unless some personal quarrel put their blood up. They led a jovial, rollicking life of sport and revelry, with their houses overrun with followers and dependents of all descriptions, and their quarrels were

CAMEO XXIX.

Drapier's Letters. 1724.

generally settled by duels. Only a few keen and cunning men led the affairs in their Parliament, and kept these terrible laws ready to be put in force.

The Protestant clergy had not enough to do, and were too apt to neglect what they had. Their churches were in a lamentable condition, and there was hardly any teaching. There were, however, two remarkable men among them—Dean Swift, already mentioned, at St. Patrick's, Dublin, where he continued to lead his strange life and write his bitter papers.

In 1724, when Lord Carteret had been appointed Lord-Lieutenant, an ironmaster named Wood obtained from the English Government a patent for coining halfpence and farthings for Irish circulation to the value of £108,000. The plan was a useful one, for there was a deficiency of copper money coin in Ireland; but the Irish Council had not been consulted, and no one would believe that there had been every precaution taken to secure the pence being of proper value. Dean Swift wrote a series of letters under the disguise of a Drapier, full of wonderful ability and invective. If one coin had been shown and proved true metal, he declared that one sheep was not a sample of a flock, nor one brick of a house, and there was much more to the same effect. The Irish thought ruin was coming on them, and there was such a storm that the patent was withdrawn, and Swift became the most popular man in Ireland. The Drapier's head figured on the signs of public-houses, on handkerchiefs, and medals! Yet he must have had too much real sense to have raised the tempest except out of hatred to the Whigs, for he did not love "the savage old Irish," and never let them call him their countryman.

There was a nobler Irish Dean who made a better use of his talent—George Berkeley, a native of Kilkenny, educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He had been chaplain to Lord Peterborough, and had travelled a good deal, using his opportunities of observation to the utmost and thinking deeply. He was revolted by the materialism of the French philosophy, and worked out a remarkable system by which he dwelt on the fleeting unreal nature of substantial worldly objects compared with the reality of thought and spirit.

Many admired, though few followed him, and the Duke of Grafton made him Dean of Derry, where he devised in full earnest a scheme for a college in Bermuda, whence to work for the conversion of the Red Indians. He went out himself to Rhode Island to commence the work, but in the dead condition of religious feeling found no helpers, and came home baffled.

CAMEO XXX.

END OF THE REGENCY.

1720-1726.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1714. George I.	1715. Louis XV.	1711. Charles VI.
1725. George II.	*Spain.*	
	1700. Philip V.	

CAMEO XXX.

Plague of Marseilles. 1720.

PEACE prevailed in Europe, but there is hardly a court that was even respectable in these early years of the eighteenth century. The hollow glory of Louis XIV. had led to terrible demoralisation, which was chiefly counteracted by undercurrents: in England by the remnant of Puritan strictness and non-juring devotion, in France by the Jansenists and the still persecuted Huguenots, in Germany by people called Pietists, or quiet folk, who took refuge in Protestant hermitages.

Moreover, the clergy showed the influences that had been brought to bear on them in many remote districts. The Bishop of Marseilles, Henri François Xavier de Belzunce, showed himself a truly Christian hero in the frightful visitation of plague at Marseilles. This fearful disease was brought from Seyde, in the Bay of Tunis, in the winter of 1720. The vessel brought a clean bill of health with her, but concealed that six men had died on the voyage. Soon the plague began to spread in the poorer and more wretched districts, and a panic set in, so that almost all who had means left the city, and the Provost was left with only four councillors, and eleven hundred livres in the treasury. The Bishop and his clergy, however, remained, and made the most self-devoted exertions. All the Oratorians, eighteen Jesuits, forty-three Capuchins, twenty-six Recollets, besides parish priests, died during their ministrations to the awful mass of misery and contagion. A gentleman called le Chevalier Rose likewise devoted himself to the care of the unhappy place, where famine was soon added to the other miseries, for there was no work, no markets, and a cordon of troops shut in the approaches to prevent the infection from spreading. However, the Duke of Orleans sent 22,000 marks in silver, a quantity of

CAMEO XXX.
—
Cardinal Dubois. 1722.

corn, and such doctors as were willing to volunteer. Clement XI. sent indulgences, and likewise three ship-loads of corn; but Dubois fancied this subsidy was an insult to his administration, and ordered the ambassador to stop the ships. However, shame and humanity prevailed, and though the vessels were stopped by a Moorish corsair, as soon as their destination was known, they were allowed to proceed.

The disease spread to Arles, Aix and Toulon, and to sixty-three lesser places, so that before the second winter checked the destroyer, there had been 88,000 deaths. Alas! the warning was not taken by the majority. Provence had never been so given up to amusement and licentiousness as during that ensuing winter of 1721, when it was remarked that the places which had suffered most indulged in the wildest dissipation. Bishop Belzunce so heartily loved his flock that he refused to be translated to a see of higher dignity, unlike Dubois, who, when Cardinal de la Tremouille, Fenélon's successor at Cambrai, died, demanded the archbishopric!

"You! Archbishop of Cambrai?" demanded the regent, shocked for once. "Who is the fellow who would consecrate you?"

"Oh, if that is all, I know who will do so!"

His effrontery gained the point. He was not even a sub-deacon, and the Pope hesitated to grant his license, but actually permitted this disgrace, and, stranger still, Massillon of Clermont, the great preacher of the day, was one of the three prelates who signed his testimonial. It must, however, be said that some historians doubt whether he were really so depraved as has been generally believed. The Cardinal de Noailles absolutely refused to have anything to do with this scandal; but the consecration was performed by Cardinal de Rohan. It was only intended as a step to the cardinalate, and Dubois proceeded to try to purchase this by driving on the acceptance of the Bull *Unigenitus* against the Jansenists, and by obtaining the intercession of George I. (of all people in the world) by expelling all the Jacobites from France. Clement XI., however, died without committing this enormity, but Cardinal Conti was obliged to give a written promise to give Dubois the hat before the conclave ventured to elect him as Innocent XIII. in 1721.

Everything was in Dubois' hands. No one durst oppose him except the Cardinal de Noailles. The Duke of Orleans grew more indolent with years, and had been cut to the heart by the death of his favourite daughter, the Duchess of Berri, the companion of many of his excesses, which she alternated with pious observances. She was only twenty-four, but her life had been such that no one could think of uttering a funeral oration over her.

The young king was made happy by the purchase of the deceased princess's park of La Muette. There he dug in the garden, tended a little cow, and made his own soup. These were his pleasures. He was so shy that he cried if he had to speak to the regent, and his tutor, the good-natured Bishop Fleury of Fréjus, could be heard coaxing him

CAMEO XXX.

End of the French Regency. 1723.

—"Come, sire, do it with a good grace." Fleury was not a Bossuet or a Fénelon, though a fairly good man, who thus far had made the boy devout and scrupulous; but it had not been possible to teach him much, or to give him intellectual tastes, far less principles of government, or to enlarge his narrow self-concentrated nature; so that the unhappy lad was growing up to complete the iniquity of his dynasty.

His amusements at Meudon seem to have been the cause of a chill which resulted in a fever affecting the throat, and he was in some danger. The courtiers hurried to inspect him, and the Duchess de la Ferté, sister to Madame de Ventadour, whispered loudly to St. Simon, "He is poisoned!" and could hardly be withheld from telling the king himself of her belief! A young physician, who bled him in the foot, had the credit of having saved his life.

The king's governor, the Marshal Duke of Villeroi, escorted him to return thanks for his recovery at Notre Dame, and with difficulty persuaded him to show himself to the populace in a balcony at the Tuileries, and to look at the fireworks in honour of the occasion.

Dubois hated Villeroi, being sure that the marshal would induce the king to deprive him of his post as soon as the regency was over; and the Duke of Orleans was also offended by the precautions which showed that he was strongly suspected of a crime he had never wished to attempt. One day, when Orleans desired to hold a private interview with the king, Villeroi absolutely refused, saying that his duty forbade him to let his charge be out of his sight, or receive proposals which he did not hear. The regent calmly told him that he forgot to whom he was speaking, and withdrew.

It was expected that Villeroi would come to apologise the next morning, so preparations were made at the Palais Royal. There, in the anteroom, he was arrested, put into a sedan chair, carried across the garden to a carriage, and sent off to his country estates under an escort. Fleury on this withdrew from court, but the young king lamented and complained so loudly that the Bishop was recalled, and this satisfied his pupil, so that he consented to receive the Duke de Choiseul as his governor.

Orleans actually consented to make Dubois Prime Minister, and growing more indolent, left everything in the hands of this personage, who was so much afraid of intriguers turning the regent against him that he employed all his vigilance in watching his master instead of on public affairs, which fell more and more into confusion. His insolence and abusive language to those who sought an audience were unbearable. He actually pushed a lady out of the room by the shoulders for calling him "Monseigneur," instead of "Votre Eminence."

In February, 1723, the young king completed his thirteenth year, and thus was declared of age. He had become persuaded that he owed everything to the regent and the cardinal, and at the Bed of Justice, when he announced that he took on himself the government, he threw

himself upon the duke's neck, calling him dear uncle, begging him still to direct the affairs of the kingdom, and announcing that Cardinal Dubois was still prime minister.

CAMEO XXX. — *Death of Orleans.* 1723.

Thus there was no real change for the next few months, but on the 9th of August, Dubois died under an operation, raging in fury against the doctors. The Duke of Orleans, to save himself trouble, proposed to the king to make Fleury first minister, and Louis gladly consented, since he seems to have cared for his tutor more than for any one else.

The Duke of Orleans was only forty-nine, but his dissipated life had told on his health. His face had grown red and blotched, and he had fits of lethargy which made his friends uneasy; but he persisted in all his habits of self-indulgence in spite of warnings. On the 29th of November, his physician, Chirac, begged him to be bled and submit to treatment.

"Not yet," said the duke—"wait till Monday, and I will put myself into your hands."

On Monday Chirac came, but the duke bade him wait till the morrow.

"I wish to enjoy my dinner to-day, and to wait on the king afterwards," he said; and when Chirac remonstrated, he was only provoked into saying that he had more faith in his cook than in his physician.

He did enjoy his dinner, but after it complained of headache, and in a few minutes sank down unconscious, and was dead even before any doctor could arrive—a call even more fearfully sudden than that of his cousin, Charles II., whom he so much resembled. So flagrant had been his conduct that one of the flippant Parisian witticisms was to say that the old Duchess was like Idleness, for she was the mother of all the vices. He did not escape, even in his death, the imputation of the sin from which he was free, that of murder, for it was reported, and for some time believed in Paris, that instead of apoplexy, he died of drinking poisoned coffee intended for the king.

In Louis's first grief for the guardian who had always been kind to him, the Bishop of Fréjus suggested to him that he had better nominate the Duke of Bourbon as chief minister, and this was done at once, Fleury well knowing that the ignorant, dull, and rude duke was likely to leave all to himself, provided no jealousy was excited, and indeed Fleury, though not a great man, was by far the most respectable person about the poor young king.

The only son of Philip of Orleans was slightly deformed, and far from clever, so that his father used to say it was hard to be suspected of wishing to make way for setting such a being on the throne. He was only twenty-one, and almost as shy and silent as the king. He was religiously disposed, though he had been led by fashion into some dissipation; but the shock of his father's death sobered him once for all, and from that time forth he lived a grave, retired life, full of deeds of charity, so that he is known as the good Duke of Orleans.

CAMEO XXX.
Family of Regent Orleans.
1724.

His next sister set her heart on going into a convent, and became abbess of Chelles. She did much as she pleased, and practised no strict monastic discipline, but she was never otherwise than decorous. The third daughter, the Duchess of Modena, manifested the corrupt disposition of her family; and the fourth, who was married to the heir of Spain, seemed likely to prove no better, though still very young. King Philip V., always longing to return to Paris, and flattered by reports of his nephew's bad health, resigned his crown to his son Luis, in order to be free to become King of France. Young Luis was dull and silent, and much disliked his French wife. On the first indiscretion on her part, he shut her up in a castle with one lady, and though he soon sent her to the palace of Buen Retiro, he was thinking of procuring a divorce, when he was attacked by malignant small-pox.

The young queen nursed him most faithfully till she fell ill herself, and she was in great danger, when he died, on the 31st of August, 1724, and his father returned to the throne.

She never wholly recovered, and lived a retired life, where she was said to show herself sullen and selfish. As soon as she could travel, she was again exchanged on the Bidassoa for the Spanish Infanta! For the French did not wish to wait for this little girl to be grown old enough for marriage, to see the birth of a dauphin secure them from a war between the Orleans family and Spain. When the announcement was made to the King and Queen of Spain, by the Abbé de Livre on his knees, they kept silence, but by and by the Queen broke out. She snatched off her bracelet with the miniature of Louis XV. and crushed it.

"The Bourbons are a race of devils——" she began, then checked herself and added: "except your Majesty."

The European princesses were studied by the French Ministry. There were ninety-nine unmarried ones, but only twenty-five were Roman Catholic, and the Duke of Bourbon was determined to choose no one who had powerful connections or likely to be clever enough to influence the King.

The great Tzar Peter had died in 1721, and left the throne to his widow, Catherine I. His daughter Elizabeth was proposed for Louis XV., but rejected, though she would have abjured the Greek Church, chiefly on the ground of her mother's low birth, and the semi-barbarism of her country.

Next was proposed Maria Lecksinska, the daughter of that King of Poland who had been set up by Charles XII., and dethroned in favour of Augustus of Saxony. She was twenty-two, and was living with her parents in an old Commandery of the Templars at Weissenberg, upon a pension granted by France. There had been an idea of marrying her to the son of the Count d'Estrées, but this had failed on the Regent Orleans refusing to make him a duke and peer of France. She was known to be neither beautiful nor clever, but very good and gentle. When the Duke of Bourbon's propositions were made, King Stanislas

CAMEO XXX.

Marriage of Louis XV. 1725.

went into the room where his wife and daughter sat at work, exclaiming—

"Let us fall on our knees and thank God!"

"Father, are you recalled to the throne of Poland?" cried the princess.

"God has granted a more amazing favour," returned Stanislas. "You are Queen of France!"

CAMEO XXXI.

THE FRENCH CHURCH UNDER FLEURY.

1716-1724.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1725. George II.	1715. Louis XV.	1711. Charles VI.
	Spain.	
	1700. Philip V.	

CAMEO XXXI.

Toleration by Regent Orleans. 1716.

THE good-natured Duke of Orleans wished for toleration. He greatly disliked the Jesuits, more, it is to be feared, for their virtues than their faults. He brought forward the Cardinal de Noailles and gave him the *feuille de bénéfices, i.e.* the power of Church patronage in all cases which were not of favour or political interest, released the Jansenist prisoners in the Bastile, and recalled four doctors of the Sorbonne who had been exiled for refusing to register the Bull *Unigenitus*, which it may be remembered had been forced unwillingly from the Pope by Louis XIV. to be employed against the Jansenists.

The Jesuits, who did not tolerate the Jansenists the more for their being supported by the vicious, free-thinking Regent, began to intrigue, and in consequence, Tellier was banished from Court, though Louis XIV. had nominated him, by will, to be Confessor to the young king.

Children began to make regular confessions at seven years old, and the Regent gave the little Louis a man of great excellence, Claude Fleury, who had written what is perhaps the most complete Church history in existence, only rivalled by that of Dean Milman.

"I give you this appointment," said the Regent, "because you are neither a Jansenist, nor a Molinist, nor an Ultramontane."

He had been under-preceptor with Fénelon in the happy days of the education of the Duke of Burgundy, but he must not be confused with André Hercule de Fleury, Bishop of Fréjus and afterwards Cardinal, who was in the higher position of preceptor to the king, and was one of the few who could coax the shy, dull young king into performing the duties of representation incumbent on him.

Rome, having pronounced, would not, on any persuasion, retract

CAMEO XXXI.
Acceptance of Bull Unigenitus. 1720.

what had been once put forth, and the Pope sent repeated orders to accept the condemnation of Quesnel's book; but the Cardinal de Noailles, a good many Bishops, and the Parliament, kept up a steady resistance, and an appeal was even made to a General Council by four Bishops and the Theological College of the Sorbonne. Unfortunately Noailles hesitated to take so decisive a step, and Philippe of Orleans, only wishing to hold the balance and prevent a disturbance, silenced the appeal, and disgraced those who made it, and soon after a decree of the Inquisition condemned it.

The dispute went on hotly, till Dubois suggested a declaration which virtually accepted the bull, but appended to it an explanation which made it more tolerable to the Jansenists. Both the Parliament and Archbishop struggled against it, but finally accepted it in 1720, so that there was a sort of truce. It lasted, however, only a few years, till Dubois, the Regent Orleans, and Pope Clement XI., were all dead. Benedict XIII. was Pope, and Bishop Fleury at the head of French affairs.

Cardinal de Noailles had great hopes of the new Pope, and drew up twelve articles of faith, chiefly respecting the action of grace, which were shown to Benedict, and of which he entirely approved; but the clergy of the other faction were by this time fighting for victory rather than for truth, and they threatened the Pope with a schism until he gave way, and notified to de Noailles that he insisted on the unqualified acceptance of the Bull Unigenitus.

Bishop Fleury had hitherto been a moderate man, but he wanted to be a Cardinal like Richelieu, Mazarin, and Dubois. The rank it gave him was useful politically, and he was, unless general belief does him injustice, content to purchase it by undertaking to enforce submission to the Bull Unigenitus.

Bishop Soazen was an old man who had been a pupil of Quesnel, and was a noted preacher. He had ruled for many years over the diocese of Senez, a thinly-peopled part of Provence, and was much revered. He had never accepted the Bull Unigenitus, and had been one of the four prelates who had signed the appeal to a General Council. He was past eighty when, in 1726, he published a Pastoral Instruction to his clergy, in which he reviewed all the controversy, expressed his strong adhesion to the twelve articles of Cardinal de Noailles, and exhorted his brethren to be faithful at all costs to the truth.

The Archbishop of Embrun, the province, was a disgraceful character named Pierre de Tencin, a comrade of Dubois, whose transactions in the Rue Quincampoix had been fraudulent, and who was accused of simony and perjury, yet Fleury did not scruple to make him an instrument for crushing the venerable Soazen, and winning favour at Rome, while Tencin himself hoped to obtain the Cardinal's hat by this persecution. So a provincial council was called, at which among others Belzunce of Marseilles was unfortunately present, and they suspended the good old man from all episcopal and ecclesiastical

CAMEO XXXI.

Death of Archbishop de Noailles. 1728.

functions till he should revoke his Pastoral Instruction. Moreover, a *lettre de cachet* banished him to the Abbey of Chaise Dieu, in the bleak Auvergnat mountains, where in constancy and patience he lived to his ninety-sixth year.

The lawyers of Paris, fifty in number, declared the sentence of the Council illegal, and Cardinal de Noailles protested, but of course the Pope confirmed the sentence, with high commendation of the prudence and zeal of its framers. The Parliament of Paris and de Noailles refused to register this brief from Rome, but this was the last effort of the Archbishop of Paris. He was an old man, and his mind was weakened, his spirits gave way, and in a state of morbid depression he allowed his nephew and niece to induce him to retract his protest and all his acts against the Bull.

Poor old man, he had had some presentiment that advantage would be taken of his failing powers, and had given two priests among his friends a paper declaring that whatever might be gained from him contrary to the sentiments of his life was not to be accepted.

Disputes went on round him even till his death, at seventy-eight, on the 4th of May, 1729. A little more resolution would have made him a brave champion of the National Church, but he never recovered his remorse for the overthrow of Port Royal.

Government made use of the submission thus obtained to gain an entire victory over the party. By *lettre de cachet* they turned out all the forty-eight doctors of the Sorbonne who had signed the appeal, and the remainder of course reversed it, and agreed to admit no one into their body who did not accept the Bull Unigenitus in an unqualified manner.

The new Archbishop of Paris, Gaspard de Vintimille, was a thorough-going Ultramontane, and under the boy-king and the mild old Cardinal, the most outrageous acts of arbitrary power were perpetrated upon the Church. All ecclesiastics were ordered to sign their adhesion to the bull on pain of losing their benefices, and when the Parliament of Paris refused to register the Edict, its consent was assumed and proclaimed. On this it put forth a protest, which greatly encouraged the clergy, who resisted, though the Council of State cancelled it.

Three parish priests in the diocese of Orleans refused to sign, and were deprived by their Bishop. They appealed to Parliament, which declared their sentence illegal. The Bishop appealed to the Crown, the lawyers of Paris took up the cause of the *curés*, Fleury came down upon them, suspended the priests, and informed the advocates that unless they withdrew their defence of the clergy they would never be allowed to practise again in their profession, whereupon they apologised.

The national Church spirit, however, died hard—the like commands from other Bishops and their sentences were again declared illegal by the Parliament, and the parliamentary resistance quashed by the Crown

CAMEO XXXI.

Persecution of Jansenists. 1730.

with sharp censure. On this three hundred advocates retired to their chambers, and all the courts of law stood still, and this time they were victorious. Fleury had to retract his censure and apologise.

And there was another struggle over the canonisation of St. Hildebrand, *i.e.* Gregory VII., whose holiday and services the staunch Gallicans objected to as an innovation, but really because he might be viewed as the author of Papal aggressions. Fleury found that he must not go too far, and did not again interfere with the national spirit. Jansenism might have at its root the germ of a dangerous doctrine respecting Predestination; but the struggle had long been not whether the doctrine itself were right or wrong, but whether it existed in the writings of Jansen himself, and in those of Quesnel, and this was affirmed on the sole authority of the Papal See by those who had never read the books themselves; while in point of fact this same condemnation had been extracted with the utmost difficulty from an unwilling Pope by the threats of Louis XIV. Jansenism had brought in a higher and purer standard, and controverted and exposed the means by which the Jesuits procured outward unity and communion by toleration of moral evil. This brought upon them the enmity, not only of those who were theologians enough to understand the error, but of those who held blind submission to Rome an absolute duty, and of all such as hated strictness.

The men of saintly life who were untainted with either Jansenism or Ultramontanism were dying out. Gallicanism and Jansenism were getting identified, and indeed so were Jansenism and strict purity of life, at least in the popular mind. There can be no doubt that the absolute arbitrary and unjust crushing of all freedom of religious thought, even when it did not lead to schism, crippled resistance to the perilous atheistical philosophy, and rendered the political revolution that was preparing infinitely more universal and perilous. Some of the Jansenists in this depressed state fell into a state of enthusiasm, which produced so-called miracles. A devout man in deacon's orders, François de Paris, died in 1731, and was buried in the cemetery of St. Medard. A young girl in a consumption was believed to have recovered at his tomb, and many more followed, generally nervous hysterical cases, whom excitement threw into convulsions, ending in recovery. Even an Abbé, lame from his birth, reciting a *neuvaine* at the grave, fell into these convulsions, and was declared to be less lame, and his example had such an effect that he was called the Master of the Convulsionnaires. The Jansenist Bishops at first hoped that this was an interposition in their favour, and the Government did not at first interfere, but the conduct of the pilgrims and convulsionnaires became so wild and scandalous that their own friends gave them up, and the cemetery of St. Medard was closed by the police, though these strange aberrations lasted some time longer, and a priest named Vaillant believed himself Elijah, and had a following, until he was thrown into

CAMEO XXXI.

Persecution of Huguenots. 1724.

the Bastile, where he spent twenty-two years. Not a century before he would have been burnt.

Like the Jansenists, the Huguenots enjoyed an interval of rest during the Regency, and were recovering their discipline under Antoine Court, a pastor born in 1696, of a peasant family, whose vision from his infancy had been to build up again what was termed "the Church under the Cross." In 1715, a Synod was held in the deserts of the Cevennes, there was a sending of ministers to Switzerland for Presbyterian ordination, and a revival of devotion and spirit of organisation began to renew the strength of the Reformed.

Their renewal of observances could not but become known, and there were a few local prosecutions, but nothing serious as long as the Regent lived. Both he and Dubois refused to authorise the edict for a fresh persecution, which the Duke's almoner, Lavergne de Tressan, Bishop of Nantes, demanded, in the hope that his zeal against Protestantism might win him the Cardinalate. But as soon as the Duke of Bourbon and Fleury were in power Tressan obtained his edict, and immediately hastened to take counsel with the terrible old foe of the Huguenots, De Baville, who was very aged, but who exerted himself to draw up an instruction for dealing with the Huguenots, and is said to have died with the pen in his hand to sign it.

The edict renewed those of Louis XIV. Preachers were condemned to death, their accomplices to the galleys, if women, to have their hair shaven off, and to be for ever imprisoned. Parents who did not bring their children to the priests within twenty-four hours for baptism were heavily fined, likewise for not sending them for instruction. Exhorting the sick was liable to a penalty of the galleys, and the sick who refused the Sacraments were banished if they recovered, if they died were to be dragged on a hurdle to an unhonoured grave. Marriages by a pastor were no marriages by the law, and the children could not inherit!

The clergy were for the most part unwilling to act on these cruel commands, and they were not always carried out. Some of the Huguenots fled, especially to Sweden, and in the Cevennes there was again a resort to the caverns and rocks of the wilderness. A college for the ministers had been established at Lausanne, and thence came a supply of pastors, ready to be martyred. Paul Rabaut was the most noted of these, and for full forty years dared constant danger, sleeping in dens and forests, hunted everywhere, and knowing of the death of many and many a comrade, yet undaunted in faith and noted for devotion and eloquence.

The men, when captured, worked in the docks, chained together, the women were sent off to the tower of Constance, near Aigues-Mortes, for life-long imprisonment, utterly ignorant of the lot of their husbands and children. Such was the condition of the Huguenots through this entire reign, though the persecution chiefly depended on the will of individual Bishops and Governors, and was not always actively enforced.

CAMEO XXXII.

PHILOSOPHY IN SEEDTIME.

1700—1727.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1725. George II.	1715. Louis XV.	1711. Charles VI.
	Spain.	
	1700. Philip V.	

IT is not easy to say what was meant by philosophy as understood in the eighteenth century. Love of wisdom is simple enough as a definition, and the philosophy of the ancient Greek was without doubt what St. Paul described as the endeavour to find out God "if haply they might feel after Him," like a blind man groping in the dark. Later, philosophy came to mean all researches into the causes and constitution of things Divine and human, the foundation of morality, the endeavour to find out hidden things, whether of the human mind or of Nature; and when the eighteenth century came in, it had begun to signify reasoning upon ethics and morals in general, on systems not necessarily founded on religion. Thus while resignation to vexations, because "it will be all the same a hundred years hence," has been jocosely called "philosophy," and the inquiry into the constitution and laws by which stars and planets, animals and plants are governed is more correctly termed philosophy, the term came to mean in general, reasoning on the eternal principles of justice and morality, apart from what is disclosed to us by revelation.

The more theology became narrowed in popular teaching, as by Calvinism on the one hand and Jesuitism on the other, the more the "commandments of men" were taught as "doctrines," and obedience to them tyrannically enforced; and the more superstition was encouraged, so much the more were speculative minds inclined to recur to those first principles of right, and to throw over their connection with the Divine will. It was not always so, some were eminently Christian philosophers, but there were others who left religion entirely out of their systems. However, as they in general considered their views as esoteric, and compliance with the observances of the country, the government,

CAMEO XXXII.
—
Philosophy in England.

and the vulgar, to be desirable, they did not come into conflict with the hierarchy, and thus while the devoted Jansenists and Huguenots were persecuted, the deist and atheist could safely publish their speculations under the shield of outward conformity.

In England, even during the rebellion, Pym had been one who had cast off faith, but he does not seem to have been more than an ungodly man solely occupied with material things, and not attempting philosophy.

John Locke, a student of Christchurch, Oxford, was by no means sceptical, though his opinions were what are now called broad. He was a Somersetshire man, and lived from 1632 to 1704. He was a great friend of the Earl of Shaftesbury, who even employed him in choosing a wife for his son. He followed his patron into exile, and only returned to England on the death of that nobleman, but he was obliged to flee once more on a suspicion of being implicated in Monmouth's rebellion, and James II. illegally deprived him of his studentship. Penn offered to get a pardon for him, but, as he had never been guilty, he refused the offer. Nor, though he returned to England after the Revolution, could he obtain Restoration at Oxford, though he had a situation on the Board of Trade. He spent his later days at Oates, the house of Sir Francis Masham, and died while Lady Masham (not Queen Anne's friend) was reading the Psalms to him. His great works were the "Essay on the Human Understanding" and the "Treatise on Education," both of which had an immense and increasing influence on opinion both in England and France, the first on metaphysical thought, the last on education.

Sir Isaac Newton, the giant of physical science, was a sincere believer, though not orthodox, but Lord Bolingbroke, in his levity and shallowness, was an unbeliever. The great Bishop, Joseph Butler, was the Christian philosopher of his day in England, and his grand "Analogy of Nature and Revelation" has been a valuable study and text-book ever since.

In France, however, destructive reasoning was less adequately met, for persecution crushed independent thought in theology, and besides, the attacks on faith were less open. Bayle, who wavered between Protestantism and Catholicism, and Descartes had both been metaphysical writers of much repute, but not sceptical; and the Baron de Montesquieu, bred to the law and holding office in the Parliament of Bordeaux, was a very powerful and original thinker, though chiefly on practical matters. His "Lettres Persaunes," which were the supposed correspondence of two Persians visiting Paris, and describing the manners and the whole corrupt system, made a great impression, and the style was much admired. There was a good deal of satire on the evils in the Church, which caused much objection to be made to his election as a member of the Academy, but he was not an unbeliever, and was an earnest man, who really thought for the good of his country. A very different person was coming on the scene.

CAMEO XXXII.
—
Voltaire.

François Marie Arouet was born in 1694, and was son to a notary at Paris. He was educated at the college of Louis le Grand, by the Jesuit fathers, who were viewed as the best of teachers, intellectually as well as religiously. They already saw through the lad. His irreverence made one of the teachers spring from his desk, take him by the collar, and say, "Unhappy boy, one day you will be the standard of deism in France." And another, who was his confessor, said, "That boy is devoured by thirst for celebrity."

His cleverness, however, won him distinction, and when his snuff-box was confiscated because he handed it about in class, he sent in such a droll lamentation in verse that it was restored.

He declared that literature should be his profession, though his father told him that it was that of a man who was "useless to society, a burthen to his friends, and sure to be starved to death," and forced him to study the law, or rather, to pretend to do so, for he led a dissipated life among noblemen who were diverted by his satirical verses.

At last an insolent poem on the Regent caused him to be exiled to Sully-sur-Loire, where he found congenial friends, and amused himself till he thought it worth while to write another epistle in verse to the Regent, which brought him back, but only to offend again.

"M. Arouet," said the Duke, "I am going to give you a sight that you have never seen."

"What, monseigneur?"

"The Bastile."

And there he was in two days' time, and stayed there a month, beginning a poem on the Wars of the League which he finished later, and called "The Henriade." When he came out he was ordered to stay at a little estate named Chatenay, and he decided on calling himself Voltaire, instead of Arouet, after another part of the property.

He began to write tragedies and comedies with varying success, and interspersed with sneers at the Church, the clergy, and government, and made friends with Bolingbroke, a congenial spirit; but just at this juncture an adventure befel him, like that of Dryden with the Duke of Buckingham. It was the brutal custom of the nobility, when affronted by a person not of high birth enough to be challenged, to cause their bravos to seize and beat him.

"What would become of us if poets had not shoulders?" said Caumartin, the unworthy Bishop of Blois.

Voltaire and the Chevalier de Rohan Chabot had a sharp quarrel at the Opera. A day or two after, as the former was leaving a dinner-party at the Duke of Sully's, he was set upon by two men, was belaboured furiously, the Chevalier looking on and calling out—

"Do not hit him on the head, something good may come from it."

The victim stumbled back into the house half dead, and sought for means of retribution, sending a challenge to his enemy; but the day before the encounter he was seized upon by the police and again thrown

CAMEO XXXII.

Philosophy in Prussia.

into the Bastile! When released, he was conducted to Calais, having asked as a favour to be allowed to visit England. Actually he instantly rushed back to Paris to seek his enemy, who was not to be found. So he accomplished his English visit, and was introduced by Lord Bolingbroke to Pope and Swift. He stayed in England three years, during which he wrote several plays, and his best work, the "History of Charles XII. of Sweden." He published these on his return to France, and likewise his "Philosophical Letters upon England," a book full of light mockery, often quizzing the English, but always giving the preference to their institutions over the French, extolling Locke above Descartes, and, moreover, full of attacks upon religion, somewhat veiled, but enough to put Cardinal Fleury on his guard, and the book was burnt, while Voltaire took refuge at Basle.

He had begun to be considered the leader of free thought in Europe, and the young Frederick, the heir of Prussia, was his enthusiastic admirer, while the stern old drill sergeant of a King, Frederick William I., regarded alike with horror freethinking and effeminacy. His son's flute and his French books were equally abhorrent to him, and his only notion of a cure was by almost savage severity. To find "Fritz" reading or writing with his sister Wilhelmina was an offence requited with blows and coarse abuse, and the whole family, Queen, princesses, and all, lived in a state of terror of the rude, brutal father.

At seventeen, Frederick, with his friend Captain Katt, could bear it no longer, and tried to escape to some foreign country, but his plans were betrayed, and they were pursued and brought back to Potsdam. Frederick stood before his father, covering his face with his hands, and not speaking. The King flew at him, struck him on the face, pulled out his hair, and reviled him as a deserter devoid of honour.

"I have as much honour as yourself," returned Frederick. "You would have done like me, if you had been treated in the same way."

On this the king drew his sword, and was barely restrained from killing him on the spot. The two lads were tried by court-martial as deserters, and Katt was condemned, though the officers would not sentence the heir-apparent. Frederick was shut up in a fortress, and held by force at the window by four grenadiers that he might see his friend shot in the court below. They signed their leave-taking, the muskets were fired and Katt fell. Frederick, in consequence, fell violently ill, and would neither eat nor swallow medicine till he was persuaded to do so for the sake of his mother and sister. Nothing but religious books were allowed him during his imprisonment, which lasted for a year, and his only visitors were pastors who tried to argue with him. On their favourable report, his father suddenly released him and brought him back to Potsdam in the midst of the festivities for his sister's marriage with the Markgraf of Bayreuth, when without the least warning his mother found him standing behind her chair and almost fainted away. Wilhelmina was dancing, when the Prime Minister

Grumkow came up to her saying, "Madame, one would think you were bitten by a tarantula. Do you not see those strangers?"

CAMEO XXXII.

Montesquieu. 1750.

After this "the rascal Fritz" was allowed a little more freedom of action. The old King's violence had not brought religion in favour with him, it had only taught him to avoid giving offence, and he lived in a world of his own, imitating the French as much as he dared, and keeping up a secret correspondence with the object of his hero-worship. Voltaire, had, however, returned to France, and was living at Cirey, with the Marquise Emilie des Châtelet, a clever, lively, conceited woman, whom he had fascinated to the oblivion of all duty and propriety. There metaphysics were talked, tales and plays written; he even dedicated one called *Mahomet* to the Pope, by way of cover to its audacity, and Benedict XIV. accepted it, probably without knowing much about it. He did not form one of the many systems of philosophy, but cast darts at religion on the wings of wit and irony—and these told the more from his being a perfect master of his own language, and likewise of no mean power as a historian—in the memoirs of Charles XII., of Peter the Great, and his Siècle de Louis XIV.

Montesquieu had gone to visit various countries, Germany, Hungary, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, and finally spent two years in England, greatly admiring her constitution, and declaring in his journal that the French ambassadors understood it no better than a child of six months old, and that England was the most free country in the world. He published letters upon it, going as far in its praise as was any way prudent, and then wrote another study, "Sur la Grandeur et Décadence des Romains," dwelling of course on the liberty of Rome in its prime. Lastly he applied himself to a grand study and work which occupied him for twenty years, "L'Esprit des Lois," going deep into the principles of society and justice. The motto was *Prolem sine matre creatam* (an offspring created without a mother). When asked the meaning of this, he replied, "When a considerable book is written, genius is the father, and liberty the mother. Therefore I wrote on my title-page, *Prolem sine matre creatam.*" And as the book would never have escaped the censorship of the press in France, he printed it at Geneva; but it was not finished till 1750.

Here then were the earlier stages of the great revolt against the tyranny over all expression of thought which had been established in France. The forces were pent up but were indestructible, and smouldered on, gaining strength and development through two successive generations till the fearful outbreak at the close of the century.

CAMEO XXXIII.

THE PRAGMATIC SANCTION.

1722-1727.

England.	*France.*	*Germany.*
1725. George II.	1715. Louis XV.	1711. Charles VI.
	Spain.	
	1700. Philip V.	

CAMEO XXXIII. — *The Pragmatic Sanction.* 1722.

IN the midst of the peace there were fresh seeds of war springing up. Charles VI., Emperor, the same who had contended with Philip V. for the crown of Spain, had no son, only two daughters. His elder brother, Joseph I., had likewise left only two daughters, and Charles had succeeded because a male was preferred—succeeded, that is to say, to the hereditary possessions of the house of Hapsburg, Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia—for the Empire was still bestowed by election, though as it had been given to a Hapsburg ever since the fifteenth century, it had come to be regarded as a sort of right.

The daughters of Joseph ought in all justice to have come before the daughters of Charles, but in 1722 Charles obtained from the Diet of the Empire what was termed a Pragmatic Sanction—from the Greek word *Pragma* an action, being in fact the consent of the Empire to a deed not otherwise valid.

George I., as Elector of Hanover, was necessarily a party to this arrangement, as was also his son-in-law, Frederick William I., King of Prussia, who had succeeded to the throne in 1713, and showed himself no bad sovereign nor irreligious man, though his habits and views were more like those of a private soldier than of a prince of the highest lineage. He was devoted to his army, and kept it in the highest state of efficiency. Indeed, he had an absolute mania for his tall grenadiers. A man of large stature was never safe, even in other states, from being kidnapped to form one of the corps, and even large well-grown girls were seized to become one of their wives.

He had a bitter dislike to his brother-in-law, George II., and even broke off a proposed match between Frederick, Prince of Wales, and his daughter Wilhelmina, whom he gave to the Markgraf of Bayreuth, to

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Frederick William I. in Prussia. 1713.

the great disappointment of the Prince. The discipline of the Prussian army was wonderful, and the numbers extraordinary for so small a state. The King's pleasures were, next to that of drilling his men, sitting with a pipe and can of beer; he abhorred display of any kind except military, and saved money with all his might. The sight of the terrible corruption in almost every court, and the perilous imitation of French manners, drove him to the opposite extreme, and he was absolutely brutal in his own family, often terrifying his wife and daughters, who were clever intellectual women, and violently repressing all that he thought French or philosophical.

His eldest son especially was a provocation to him, from his passion for French studies, and for flute-playing, both of which he thought badges of effeminacy; while his almost savage persecution was making the young Frederick hate everything concerned with him excepting war; dislike and despise everything German, and unhappily, likewise everything religious.

The two old rivals for the Spanish crown continued to quarrel, but an adventurer called the Baron de Ripperda undertook to reconcile them. He was of a Spanish family, but was born and bred in Holland, and had served the Dutch in war and diplomacy; but a mission to Spain in the time of Alberoni had led to his returning to the country and religion of his ancestors. He was trusted and promoted by Alberoni, and continued in favour after his fall. When the Spanish king and queen were in the utmost anger with France for returning their daughter on their hands, Ripperda persuaded them to lay aside their quarrels with Austria, and send him to Vienna to arrange a treaty. Philip, through him, undertook to give up the claim to be the only Head of the Order of the Golden Fleece, acknowledged Charles's rights in Italy and the Netherlands, and guaranteed the Pragmatic Sanction; while in return Charles gave up the title of king of Spain, and privately gave hopes of marrying his two daughters to the two young princes of Spain. Also, he promised Philip to demand from England the restoration of Gibraltar and Minorca, and if not, to combine with Charles to place James Stuart on the throne! This was the treaty of Vienna. George I., who was in Hanover at the time, learnt the fact of this treaty through German intelligence, and as both he and the French had every reason to dread a combination of the Spanish and Austrian powers, his Ambassador at Paris, Horace Walpole, the brother of Sir Robert, arranged with Fleury the treaty of Hanover, engaging mutually that England and France should defend one another, with other minor matters, chiefly in the interests of Hanover, so as to be very unpopular in England, and to this treaty Prussia agreed.

Ripperda came back to Spain in great glory, having been created a Duke and out-heroding the Spaniards themselves in boastfulness, when received by the officers at Barcelona. He told them that the Emperor had an army of 150,000 men, and that he could raise as many as Spain.

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Fall of Ripperda 1726.

If the allies of the treaty of Hanover dared to refuse the restitution of Gibraltar, the "Great Grenadier," as he called Frederick William, should be driven out of Prussia, and George not only out of England, but out of Hanover! At Madrid he showed equal arrogance, affronted every one, and especially Count Konigseck, the Austrian ambassador, and his boasts were putting England and France on their guard. At Madrid, he met, as well as the Duke of Ormond, Lord North, and the Duke of Wharton, who had left England, joined the Jacobite Court and professed themselves to be Roman Catholics, though Wharton was well known to have no religion at all. He had been appointed James's ambassador to Spain, where he talked as wildly and ridiculously as Ripperda himself.

That adventurer, while promising the Jacobites all sorts of help, assured the British ministers that it was only to delude them. And every one in turn became convinced that his fine words meant nothing. The queen was the last to desert him, hoping for her son's marriage with the little Austrian heiress; but more reasonable persons knew that the other states of Europe would think this most perilous, and that it was a mere boast on his part.

On leaving his apartments on the fourteenth of May, 1726, Ripperda was informed that he was dismissed from all his employments, but that he should have a pension.

He was in such ill odour with the whole populace that he could think of no safe place but the house of the English envoy, Mr. William Stanhope, who, on returning from spending a day at Aranjuez, was amazed to find the boastful minister imploring shelter. Moreover, Ripperda proceeded to disclose all the secrets of State, and perhaps more too. For he not only gave all the details of the private agreement at Vienna, but added that the Emperor and King intended to exterminate Protestantism, for which purpose, he said, King Philip had declared that he would willingly sell his shirt! All the time Ripperda appeared to be in the greatest agonies, and wept profusely.

The Spanish King ordered Stanhope to surrender him, but this the British minister refused to do, standing on his rights by the law of nations. However, an Alcalde de Corte came at six in the morning with a troop of horse and carried him off by force. Stanhope protested loudly, and sent home an account of the outrage, whereupon ensued an angry correspondence on either side.

Ripperda was imprisoned in the Tower of Segovia, but after two years he gained over a maidservant and a corporal of the guard, and made his escape with them, leaving behind his faithful valet, who prevented discovery for some days, by pretending that his master was ill. Indeed Ripperda was ill enough with gout to make his journey a difficult matter, but he reached the borders of Portugal, and, embarking at Oporto under the name of Mendoza, reached England. There Government wanted to gain information from him without further quarrels with Spain, so he was met in the way to London, and lodged in

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Ripperda. 1727.

the house of Dr. Bland, the head master of Eton; but this did not suit him, and he went to London, where he lived in much splendour for a time; but found himself neglected, and went back to Holland and to the Reformed faith. By and by, however, this strange man met a Spanish renegade in the service of the Emperor of Morocco, and was induced to make himself as much of a Moor as possible, having a wild vision of a universal faith to blend together Jewish, Christian and Mohammedan. He became a Pasha, and led a force against Ceuta, where he was defeated, and finally closed his extraordinary career at Tetuan in 1737.

In the meantime matters had come very near to a war. The Spaniards were assembling an army to take Gibraltar, and the command was offered to the brave old Marquis de Villadarias, but he knew that the attempt would be impossible unless the place was attacked by sea as well as by land, and absolutely refused to undertake it without a fleet, which Philip could not or would not raise for him. The Count de las Torres, however, promised that the Spanish banner should in six weeks wave upon the rock; but after four months' siege he was forced to retire, having done very little mischief, while Admiral Hosier was blockading Porto Bello and preventing the galleons from bringing home their treasure.

George's Court remained a standing disgrace both for immorality and bribery. His wife, the unhappy Sophia Dorothea, of Zelle, died, before her son could do her the justice he had always hoped to give her if she survived her husband, and her death was gazetted as that of the Electress Dowager of Hanover, a title that could not possibly be hers. Her son, the Prince of Wales, was a small man of hot temper, and perhaps not so much native ability as the King, but able to speak English fluently, and with a clever wife able to make up for many deficiencies, and on whom he leant and depended, though in the evil fashion of the time, he had another favourite, Mrs. Howard, so gentle and amiable a woman that her position is almost incredible, and moreover that the Princess never manifested the least dislike or jealousy of her, but distinguished her among the bright young beauties who filled the Court of the heir-apparent at Richmond and Leicester House. The King and his son were in a state of chronic enmity, but the elder George was rather fond of *cette diablesse de Princesse*, as he called his daughter-in-law, Caroline of Anspach.

She had brilliant talents, unfailing good temper, wonderful prudence and tact, and in better times would have been every way admirable, but the religious tone of Lutheranism had decayed, and freethinking philosophy prevailed as much in Germany as in France, together with the lowest notions of moral obligations. The Prince, who never thought at all, acquiesced in the doctrines in which he had been bred, apparently not thinking of their obligations as to personal character, though he was an honest, goodnatured, humane man. Caroline, though virtuous herself, was never shocked by vice; looked on religion in a merely intellectual

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Death of George I. 1727.

point of view, valued men for their cleverness, and with little faith herself, liked nothing so well as a theological discussion. Their eldest son, Frederick, was a mere ill-conditioned German lout.

Things were in a doubtful state between peace and war, and the Walpole ministry was in a very insecure state. They gave the Duchess of Kendal £7,500 a year, to prevent her from turning the King against them. She took it, but she had higher offers from Lord Bolingbroke, and was trying to overthrow Walpole with all her might. The King had enough sense not to be wholly led by her, and one of her schemes was disconcerted, but it was not likely that the King would long hold out.

However, George I. was going to his favourite home in Hanover, and on the 4th of June, 1727, he started at four o'clock in the morning from Delden. A letter was put into his hand, which he opened on the way. Report says it was from his injured wife. Every Sunday, before she received the Holy Communion, she had declared her innocence, and this was another protest from her deathbed, coupled with a summons to her husband to appear and answer before the tribunal of Heaven; she had given it to a confidential attendant to be delivered to the King, but it had not been possible in England. So says German tradition. Be this as it may, as George was on his way, about noon a fit of apoplexy came on; he was quite torpid, and in such a state that his attendants wanted to stop and obtain medical assistance at Ippenburen, but he cried out "Osnabruck! Osnabruck!" and they durst not disobey, and before they reached Osnabruck he was dead. He was taken to the house of his brother, the Protestant Prince Bishop, and attempts were made to revive him, only proving that he was quite dead. He was buried among his forefathers at Hanover, and the Duchess of Kendal is said to have supposed he continued to haunt her in the form of a crow. The tidings were carried to Leicester Fields by Sir Robert Walpole. The new King's first idea was to reverse all his father had done. He bade Sir Robert go to Sir Spencer Compton, his treasurer. "My time has been," said Walpole to Sir Spencer, "yours is beginning." But Compton had had no training, and felt helpless. He had to draw up the King's speech, and was entirely at a loss. He begged Walpole to write it for him and let him copy it. When he had taken it to the King, he was obliged to ask Sir Robert to explain it, and thereupon Queen Caroline, who was watching her time, showed the King that the former minister was the right man to employ, and thus, to the surprise of England and Europe, Walpole continued in office. "There I see a friend," exclaimed the Queen, when Lady Walpole advanced to kiss hands, and thenceforth England's policy was fixed, even though George was never weary of assuring his courtiers that no one governed but himself, and that the Queen never meddled with politics!

On the tidings of George's death, James Stuart, relying on the unpopularity of the Hanoverians, set out for Lorraine, with the design

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James Stuart's attempt. 1727.

of landing in Scotland; although he knew that he should have no foreign help, but his friends in England and Scotland alike declared the scheme to be a mad one, and the French Government advised the Duke of Lorraine to insist on his departure from Nancy. So back he went to Bologna, where he found his Clementina, and was thoroughly reconciled to her.

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THE WAR OF THE POLISH ELECTION.

1730–1736.

England.	*France.*	*Spain.*
1727. George II.	1715. Louis XV.	1700. Philip V.
	Germany.	
	1711. Charles VI.	

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Abdication of Victor Amadeus. 1730.

FRESH disturbances were preparing for Europe. Victor Amadeus of Savoy, who had become among the various changes King of Sardinia, suddenly resigned his crown to his son. The cause was apparently that at sixty-three he had fallen in love with the widowed Marchesa di San Sebastian, one of his daughter-in-law's ladies, who was forty-five, and had secretly married her on the 12th of August, 1730.

On the 3rd of the following September, without warning to her, his son, or any one else, he announced his abdication in council at his Castle of Rivoli, reserving to himself only a pension of 50,000 crowns, and then he set off with his bride for Chambery.

He had been a harsh father to Charles Emanuel, who at twenty-nine found himself so unexpectedly in possession of the throne. He changed the Ministry, much to his father's vexation, and in the course of the winter, Victor Amadeus had an apoplectic attack, which probably made him more irritable. The father and son had quarrelled, the old King was plainly tired of his retreat, and it was whispered that he was going to withdraw his act of abdication. The young King assembled his council in alarm, and the Chancellor Gattinara, Archbishop of Turin, obtained from him an order for the arrest of his father, on the plea that he was misguided by his wife.

The order was brutally executed. A party of grenadiers, some with torches, others with bayonets, entered the King's bedroom at Montcalieri in the middle of the night. His wife was wakened by the noise, and jumped out of bed with a scream. She was instantly seized by the soldiers, and just as she was, was put into a carriage and carried off to a convent at Carignan. Poor Victor Amadeus was so heavily asleep as to have heard nothing of all this, and he did not

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Death of Augustus the Strong. 1733.

wake till he had been roughly shaken by the Count of la Perosa. Then he could not believe that his son could have given such an order, and struggled so that he was carried off at last, rolled up in the bed-clothes. The soldiers, between whose ranks he was carried, and who were attached to him, durst not interfere. He was taken to Rivoli, and there whenever he attempted to speak to any one he was only answered by a low bow, nor were any letters allowed to reach him. He was like a madman at first under such treatment, but after some weeks two monks were sent to him, and calmed him. When he found that neither his grandson, Louis XV., nor his son-in-law, Philip V., made any move on his behalf, nor any of his old generals and counsellors, he gave up hope and submitted to his fate. His wife, his servants, and his books were then restored to him, and he was allowed to return to Montcalieri; but his health was entirely broken, and he died on the 31st of October, 1732.

In Russia, Catherine, the widow of Peter the Great, had died in 1727, and his grandson, Peter II., a mere boy, was a victim to the small-pox in 1730, upon which Anne, the daughter of the great Peter's elder brother, began a not very respectable reign of ten years.

Neither of these events had, however, such an effect on the affairs of Europe as the death of Augustus the Strong, Elector of Saxony, and King of Poland. He had been one of the handsomest, strongest, and most voluptuous men in Europe. He could twist a horseshoe with his fingers, so that the Turks called him the Bender of horseshoes, and his palace at Dresden was full of splendid plate, jewels and pictures; but the habits of his court were so shocking to all sense of Christian propriety that the stern old soldier, Frederick William of Prussia, was horrified at having taken his son thither, went away in haste, and swore never to come near it again.

However, he sent his Minister, Grumkow, thither on the invitation of Augustus, who wanted to purchase the hereditary succession to the throne of Poland for his family, by consenting to the Pragmatic Sanction in favour of the daughters of Charles VI. Grumkow and Augustus each hoped to discover the secrets of the other by making him intoxicated, and the carousal was such that the King died of it, in 1733, and the Minister never recovered the effects. This was the time, as it seemed, for poor Stanislas Lecksinski to regain his crown, and to his great joy, he heard that the nobles of Poland had sworn only to elect a Pole for their King. Assisted by French money, and buoyed up by French promises, he left the Castle of Chambord, and arrived at Warsaw, where he was unanimously elected by that wonderful diet of 60,000 nobles, which was wont to assemble on horseback in the open field.

The son of Augustus, Frederick Augustus, had not a single partisan in Poland, but he had an army of 33,000 men, and both Charles VI. and Czaritza Anne were pledged to support him, while the army of Poland had been kept low by his father, and only consisted of 15,000.

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The Polish Election. 1733.

All at once, before France could interfere, the Russian, Austrian, and Saxon armies invaded Poland. The untrained force of the nobles was dispersed ; many were made prisoners, and these were dragged, some of them in chains, to an inn near Warsaw, where the election of Frederick Augustus was forced from their reluctant lips. The unfortunate Stanislas was forced to flee to Dantzic, a merchant city almost independent, though under Polish protection, and devoted to his cause. His bravest friends joined him there, and for five months they held out with the utmost courage and constancy, sustained by the hope that Louis XV. would send troops for their relief. At length a few ships, bearing 1,500 soldiers, which had been designed for the King's escort to Warsaw, appeared in the Baltic, but all the means of approach to the beleaguered city had been occupied by the Russians, and the old officer in command, Le Peyrouse de Lamotte, thought the risk too great, and returned to Copenhagen to wait reinforcements.

The French envoy to Denmark, Colonel Count Plélo, was shocked at what he held to be a disgrace to his flag, and declared that the attempt ought to be made.

"The talk of a man safe in his Cabinet," said one of the officers, and Plélo was so much stung that he undertook to lead the relief party himself, though he knew that the attempt would be hopeless, and wrote to the Minister of foreign affairs to commend to the care of the country his wife and children. Lamotte felt obliged to go with him ; they landed, made a gallant attack, and Plélo fell under fifteen wounds. It was an error, not merely of rashness, but because an envoy was like a herald, bound never to make war, and the next French ambassador to Russia paid the penalty, being kept prisoner for eighteen months. Lamotte now contrived to form camp, which he held out for a whole month, though he could do nothing for the besieged. This is a place still shown at Dantzic as the grave of the Russians. His courage was so much admired by the Russian General Munich, that when at length he had to surrender, he and all his troops were allowed free passage home. Dantzic was thus obliged to give up hope, and the first condition was that Stanislas should be given up. The King, however, had started in the disguise of a peasant with General Steinflict and three guides in a little boat, crossing flooded meadows, and trying to keep within reach of the Vistula, but not able to approach it because of the Russian outposts. As they went, they heard the salutes of the cannon announcing the surrender of the town, and on they crept for days, hiding behind hedges, or in bogs, or in barns, where a breath might have betrayed them, while Munich was issuing proclamations threatening any one who concealed the fugitives. Thus at last they reached the Prussian town of Marienwerder, and thence returned to France.

Fleury was thought to have thus left the King's father-in-law to his fate because he disliked the Queen for her one unfortunate attempt at

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Marshal Berwick. 1733.

influence. The war, in concert with Philip V. of Spain and Charles Emanuel of Sardinia, was going on in Italy, against Charles VI., and the Queen of Spain at last saw her hopes fulfilled of securing a kingdom for her son. A descent was made on the kingdom of Naples, where the Spaniards were much preferred to the Austrians, the conquest was easy, almost bloodless, and her son, Carlos, was proclaimed King of Naples and Sicily.

The Emperor was raising troops, and hoping for support from England, but Walpole was resolved to keep out of war which but slightly concerned the country. Fleury decided on a campaign on the Rhine, and gave the command to Marshal Berwick. This very noble person, who had nearly all the military talent of his uncle Marlborough, and all the best qualities of the House of Stuart, except their personal charm of manner, had been living quietly for the last eight years at his estate of Fitzjames, so bringing up his children that for two generations more they were marked out by their religious and honourable character, and it is impossible not to wonder how it would have been with England if Arabella Churchill had been wife to James II.

Montesquieu, the philosophical moralist, said, "In *Plutarch's Lives* I have seen great men at a distance; in Marshal Berwick I have seen what they were." His half-brother, the Chevalier, had not the sense to estimate his worth, and was repelled by his grave dry manner, so that he kept aloof, and only did his best for his fellow exiles. "I hear of nothing but these Irish Officers," said Louis XIV. one day, when he made some application on their behalf. "Sire," returned the Duke, "your Majesty's enemies make the same complaint."

His hours were arranged with military precision for reading, walking, writing his very valuable memoirs of his own time, conversing with friends, and attending to his gardens, which he had laid out himself. Thence he was summoned to command the army of the Rhine, in which he found the future chief general of the French armies, Maurice, an illegitimate son of Augustus the Strong, who, on his father's death, had entered the French army, and was known by the title of Count Maurice of Saxe. He had inherited much of his father's strength, beauty, and talent, and is said to have been the great grandfather of the French authoress called Georges Sand.

In 1733, Berwick invested Kehl, but it was too late in the year for carrying on operations, and he could not begin to secure the passages across the Rhine by besieging Kehl and Philipsburg till the spring of 1734, when he found nothing ready, for the Count de Belleisle had, by inflated language and fine promises, induced Cardinal Fleury to grant him, for besieging Traerbach, all that artillery that had been prepared for Berwick, for Philipsburg. The other survivor of the former wars was Prince Eugene, who had been called on by the Emperor to take the command. He had not approved of the undertaking, nor of the unjustifiable interference with the Polish Election, but his voice was not listened to. "I have seen three emperors," he

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The Old General. 1735.

said; "Leopold was my father, Joseph my brother, this one is my master."

However, like a good soldier, though seventy-one years of age, he obeyed the call, and was enthusiastically greeted by the Austrian troops, who called him "father," and the King of Prussia, who was in the camp with his son, said, "I see my master;" but the troops were only half what had been promised, and, except the Prussians, were raw levies, ill-equipped, so that Eugene could attempt nothing, and had to abandon the lines of Eslingen, enabling the French to begin the siege of Philipsburg on the 3rd of June. On the 12th, Berwick, while visiting the trenches, mounted the bank thrown up so as to see around him, not listening to a sentinel who had been posted below to prevent persons going on so dangerous a spot. In a moment, a cannon ball took off his head. He was sixty-three years of age when he fell, in the same way, and nearly in the same place, as Marshal Turenne, leaving an equally honourable name. The Marquis d'Asfeld went on with the siege and took Philipsburg in July.

Another of the old generals, Villars, at eighty-one, had been sent into Italy. He had always been boastful, having beaten every one except Marlborough, and he said to Cardinal Fleury, "Tell the King that he may dispose of Italy, I shall conquer it for him." The Queen of France fastened a cockade in his hat, the Queen of Spain sent one to meet him at Lyons, and the Queen of Sardinia had another for him at Turin. To her he said, "My hat is adorned by a flight of three queens to make me fortunate in my enterprises for the three crowns."

Milan and its duchy were conquered, though Charles Emanuel resented Villars' airs of superiority, and almost always refused to follow his advice. However, one day when they were reconnoitering with an escort of only eighty grenadiers, they found themselves before four hundred of the enemy, who opened fire on them. "Now is the time for audacity," said the old Marshal; "retreat would be destruction." They charged so boldly that the four hundred fled before them, and the King could not help saying, "M. le Maréchal, I was not surprised by your valour so much as by your vigour and activity."

"Sire," he answered, "they are my last sparks. It is my last engagement, and thus I take leave of war."

For he was mortified at the disregard of his advice, and was irritable and forgetful, so that it was found well to persuade him that his health was not equal to the fatigue. He left the camp, and the King, who was glad to get rid of him, had not the grace to say more than "Bon voyage, M. le Maréchal." He only reached Turin before he was taken ill. When tidings came that Berwick had been killed by a cannon shot, he sighed out, "That man was always lucky," and he died the next day, it is said, in the room where he had been born when his father was ambassador at Turin.

Eugene likewise was experiencing the fate of old age in being disregarded by the young. He knew his army to be unequal to a battle

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Lorraine ceded to France. 1736.

with the French, and would not let himself be goaded into one by all the murmurs of his subordinate, the Duke of Bevern. This general actually sent letters to Vienna describing the Prince as in his dotage, and Charles VI. sent spies to report, but no such thing could be proved, and Eugene held the French armies in check with all his old ability.

Charles had hoped for aid from England, and a Jacobite fugitive, the Abbé Strickland, who had become a spy for any government that would employ him, was sent to find out if anything would induce the English to assist her ally. The English envoy at Vienna asked how the Austrian court could send such a person, and the Empress, Elizabeth Christina of Brunswick, answered, "When one is drowning one catches at a straw." However, the straw was of no service, and Queen Caroline sent him away with a private letter to the Empress, telling her that England was determined not to enter upon a war.

The Emperor could not help consenting to allow the English and Dutch to propose terms of peace after all his losses. France, though victorious, had lost her best generals, and the Cardinal was always on the side of peace. The final decision was that Frederick Augustus of Saxony should keep Poland, but that Stanislas should have his title and estates. Moreover, that he should receive the Duchy of Lorraine, and bequeath it to his daughter and grandson, so that it might become annexed to France in another generation. The young duke Francis of Lorraine and his brother would have ample compensation for losing "Lotharingia," the portion of Lothar, the Karling from whom they were directly descended, for they were betrothed to Maria Theresa and her sister, the daughters of Charles VI., and thus, by the Pragmatic Sanction, would obtain the hereditary dominions of Austria, with hopes of bringing the Karling race back again to the Empire. Maria Theresa was by this time eighteen years old, and devotedly in love with her Francis. She was very able and high spirited, and her persuasions had great influence on her father. Francis, moreover, was to become Grand Duke of Tuscany on the death of the reigning prince, the last of the Medici, while Don Carlos retained Naples and Sicily. Immediately after the conclusion of the peace, Maria Theresa was married to Francis of Lorraine on the 12th of February, 1736. They were deeply attached with a love that never wavered nor wore out.

In the midst of the festivities, Prince Eugene died suddenly in the night. He had, except during his brief campaign on the Rhine, been living a quiet beneficent life at Vienna, amusing himself with his museum, with writing his own memoirs, and superintending the works on which he employed the starving poor. He was so good a master that his servants grew old in his house, and in his last year, the united ages of himself, his coachman, and two footmen amounted to three hundred and ten years. He was the only person in the Court who had any real good sense except the young Archduchess, and the English envoy wrote to Walpole that during his last two years "even the remainder of what he *had been* kept things in some order, as his very

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Death of Eugene. 1736.

yes or no, during his sounder age, had kept them in the best." He was found dead in his bed, at the age of seventy-three.

Every honour was paid to him. His body was embalmed, and his heart sent to be buried in the tomb of his Savoyard ancestors at Turin. He lay in state for three days, with helmet, coat of mail, and gauntlets over head, and was buried at St. Stephen's Cathedral at Vienna, with the honours of one of the Imperial family. "Our good Prince Eugene," as Southey deservedly makes the old peasant of Hochstadt call him, was probably the last person of note who could recollect Louis XIV., in the midst of the false glory, at which he had sickened, and from which he had fled. We know him best as the generous friend of Marlborough; and truly the possession of rare qualities was proved by his entire absence of jealousy of a man far inferior to him in birth, and just enough his superior in military talent, to have been likely to excite the jealousy of a man of a lower nature. Yet, independent as were their commands, they always worked in harmony together, and were throughout instances of noble friendship. Of his other exploits, in the war against the Turks, and the capture of Belgrade, as well as of his brave defence of his ancestral home at Savoy, nothing has been said, as these are scarcely linked with English history, but there are few nobler names among the men of the eighteenth century than that of Eugenio von Savoie, as he used to sign himself, to show that he belonged to three nations.

CAMEO XXXV.

THE QUEEN AND THE MINISTER.

1727—1739.

England.	*France.*	*Spain.*
1727. George II.	1715. Louis XV.	1700. Philip V.
	Germany.	
	1711. Charles VI.	

CAROLINE of Anspach, who must have been nearly the cleverest woman in Europe, had made up her mind that Sir Robert Walpole was the one man who could guide the affairs of the nation, and that George II. must be made to support him; and, be it remembered, it was still on the will of the sovereign, not on that of the House of Commons, nor on that of their constituents, that a Ministry depended.

Robert Walpole, born in 1676, was the son of the Norfolk Squire of Houghton. He owed his education to the fact of his being third in the family, and, therefore, intended to be provided for in the Church; but before his course at the University was over, both his elder brothers died, and he came home to lead the typical country squire's life of the later seventeenth century, when freedom from disloyal Puritanism was supposed to be evinced by coarse riot and rude ignorance. "Drink twice, Robin, while I drink once," said old Mr. Walpole; "I cannot have my son sober to look on at me." Nor did Robert, though of considerable intellect and ability, ever rise in tone of nature above the slough of Houghton, though the training enabled him to drink heavily without even showing the effects.

He had ambition, and after his father's death, and his own marriage with a city lady, he entered Parliament in 1700, at twenty-four years of age, and soon made his mark enough to be noticed by Godolphin, and employed by him. Sharing the fall of the Whigs, he again shared their promotion, fell with Townshend, but by and by came back into office and showed his full talent by steering the Government through the perils of the South Sea Bubble.

Thenceforth it was he who ruled England. His industry was indefatigable, his ability and resource astonishing, and he maintained to the

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Queen Caroline. 1727.

utmost the power, welfare, and peace of England.* But his public conscience was better than his private one, and that is not saying much for it. In character he never rose above the gross, unscrupulous, country squire, though he was kindly, upright, and public-spirited, really loving his country, deserving the respect of foreign nations, the confidence of the Queen, and the love of his dilettante son, Horace, his opposite in all things.

He ruled by the influence of the Queen, and by unblushing bribery of the members of Parliament, who thought it their due to find the value of their votes in guineas or orders under their plates when they dined with him. "Every man has his price" is a saying attributed to him, and in some degree his power was founded on the good sense of the nation. For it was felt that affairs went well in his hands; critical situations did not result in wars, the finances were prosperous, and Jacobite plots were prevented, so that the country was fairly contented.

There was a low standard prevailing. Walpole had little or no religion, and dreaded Church influence as being first Tory and then Jacobite, and his appointments were, as far as possible, of men who would be useful to Government, or at any rate, not averse. Even collections in churches were discouraged, lest they should be applied to the benefit of the Stuarts; zeal was treated as a dangerous quality, and in the fashionable world there was a certain dabbling with philosophy. Some good old customs were still kept up by old-fashioned clergy and Church people, but in general, society was godless, thoughtless, and coarse to an inconceivable degree, intoxication almost the rule with gentlemen. The Court set no good example. The King really seems to have preferred Queen Caroline to every one else, and her imperturbable good nature bore with whatever he chose to do; but both seem to have thought that *maîtresses en titre*, after the example of Madame de la Vallière and Madame de Montespan, were natural appendages to a king, and so first Mrs. Howard, Countess of Suffolk, and afterwards Madame de Walmoden, Countess of Yarmouth, were recognised favourites.

In fact, Caroline was never sorry to have the King off her hands, provided that the real management of affairs and full influence remained to her. The King, though really far from despicable in his public capacity, was at home a little domestic tyrant, of very small mind and inferior tastes, while Caroline was a woman of remarkable intelligence, full of interest in everything around her, and much enjoying conversation and discussion, especially on philosophy, metaphysics, and theology, though she was herself by no means a religious woman. Lord Hervey, the eldest son of the Marquis of Bristol, and one of the gentlemen of the Court, has left very curious sketches of the life there. He was in great favour, and it was thought that there was some attachment between him and Caroline, the youngest of the three princesses. Anne, the eldest of the three, married the Prince of Orange, who was dull and slightly deformed, avowedly because she did not want to be left to the mercies of her brother, Frederick, Prince of Wales, a man of surly temper and

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Lord Hervey.
1730.

evil habits, whom every one disliked. One bone of contention was that he insisted that his sisters should be called, like all royal maidens down to Charles I.'s time, the Lady Anne, the Lady Amelia, the Lady Caroline, instead of Princesses after the German fashion; he seems to have been sullen and dissipated, inclined to do whatever he could to vex and annoy his father and mother. That George II. was a very provoking person there can be no doubt. He was small of stature, and wont to assert his dignity by strutting about and making fretful complaints and arbitrary orders. Lord Hervey gives a scene from one of the domestic evenings, when the King broke in upon an interesting discussion of the Queen upon an argument with Bishop Hoadley, to scold over an exchange of some vile Dutch daubs in the apartments for better pictures, and then to walk up and down growling at everything, while the Queen, after an attempt or two to change the current of his thoughts and divert his ill-humour, sat silent, knitting fast and nervously.

One of the most amusing and audacious scenes is what Lord Hervey seems to have actually written and sent to the royal family, describing their manner of reception of the tidings of his own supposed murder by highwaymen, all given dramatically, at the Queen's toilette, while in the anteroom two chaplains are reading through the Litany for the supposed benefit of herself and her ladies, and she bids Lady Sundon to shut a little door so that "those creatures" may not interrupt her with their noise, yet not so much as to make them think themselves shut out.

The Queen gives a few kind words of regret, and scolds her daughter, Princess Emily, for laughing, all interspersed with calls to her angel, her soul, Mrs. Purcel, for her chocolate.

Princess Caroline is evidently really sorry, for not only does she defend poor Lord Hervey, but she incurs a reproof for almost twisting off the thumbs of her gloves.

Sir Robert Walpole pronounces that "whatever faults he might have, there was a great deal of good stuff in him;" but all is brought to a conclusion when Lord Grantham (a German) hurries in with—

"Ah! dere is my Lord Hervey in your Majesty's gallery. He is in de frock and de bob, or he should have come in."

"You are mad," says the Queen; but Lord Grantham repeats—

"He is dere, all so live as he was, and has played de trick to see what we all should say."

Caroline's happiest times were when she was left as Regent while her husband was in Hanover, which he so much preferred to England.

There were troubles in her regencies. In 1736, gin-drinking had terribly increased in London. On to the seventeenth century, spirits had been little used except as medicine; but about that time Geneva water, as gin is properly called, began to be commonly used by the intemperate of the lower classes in London. No one who has ever seen Hogarth's print of "Gin Lane," with its horrid spectres, can forget its miseries and demoralisation. To check the traffic, the justices of

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Proposed Duty on Gin. 1730.

Middlesex petitioned Parliament, and Sir Joseph Jekyll proposed a duty of twenty shillings on every gallon, and that every retailer should yearly have to pay fifty pounds for his licence.

Walpole was reluctant to see the bill passed, thinking that it would be eluded, and that smuggling would increase, but he did not oppose it, and it was carried. It led of course to discontent, which was enhanced by an influx of Irish into Spitalfields. They had come over to make hay, and afterwards hired themselves to work at silk weaving at two-thirds of the wages given to the regular weavers, who were mostly naturalised French Huguenots. The Jacobite agents hoped to advance their cause, and there was abuse of the Germans, and a plan for distributing drams of gin gratis, so as to stimulate the weavers to any kind of violence. There was a considerable uproar, the troops were called out, and a magistrate read the Riot Act. An hour ought to have elapsed to allow the people to disperse before there was a charge, but unfortunately there was some impatience, the troops charged too soon, and though no great harm was done, this was much resented as an attack on British liberties. Queen Caroline could not understand this indignation. Lord Hervey represents her as saying—

"There is your fine English liberty! The *canaille* may come and pull one by the nose, and unless one can prove which finger touched one's nose, one has but to put a plaster to one's nose and wait to punish them till they pull it again, and then maybe they shall pull one's eyes out of one's head too." To which Walpole soberly replies—

"I am afraid, madam, there are inconveniences and imperfections attending all systems of government."

Such being her feelings, Caroline was in a frame to resent to the utmost the tidings she received from Scotland of the act of mob law that we know in such detail and so nobly embellished in the *Heart of Midlothian.*

The facts were these. Two smugglers from Fife, named Wilson and Robertson, were under sentence of death in the Tolbooth, the old jail of Edinburgh. A file was conveyed to them; the rusty iron bars of the window were sawn through, and Robertson, a young, lithe, slender man, would certainly have escaped, if Wilson, who was large and burly, had not insisted on going first, and thus he stuck fast in the window, so as to be found in this condition by the jailor. His having thus prevented his comrade's escape, preyed on his mind, and worked him up to desperate energy.

It was the custom on the last Sunday of a condemned criminal's life to take him to the neighbouring church for prayers and exhortation. Four men of the City Guard were thought sufficient guard, but in the midst of the discourse, Wilson sprang up, grappled two of these men with giant strength, and calling out "Rin, Geordie, rin!" fastened on the third with his teeth. Robertson in a moment shook off the fourth, leapt over the pew, and dashed out of the church, no man staying him.

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The Porteus Mob. 1736.

Indeed Wilson's generous act had excited so much sympathy that the city magistrates feared that there might be an attempt at rescue, and therefore, on the day of the execution, they drew out a strong guard of their own troops under the command of Captain John Porteous, a good officer, but a rough, harsh, passionate man, much hated by the rabble.

The execution, however, proceeded as usual, till Wilson had been hanged, when the crowd, who always preferred the smugglers to the authorities, began to get excited, groans and hisses arose, and stones were flung at the hangman and at the guard. Porteous flew into a rage, snatched a musket from one of his men, fired it, and gave the word of command to do the same, though there had been no warning, no reading of the Riot Act.

Some persons were killed, several at the windows, for the soldiers fired over the heads of the crowd, and the rage of the citizens was great. Porteous was taken at once to prison and indicted for murder before the High Court of Justiciary, and found guilty by a Scotch jury of fifteen, but only by a majority of eight to seven.

Queen Caroline sent a commission to inquire into the matter, giving six weeks' respite. This, however, appeared to the inhabitants of Scotland as tantamount to a pardon, and the rage of Edinburgh was exceedingly stirred up by hatred of the Hanoverians, jealousy of the military authority, personal enmity to Porteous, and the thirst for vengeance which civilisation had not yet extinguished.

Who concerted the scheme is unknown, but on the night of the 7th of September, 1736, the eve of the intended execution, while Porteous and his friends were celebrating his escape with a festal supper in his cell, a party began to gather in the suburb of Portsburgh, whence they proceeded to the Westport, and seized and barricaded it, as well as the other gates of Edinburgh, so as to prevent the calling in of the regiment who were quartered outside. The City Guard were then overpowered and disarmed, though without injury being offered to any, since they were held not to be responsible for the orders that they obeyed. No violence was permitted. Ladies going to a rout in Sedan chairs were gently turned back again, and it was only when the whole way was clear that a thundering shout arose, "To the Tolbooth, the Tolbooth! Porteous, Porteous!"

The doors were assailed with blows, and the jailors were called upon to bring out the prisoner; but a dead silence was the only reply, and then began a fierce attack with crowbars and sledge hammers on the extraordinary strong doors, which resisted every blow.

The city magistrates were in the meantime enjoying a supper at a tavern. The member for Edinburgh, Mr. Lindsay, undertook to carry a message to General Moyle, who commanded the troops outside, authorising him to break through the Westport, and come to the rescue. But Moyle would not stir without written orders, and these Lindsay durst not carry through the rioters. It was equally impossible to get

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Execution of Porteus. 1736.

help from the garrison of the Castle, and when the Provost and magistrates sallied out, they were turned back by the outermost of the mob, armed with the weapons taken from the Guard.

The stubborn door still resisted the besiegers, when a voice cried out, "Try fire!" Tar barrels were brought, and a hole was at length burnt in the stout panels, through which the porter flung the keys, and he then fled.

The unfortunate Porteous, roused from his joyous meal, had tried to hide in the only possible place—the chimney, and was clinging to the iron grating placed across it to prevent escape. He was dragged down, and bidden to prepare for death; but with the strange judicial gravity of the whole matter, time was given to him to put his watch, money, and papers in charge of a friend imprisoned for debt, before he was taken to the Grassmarket, the place of execution and of his offence. As he would not walk, he was carried, king's cushion wise, on two of the rioters' clasped hands, and when one of his slippers fell off, they stopped to have it replaced. A rope was procured by breaking open a booth, and a guinea was left on the counter for payment. Then after watching till the victim had expired, the rioters quietly dispersed, leaving the corpse and the weapons taken from the Guard as the only tokens of this strange act of lynch law.

When the tidings reached London, Queen Caroline was furious at such an insult to her authority. She declared in her first passion that she would make Scotland a hunting-field.

"Then, madam," said the Duke of Argyle, "I will take leave of your Majesty, and go home to get my hounds ready."

Argyle's brother, the Earl of Isla, was, however, sent to make an investigation; but nothing came of it, only high words between Mr. Lindsay and General Moyle, who, being accused of cowardice and incompetence, declared that Lindsay was drunk. No individual was traced out. The feeling of the whole City was in their favour. Even the clergy defended the deed as an act of Divine justice, and though the perpetrators must have been known, no one denounced them. The beautiful tale which Scott has connected with the Porteous mob, though founded on fact, was independent of it. The veritable Jeanie Deans, whose name was Helen Walker, did indeed abstain from a falsehood to save her sister's life, and then went on foot to obtain her pardon from Queen Caroline; but the sister's lover was not George Robertson, nor did the event happen at that time.

At the Session of Parliament, Walpole, actuated no doubt by the Queen, brought in a bill to punish the City of Edinburgh, but it was vigorously opposed by all the Scottish members, and was thrown out. Mrs. Porteous received a pension, and it was said at last that the result of the whole affair was the making the fortune of an old cook!

Queen Caroline died in 1737. It was a short sharp illness, aggravated by her determination at its commencement to share the King's walks. The scene of her deathbed was very sad, her

daughters and all about her broken-hearted, the King showing his misery by scolding her; she, brave, resolute, but indevout, neither forgiving her son Frederick, nor receiving the Holy Communion. She trusted the King to Walpole, and begged that good George Berkeley might not be forsaken. She was a terrible loss in spite of all her faults and laxities, for she had many virtues, and much patience and good sense, and the court was a desolate place without her.

CAMEO XXXV.
—
Character of Caroline.

CAMEO XXXVI.

THE GEORGIAN COLONY.—PART I.

1724—1744.

England.	*France.*	*Spain.*
1727. George II.	1715. Louis XV.	1700. Philip V.

Germany.
1742. Maria Theresa and Francis I.

CAMEO XXXVI. — *Berkeley* 1724.

THOUGH these were such evil days, it was still most true that "of her saints, the glorious home is never quite bereft." George Berkeley, Dean of Derry, the Christian philosopher already spoken of, was full of an ardent desire to convert the Red Indians. His scheme was almost an anticipation of the great Bishop Selwyn's and Bishop Patteson's Norfolk Island work, namely, to take out a staff of fellow-workers, and establish a Missionary College in one of the Bermuda Islands, where Indians might be trained so as to minister to their brethren, and form a branch of the Church. He wanted to give up his Deanery, worth £1,100 a year, and become head of the college on a hundred a year, and he hoped also to do much for the promotion of religion among the English settlers who formed a fringe along the coast of North America.

Even his fellow Dean—Swift was interested in his cause, and he actually, by extreme earnestness and importunity, obtained a charter for his college, and a promise of a grant of £20,000 from Government. In great joy, he married Anne Foster, daughter to the Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, and went out to America, where, in Rhode Island, he purchased a farm which he intended to be a feeder to his Bermuda college, and there waited and waited for the payment of the sum which was to enable him to begin building, and carrying out his scheme.

Alas! it never came. Walpole hated nothing so much as enthusiasm, and withheld it till, in 1732, after four years wasted, Berkeley got an answer tantamount to a refusal, that it should be paid when it suited the public convenience. He came home, his Deanery gone, and much of his private means spent, a cruelly disappointed man, whose aims had been too high for his contemporaries.

CAMEO XXXVI.

Bishop of Cloyne. 1753.

Queen Caroline, however, who greatly admired him, insisted on his being appointed to the Irish Bishopric of Cloyne. There he was greatly beloved and respected even by the Roman Catholics, to whose priests he addressed a remarkable letter, not controversial, but brotherly, and entreating them to make common cause against the standing defects of their flocks, sloth, improvidence, quarrelsomeness, and the like, and his remonstrance was taken in thoroughly good part. Later, the good Bishop took up one of those medical fancies that sometimes prevail, and thought every one might be kept in good health by drinking tar water, so that it became so much the fashion that the chemists said they sold hardly anything else! He died in the year 1753, just as he had gone with his family to settle his son at Oxford. He had seen, however, a more successful attempt at Christian work in America begun by another hand.

James Oglethorpe was the son of Sir Theophilus and Lady Oglethorpe. The latter, a very clever Irishwoman, was a great favourite of Queen Mary Beatrice, and in after years her daughters used to say (or an old nurse reported them to have done so) that a little brother of theirs had been taken to the palace; they never saw him again, but heard he was dead, so that he might have been the Pretender. The notion is, however, disproved by dates as well as by circumstantial accounts of the royal nursery.

James, the third son, was baptised on the 1st of June, 1689, and grew up in a family still enjoying Court favour, for Queen Anne was fond of Lady Oglethorpe. The elder sons were in the army, and James, after a brief stay at Oxford, followed them thither in 1710. Marlborough became interested in him, and on his own dismissal, recommended him to Prince Eugene, under whom he served in the great campaign in Hungary when Belgrade was gallantly taken, and the Turkish invasions finally repressed.

Young Oglethorpe was offered high rank in the Austrian army, but he chose to return to England, where by the death of his father and brothers he had inherited the family estate at Godalming. The pocket borough of Haslemere likewise descended to him as a matter of course, and he sat for it for thirty-two years, whether in England or out of it.

He turned all his energies into the cause of the oppressed. His maiden speech was against Bishop Atterbury's exile; and he later did his utmost to obtain from Government a remonstrance with the Austrian Government in favour of the persecuted Moravians and people of Saltzburg. The former are a sect with little that is unorthodox in their faith, claiming to come down from Cyrillus and Methodius, the original Greek missionaries of Bulgaria and Hungary, and with a Bishop, but unable to prove any part of their history further back than the time of Count Nicholas Ludwig Zinzendorf, who certainly revived them and gave them an organisation on the model of primitive Christianity, placing a great family brotherhood of them on his estate at Herrenhüten in Lusatia, a province of Bohemia. The Saltzburgers were the remnant of those Hussites who had prevailed throughout Bohemia in the Thirty

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The Saltzburgers. 1732.

Years' War, when the House of Austria had used every effort to stamp them out. In 1732, however, the earnest remonstrances of the Protestant States of Germany, whom Charles VI. needed to propitiate, obtained permission for them to migrate, and they were received with enthusiasm in Prussia. Oglethorpe, their advocate in England, had further plans for them; but in the meantime, his attention was called to the condition of English jails.

Imprisonment for debt was still the law, and so remained till the beginning of the present century. The debtor could not hope to come out till payment was made, and his life in the meantime was hopeless misery. Sometimes he could carry on a little trade, sometimes he angled with a stocking at the end of a string for the alms of passengers in the streets, sometimes he starved! The bankrupt clergy in the Fleet prison, of whom in those lax days there was no lack, made a living by marrying couples who wished for secrecy. A marriage without banns was still valid, and what were called "Fleet marriages," though disreputable, were not illegal. Around these prisons were streets where the debtors, who had any kind of supplies, were allowed to live, within the rules, namely, a sort of boundary of the jail, which they never crossed save on Sundays, when law was not put in force. The mixture of riot, revelry, and misery, and the general wretchedness and wickedness passed all conception.

Moreover, the Wardership of these dreadful places was quite irresponsible, and was a matter of sale, the Warders being expected to board and lodge the prisoners and extract payment out of them; and this was in the hands of men who expected to make a fortune. The appointment to the Fleet had been sold by the great Lord Clarendon to John Higgins for £5,000, and for the same sum it had been bought by one Bambridge, a savage tyrant, who tortured those who could not comply with his exactions, though as his prison was for debtors, he did not send his inmates out on marauding expeditions as did the Warder of Newgate with his pickpockets, who were expected to bring him a share of the spoil.

An unfortunate inventor, named Castell, having ruined himself like too many others, was thrown into the Fleet; and as long as his friends could help him, he was in the comparatively comfortable state of living within the rules, but when means failed, Bambridge removed him, in spite of his remonstrances, to a sponging-house, a place where privation was supposed to wring out the last drop. The small-pox was raging there; he caught it and died.

On hearing this, Oglethorpe resolved to go and see the state of things in the Fleet, making the excuse of visiting Sir William Rich, whom he had formerly known. He found the unhappy gentleman actually in chains, ragged, filthy, half-starved, in absolute misery, and this was only a sample of what numbers were enduring, those from whom there was any chance of obtaining money being tortured like martyrs of old.

CAMEO XXXVI.
—
The Prisons 1732.

In grief and indignation, Oglethorpe brought the matter before Parliament, and prevailed that a committee, of which he was chairman, should be appointed to investigate.

Hogarth, that wonderful, though harsh and often coarse caricaturist, who always worked in the cause of virtue and humanity, produced a print showing these gentlemen at their work. In court dress, they sit at a table in a grated dungeon, with thumb-screws and other instruments of torture upon it, and a half-naked prisoner, with one of these on his head, being examined, while Bambridge stands by angry and frightened. In fact, Sir William Rich was brought before them in fetters, and though they desired these to be taken off, the wretched Bambridge restored them immediately after—for which Oglethorpe caused him to be placed in the custody of the sergeant-at-arms, and finally he and one of his turnkeys were tried for murder, but acquitted.

At the Marshalsea, a prisoner who had tried to escape had been tortured with thumb-screws, and an implement like a pair of tongs was placed on the back of his neck to squeeze it, besides being shut up with iron implements called shears upon his legs. Another man had been kept for ten days in a cell with four dead bodies; a poor Portuguese was under such heavy irons that he could not rise; another man had lost memory and power of motion; and some were actually detained after being acquitted by juries, because they could not pay their fees. Women had often no beds, no attendance, and scarcely any food, and died of neglect. There were about 24,000 debtors in the jails of England, besides the felons, all in this frightful state, unless they could pay exorbitant fees! Sickness of course prevailed, and there was a form of typhus known as jail fever, of which it was said that one of every four prisoners died annually. Twenty had died in Winchester jail, and it was so infectious that in 1732 the judge, one of the sergeants-at-law, and many others in court, caught it and died at the Dorchester Assizes, and the High Sheriff of Somersetshire was another victim.

One unfortunate African Prince, an educated man of Arab race, was discovered in this dismal captivity—having been captured, made a slave, and drifted to England. He was released, and finally sent home to his city of Bunda, after he had assisted Sir Hans Sloane, the founder of the British Museum, in Arabic translations.

The poet of the *Seasons*, James Thomson, might well write in his enthusiasm—

> While in the land of liberty—the land
> Where every street and public meeting glow
> With open freedom—little tyrants raged;
> Snatched the lean morsel from the starving mouth;
> Tore from cold wintry limbs the tattered weed;
> Even robbed them of the last of comforts—sleep.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Ye sons of mercy! Yet resume the search;
> Drag forth the legal monsters into light,

CAMEO XXXVI. — *Georgia.* 1732.

Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
Much still remains untouched in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand required."

Nothing could be more true.

Things were improved in some degree for the time, though in twenty years they had fallen back again, and another son of mercy, Howard the philanthropist, found the same horrors in county jails as those which Oglethorpe had brought to light in London.

Many debtors were liberated, and the discovery of so much distress led Oglethorpe to devise a scheme for their employment in a new colony, which he hoped to make a pattern of good regulation, and a refuge alike for them and the German Protestants.

English colonies formed a fringe along the Atlantic as far south as the Carolinas, and between them and the Spanish territory of Florida lay a tract on which General Oglethorpe fixed his eyes. His eloquence and his Court breeding availed him in obtaining his object in high quarters, and he worked night and day on memorandums, pamphlets, and interviews, succeeding in stirring up great and warm interest in many persons.

The King granted him the unoccupied tract of land "in trust for the poor." There was to be a board of trustees, of which Lord Perceval was the chairman. Parliament granted £10,000, the directors of the Bank of England subscribed, and altogether the sum of £36,000 was raised, and Oglethorpe was named governor, refusing to receive any salary or payment in any form. The seal he chose represented a family of silkworms, with the motto "*Sic vos non vobis*," and in fact he hoped to make silk and cotton the chief industries of his colony, since mulberries were native to the country. Some of the trustees went about to the different jails, choosing likely subjects for emigration, while others drilled them and had them instructed. No slavery was to be introduced, no rum nor other spirits, though beer was to be in use, and it was hoped that thus those whose misfortunes were not their own fault might lead a new and prosperous life in Georgia.

Oglethorpe, as their pioneer, sailed with a few picked men in a small vessel, called the *Anne*, in the November of 1732, and reached Charlestown in Carolina on the 13th of the ensuing January. He was kindly welcomed, for the Carolinians rejoiced to have another colony wedged between themselves and the Spaniards. Presents of provisions and cattle were made to the strangers, and an experienced pioneer accompanied them on their survey. A pleasant spot was found near the River Savannah, and it was decided that this should be their first home. A small fort was first erected, and guns placed in it, trees were felled, and houses raised, the General helping in everything, and at the same time taking care to drill his people and teach them to defend themselves. However, he began at once to deal with the Creek Indians, by the assistance of Mary Musgrave, an Indian woman, wife to a Carolina trader.

He met a deputation of fifty chiefs, one of whom said that the Great Spirit had sent the English people to be their teachers and helpers, and that as they had plenty of lands they would freely resign a share. Eight buckskins were laid at Oglethorpe's feet in token of the cession, and in return, presents were made to the chiefs and their friends of clothing, guns, and ammunition. One named Tomo Chichi, contracted a close friendship with Oglethorpe, and became a thorough Christian, as indeed the conversion of the Red men was one of the matters that the General had most at heart.

Each colonist family was allotted fifty acres of land, five near Savannah, the others in the country, with a rent of twenty shillings a year to the Colonial Council. Flax and wheat were to be grown, and the women and children were to nurture the silkworms, being instructed by a Piedmontese named Amatis.

The first party were very orderly and industrious, and a visitor from Charleston was much struck with them, and noted that he saw no one drunk, and heard no foul language. The Indians likewise were on the most friendly terms with them. Parties of fresh emigrants came out, and by the June of 1733, the numbers amounted to 152, of whom ten were Italian—probably Vaudois—and eleven German Protestants.

Oglethorpe now returned to England to promote the welfare of the colony, taking with him the Indian chief, Tomo Chichi, his wife, nephew, and some of the tribe, both for their own benefit and to interest the English in them. In this he succeeded, Tomo Chichi was taken to Court, and presented eagle feathers to George II., and he likewise was received by Archbishop Potter, to whom he expressed his desire for Christian instruction for his people. Oglethorpe was seeking for missionaries for them and clergy for his colonists, and his summons was heard nowhere more eagerly than in a rectory at Epworth in Lincolnshire, where the Rev. Samuel Wesley and Susanna Annesley his wife, had brought up the greater number of an enormous family, amounting in all to eighteen or twenty, reckoning all who scarcely lived to be baptised.

The parents were both remarkable people. Mr. Wesley was highly esteemed and sat in Convocation for many years, and during his frequent absences from home, his wife, with untiring energy, managed the parish, and attended to her children with only the aid of one servant, for they had extremely slender means.

For six hours a day she kept school, and all day long a discipline, beginning from the first three months, when the little ones had to be quiet in their cradles—only soothed by rocking. They were never allowed to be noisy, uncivil, or disobedient, and daintiness was never heard of. At five years old, each child was shut into the mother's room with her, and did not come out till every letter and word in the first verse of the Book of Genesis had been mastered.

The rules for their lives and habits were godly, wise, and strict, and the children seem to have grown up cheerfully under them. In

CAMEO XXXVI. — *John Wesley.* 1703.

the mother's view, however, her discipline and their characters never quite recovered a dispersion into different friends' houses, which was rendered needful by a fire, which destroyed the rectory.

At the time of the fire, John, the second surviving son, was five years old, having been born on the 17th of June, 1703. He was left behind in the nursery, or rather, when following the maid with the younger child, was frightened at the flame, and ran back, but was heard crying miserably, and dragged out just in time before the roof fell in. At this time, the elder brother, Samuel, was at Westminster School, and by and by he became a master and was enabled to give the advantages of education there to his brothers, John and Charles, whose abilities enabled them to gain scholarships, and ultimately fellowships at Oxford.

There the effects of their mother's training showed itself in the influence these young men exercised over their contemporaries. In these slack times, when all kinds of excesses were winked at and tolerated, they lived in the practise of the strictest laws of the Church, constant at public and private prayer, communicating at every opportunity, keeping the fasts sincerely, and visiting the poor. Other youths joined with them, and from the method they tried to follow out, they were termed Methodists.

In 1725, John was ordained deacon, and also became Fellow of Lincoln College. He was evidently one of the leading religious spirits of the day, and General Oglethorpe invited him to assist in founding the Church of Georgia. The Epworth family were much excited at the opening of missionary work, Mrs. Wesley declared that if she had twenty sons she would give them all, and her husband only wished to be ten years younger that he might devote himself to the work.

Detachments of new settlers were being sent out, Saltzburg Protestants from Bavaria, Highlanders from Inverness, and Moravians, besides the English debtors, the good General apparently conceiving, as many people did in his time, that all Protestants were alike and could conform together.

The Saltzburgers called their home Ebenezer; the Highlanders named their town New Inverness, and were soon good friends with the Red Indians, hunting the buffalo together in the great herds which then ranged the country. Oglethorpe sailed in 1735, with two ships, one containing, besides himself and John Wesley, two more for the mission, and the Moravian Bishop, whose piety made a deep impression on Wesley. They found the town of Savannah making great progress, and with a beautiful garden growing round it; and they proceeded to lay out the foundation of other towns.

So far all had gone well, but difficulties began. The English debtors, as might have been expected, did not like work, and when they found that it was not permissible to keep slaves, those who had the means betook themselves to Carolina, and the others, who could not, stayed and murmured against the exclusion of slaves and spirits. The Germans were willing to do without either, but they objected to the military

CAMEO XXXVI.

Settlers in Georgia. 1737.

training rendered needful by the neighbourhood of the Spaniards who held Florida, and who showed symptoms of considering the Georgian settlement an aggression, while the Highlanders were well pleased to be drilled, but wanted their whiskey.

Sir Robert Walpole, always afraid of the peace being broken, showed a distrust of Oglethorpe; and there was another disappointment in John Wesley, who never attempted to learn the Indian language, or to go on with the mission that Mr. Quincey had begun, but remained ministering at Savannah, where his very strong Catholic doctrine and discipline were not appreciated by many. He was very susceptible too, and there was an attachment between him and a certain Miss Sophy Causton, which lingered on a good while, till at last he seemed to have decided against continuing his addresses, and she married. Thereupon, he took the strange step of excluding her from the Holy Communion. An action for defamation was brought against him, and he was obliged to leave the Colony. His brother Charles was about to sail for Georgia, and he wrote a dissuasive letter, but the engagement was made, Charles came out, and worked for some years more peacefully. So also did George Whitfield, a young man, who, though the son of the hostess of the Bell Inn at Gloucester, had obtained a University education by becoming a servitor at Pembroke College, Oxford, where he had been one of Wesley's first band of devoted followers, and was deeply pious, as well as endowed with a wonderful and enthusiastic eloquence. Coming out to Georgia he there won the people's hearts. He made himself welcome to the Indians, comforted the good dying chief Tomo Chichi, and founded an orphanage, which he supported by the collections after his sermons.

He was not opposed to slavery, thinking, like the old Spanish friars, that it afforded the best means of training and converting the negro race, and so it might be if the masters thought not of their own gain, but of the benefit of their slaves.

More difficulties were coming. England and Spain were on the verge of war, and Oglethorpe found that the Spaniards were making preparations in Florida. He raised two little forts, called St. Andrew and St. George, and when the enemy were advancing as if to attack the former, the old soldier so fired his guns as to make it appear as if the fort and a fleet were saluting each other, and the Spaniards withdrew.

There was an amicable meeting, in which Oglethorpe consented to give up his station at Fort George, but he placed a fort on the little island of Amelia instead, and as there was a lull in hostilities, he went back to England and obtained permission to raise a regiment there for the defence; while the Spaniards were insisting on his recall and the break up of his colony.

When in 1739 the smouldering fire broke out, the Spaniards attacked the island of Amelia, but were beaten off after killing two Highlanders. Then Oglethorpe, with his own regiment, the Georgian Militia, and a number of friendly Indians, set out to attack the Spanish town of St. Augustine, which was well fortified, but he failed, chiefly because his

CAMEO XXXVI.

Oglethorpe's return. 1738.

orders were disobeyed by his irregular troops. Moreover, he offended some of the Indians by showing anger and indignation when the head of a Spaniard was brought to him.

The next year, a strong force of Spaniards attacked Frederica, but Oglethorpe entirely defeated them, and there was a public thanksgiving, at which Whitfield preached enthusiastically. The following year, Oglethorpe went home, and there remained, though he continued to work for the benefit of the colony he had founded and saved. Though not an entire success, it is the monument of a wise and pure-hearted charity.

CAMEO XXXVII.

1738-1741.

WHAT CAME OF JENKYNS' EARS.

England.	*France.*	*Spain.*
1727. George II.	1715. Louis XV.	1700. Philip V.
	Germany.	
	1711. Charles VI.	

CAMEO XXXVII. — *South American trade.*

WITH Queen Caroline, much was lost of sagacity and firmness, though George II. still felt implicit confidence in Sir Robert Walpole.

This Minister's leading desire was to secure peace, and the country, after a term of rest, was in a turbulent condition, desirous of an outbreak. One great source of discontent was the trade with South America. The Spanish Government held that the use of colonies was to increase the trade of the mother-country, and therefore the numerous Spanish provinces from Florida southwards were forbidden to obtain European goods from any save Spanish traders; nay, even Indulgences were purchased wholesale from the Pope by his Catholic majesty, and retailed to the colonial Spaniards, who were perhaps the most superstitious of all Romanists.

Spain, however, was less and less able to minister to all the requirements of advancing civilisation, and there was a market for English goods. By treaty, the Spanish crown had been compelled to consent to one English ship every year being sent out to America, but no more, except that in stress of weather it was permissible to put into a Spanish port. The right of search for contraband articles had been acknowledged by all nations, and the American harbours were watched by *Guarda costas*, or preventive ships.

The English merchants were bent on eluding these stipulations. The single ship was kept continually full of goods by lesser ones, which supplied her as fast as her cargo was sold off; and again, smugglers would come off to the English ships, hovering on the coast, and make their bargains. The Spanish guards naturally used their right of search whenever there was suspicion, and often with violence and injustice. In especial, the captain of a Jamaica trader was by his own account

CAMEO XXXVII.

Jenkyns's Ears. 1739.

captured and his vessel searched by a Spanish *Guarda costa*, and though nothing contraband was found, he was treated with great violence, and one of his ears was torn off by the ruffians, who bade him show it to his countrymen. That he had lost half an ear was certain, and also that he displayed something in cotton wool, which he said was the missing lobe; but there were enemies who averred that he had left his ear in the pillory, and that the curiosity in his pocket was a bit of rabbit's skin! Moreover, all had happened seven years before the case was brought forward, and Jenkyns was examined before a Parliamentary Committee. When he was asked how he felt when he found himself in the power of those truculent enemies, he replied, "I commended my soul to God, and my cause to my country," and this reply made a great sensation throughout the country, and there was a determination to avenge the wrongs of Jenkyns.

Sir Robert Walpole remained desirous of averting war, and he entreated the House to wait patiently and avoid exasperating the Spaniards by denunciations; but the opposite party were not to be silenced, and all his negotiations were betrayed to them by the Spanish envoy, a Hibernian Spaniard, Thomas Fitzgerald, now translated into Don Thomas Geraldino. This man, likewise, made the worst of everything to the Court of Spain, caused Walpole's intentions to be distrusted there, and declared the interest of Spain to be in the fomenting of English dissensions. George II. himself was more of a soldier than anything else, and without his Queen to check him, sent messages through the Duke of Newcastle, likely to lead to war.

However, Walpole succeeded in arranging a Convention, by which a compensation in money was agreed upon for the injuries that the Spaniards had inflicted upon the English in their trade. However, in Parliament, the arrangement was most indignantly received, at the right of search not being given up, nothing being said about Jenkyns' ears, nothing about the boundary between Georgia and Florida, and the sum accepted in compensation being insufficient. Young William Pitt, who was just becoming prominent in debate, spoke most hotly against it, and so did that strong Tory, or rather Jacobite, Sir William Wyndham, who ended by saying that remonstrance being of no effect, he should withdraw and serve his country with his prayers.

All this loud-voiced opposition greatly offended the Spaniards, who could not believe that it was against the will of the Minister, and thought that he was dealing treacherously with them. Cardinal Fleury offered to mediate, but in vain, and on the 19th of October, 1739, war was declared.

There was general rejoicing, every one expected conquests, some of the Members of Parliament walked in procession behind the heralds, who proclaimed war by sound of trumpet, the Prince of Wales rode not far behind, and stopped at the Rose Tavern near Temple Bar to drink "Success to the War." Bonfires were lighted, and bells were rung in the churches. "Ah!" said Walpole, as he heard them, "there is ringing of bells now, soon there will be wringing of hands."

CAMEO XXXVII.
—
Portobello.
1739.

Every one, however, looked on victory as certain, and meant to dispose of the bear's skin before they had caught him, deciding that whatever England should take in the West Indies should never, on any pretence, be given up. Two naval expeditions were fitted out against South America, one under Admiral Vernon, which was to attack Porto Bello and the Atlantic settlements; the other, under Commodore Anson, was to sail round Cape Horn and plunder the Pacific Settlements, as in the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Vernon was the favourite. His father had been Secretary of State under William III., and had imbibed the true Dutch hatred of France, which he had transmitted to his son, Edward Vernon. As a Member of Parliament, his hot denunciations of the French, and all alliance with them as treason, had nearly brought him to the Tower, but made him such a favourite with the nation, that Walpole, when accepting the war as inevitable, likewise gratified the Opposition by appointing him.

Everything was done in his favour, and he absorbed the best ships, crews, and sailors, while only the refuse were left for Anson, who had no one to plead his cause.

He himself was brave and spirited, but not conciliatory, for he was rude and turbulent to his superiors, uncivil and contradictory towards his equals, and harsh and haughty towards his subordinates.

He set sail in July, 1739, hoping to capture the ships carrying quicksilver, but having missed them, he appeared before Porto Bello on the Isthmus of Panama with six ships of the line on the 20th of November. The Spaniards were taken by surprise, their garrison was incomplete, their ammunition insufficient, and many of their cannons unmounted. There was a fort called the Iron Castle at the entrance of the bay, which the sailors scaled by mounting on one another's shoulders, and the next day another fort was about to be attacked, when a boat came out with a flag of truce, and the place surrendered, after the English had only lost seven men. There was only a sum of 10,000 dollars in it, but there were sixty cannons, which Vernon carried off, besides those which were left spiked, and the fortifications were blown up, which proved a more arduous task than conquering them.

The country was delighted. Vernon was unfairly contrasted with Admiral Hosier in 1726, who had twenty ships, and had not taken the place his successor had taken with only six. It was forgotten that Hosier had orders not to provoke the Spaniards, but only to block up their ships, since the Peace of Hanover was in the act of being negotiated. Moreover he and 3,000 of his crews had died of yellow fever in the deadly climate of the Gulf of Mexico.

One of the best of modern ballads was written by Richard Glover, making Hosier's ghost rise to rebuke the unjust comparison.

"As in Porto Bello lying
On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight, with streamers flying,
Our triumphant Navy rode,

CAMEO XXXVII. — *Admiral Hosier.* 1726.

There while Vernon sat all glorious,
From the Spaniard's late defeat,
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet."

The spirits of their fathers *did* start from every wave, all the 3,000 of them—

"All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wove;"

and Hosier, as their spokesman, pleads—

"Though in Porto Bello's ruin
You now triumph, free from fears,
When you think of our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears."

He continues—

"I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight.
O that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obeyed my heart's warm motion,
To have quelled the pride of Spain."

"Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemned for disobeying
I had met a traitor's doom.
To have fallen, my country crying,
'He has played an English part,'
Had been better far than dying
Of a grieved and broken heart."

The pestiferous climate of Porto Bello has caused it to be almost deserted at the present day.

Vernon had the thanks of Parliament, his head was made a sign for public-houses, and his birthday was celebrated with the din of marrow bones and cleavers around the bonfires in the city streets. Reinforcements were sent out to him to Jamaica, the soldiers under Lord Cathcart, and the ships under Sir Chaloner Ogle. Altogether there were 115 sail, 15,000 sailors, and 12,000 soldiers; but Cathcart died almost as soon as he came out, and General Wentworth took the command.

What this great armament was to do had not been settled, but Vernon was resolved on attacking Carthagena, and was so foolish as to write about his intentions to the French Governor of St. Domingo, who gave information to the Spaniards in time to put them on their guard.

However, after fifteen days' battering, the English succeeded in taking a fort at the entrance of the harbour, called Boca Chica, and though, with better engineers, it ought to have fallen much sooner, Vernon wrote a triumphant despatch, and a medal was struck in preparation for the surrender of Carthagena, with Vernon's head and the inscription: "The avenger of his country," a boastful proceeding, such as England has been seldom betrayed into.

CAMEO XXXVII.

Anson's Voyage.

Meantime, Vernon and Wentworth were quarrelling, and an attempt at an assault was repulsed, not for want of courage, but of skill. Disease set in, and in two days 3,200 out of 6,600 men were sick or dead. The enterprise was abandoned, more especially as letters were intercepted, showing that the French Admiral might attack the fleet. Returning to Jamaica, the two commanders hoped to regain their honour by an attack on Santiago in Cuba, but though the ships entered the neighbouring bay, the difficulties of the ground were such that it was decided not to attack. Thus ended the expedition, Vernon persisting, and perhaps with truth, that had he been in sole command, he should have won both places with less loss than from sickness.

There were no "ifs" in the enterprise that was twin with Vernon's. Commodore George Anson was a grave, silent man, without special interest at court; and he could not sail till eight months later than had been intended, for no one would attend to preparing his eight ships or getting his stores together. He had been promised 500 soldiers, but the Ministers changed their mind, and would only send with him as many old Chelsea pensioners, worn-out old men, quite unfit to endure such changes of climate as the voyage would involve. After all, only 259 actually sailed, and these the weakest, for all who had strength to leave Portsmouth deserted, and those who were left looked utterly wretched at their prospect.

There were seven ships, the *Centurion*, the *Glocester*, the *Severn*, the *Pearl*, the *Wager*, the *Trial*, and the *Anna Pink*, the last two very small. They set sail on the 18th of September, 1740, having been delayed so as to have the most stormy season for the dangerous passage round Cape Horn.

The ships halted at Madeira, where the Portuguese Governor, though his country was in alliance with England, was very uncivil, and was suspected of sending intelligence to the Spanish treasure fleet to enable it to elude Anson.

At St. Catherine's, in Brazil, there was better treatment, but so many of the poor old pensioners were sick, that out of the *Centurion* alone eighty had to be sent ashore to the hospital, while the *Trial* was found to need repairs, which occupied nearly a month, and no less than twenty-eight of the *Centurion's* crew died during this time, and ninety-six, still sick, were taken on board when she set sail on the 18th of January.

Anson appointed several places for meeting in case his little fleet was separated, and then crept cautiously along the wild coast of Patagonia in the terrible Strait of Le Maire, between Tierra del Fuego and Staten Island. There were snowy heights on one side, fearful rocks on the other, but they came through safely, and hoped their worst troubles were over.

It was no such thing. A fearful storm came upon them, with severe cold, freezing the cordage, and so tossing the ships that several

CAMEO XXXVII.
—
Anson's Voyage. 1740.

men were killed by falls; the water, too, so beating in, that not a bed was dry. Besides, the currents were so strong that they found that they had been carried back seven hundred miles to the eastward.

Moreover, all the ships were dispersed, and lost sight of one another as well as sound of the guns that had been fired from time to time. The *Centurion* struggled on alone, with fearful difficulties, even when she had reached the Pacific Ocean, and turned northwards in better weather, for the scurvy was on board, and the men were dying five or six a day, till there were not above six able-seamen capable of duty.

At last, on the 10th of June, they reached the island of Juan Fernandez, the uninhabited spot where had once been cast Alexander Selkirk, the original, it is said, of Robinson Crusoe.

Here were the only cures for scurvy, good water, fresh green herbs, and fruits, and plenty of goats. They encamped there in great rest and joy, and in time three more ships appeared; but the two smallest had gone back to Brazil, and the *Wager* had been wrecked on the coast of Chiloe.

The *Glocester*, *Severn*, *Trial*, and *Anna Pink*, survived, but every one of the pensioners on board the *Glocester* was dead, and only four on the *Centurion* were left, nor were more than 335 men altogether living.

However, the patient and resolute Commodore set to work to mend and refit his remnant of a squadron with a brave heart, though he knew that a Spanish fleet had been sent out in search of him.

Just as the refitting of the *Centurion* was completed, a sail was seen in the offing, and the captain immediately gave chase. He lost this, but soon saw another, which he pursued and took without resistance.

It was a well-laden merchantman, and from the crew, Anson learnt that the same storm which had driven the squadron about off Cape Horn, had forced the Spaniards, who were in search of them, back into the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, and that it was fully believed that the English squadron had perished.

Immediately after, the brave little *Trial*, which the Spaniards could hardly believe to have been able to pass Cape Horn, took a very large merchant ship, which had sometimes been used as a man-of-war; but it was her last exploit. She was so worn and shattered that it was judged wise to remove her crew to the prize and scuttle her.

More prizes were gained, and in one of them was a ragged Englishman, just out of prison at the little town of Paita, on the coast of Chili, just opposite. He declared that the Spaniards thought there was a large English squadron at hand, and that no merchant ships would put out, and that the Governor of Paita was removing the rich treasures farther inland for safety.

Upon this, Anson resolved on a bold stroke, and at ten o'clock at night sent off fifty-three picked men in boats, under Lieutenant Brett,

to surprise the town. They were landing when they heard a cry, "*Perros Ingleses*" (the English dogs), and saw lights flashing, but though a few shots were fired, the Spaniards fled in confusion.

For two whole days the English kept possession of the town, the sailors making a wild frolic, and dancing about in the fine garments they found, but hurting no one. Full £80,000 worth was captured and carried away, and the town, cleared of inhabitants, was set on fire.

The Commodore, before sailing, put ashore all his prisoners from the prizes, including several Spanish ladies and gentlemen of high rank, whom he had treated with a consideration and kindness such as was long remembered.

The *Glocester* also had taken her prizes. In one, the crew and passengers had pretended to be very poor, and to have nothing on board but cotton. However, they were found to be eating pigeon-pie out of silver dishes, and on a search, it was found that the cotton was so arranged as to hide £12,000 in silver coin.

Anson's plan had been to go to Panama, and communicate across the isthmus with Admiral Vernon; but he learnt from his prisoners that Vernon, after taking Portobello, had been unable to seize Carthagena, and had been obliged to give up the undertaking and return to Jamaica.

He therefore resolved to make one last grand endeavour in America, namely, to try to capture the great Manilla galleon. This sailed from the Philippine Isles with goods from Spain for America, 50,000 pairs of silk stockings, and other European articles in proportion to the value of 3,000,000 dollars.

He found, however, that it had not been allowed to sail, so after going as far north as Chequetan in Mexico, he made up his mind to cross the Pacific to India; but he had so few men left, that he was obliged to destroy all the ships that he had taken, and draft off the men into the *Centurion* and *Glocester*.

Then he set sail, as Drake had done, across the great Pacific, but as soon as he was out of reach of fresh provisions, his old enemy, the scurvy, broke out afresh; and then came a terrible tempest, which so ruined the poor worn-out *Glocester*, that she could hardly keep afloat, and nothing could be done but to take her men, stores, and prize money on board the *Centurion*, and then set fire to her for fear the Spaniards should take her.

On then she went, men dying every day of scurvy, till at last they reached Tinian, one of the Ladrone group.

It was a delightful place, full of wild cattle, though uninhabited, with plenty of fresh water, and delicious fruit, especially the bread-tree. Health was at once restored, and the crews set to work to make a thorough repair of their ship, which was leaking at every seam.

A greater misfortune than ever befel them, for one stormy night, when hardly any hands were on board, the *Centurion* broke from her moorings, and drifted out to sea.

CAMEO XXXVII.

Return of Anson. 1744.

They never expected to see her again, and they were thus left with only a very small Spanish prize not able to hold them, and only one charge of powder for each firelock; besides that, all their treasure was gone!

However, Anson kept up their hearts, and set them to work to lengthen the little vessel; but, before this was done, there was a joyful cry, "The ship, the ship!" The few sailors on board had actually been able to bring the good *Centurion* back again!

In glad spirits, they reached Macao, where there was a Portuguese settlement, and though the Governor of this made difficulties, Anson made the Chinese consent to his purchasing all he wanted, and completely refitting his ship.

Actually, this gallant man then steered out towards the Philippines, and after a sharp fight, captured the huge galleon of which he had before been disappointed, with a million and a half of dollars in her, and 550 men, more than doubling the English.

He sold this ship at Macao, and brought his good old *Centurion* home from her noble career in June, 1744.

The crew of the *Wager*, too—so called after Sir Charles Wager—had a story of their own, which we know from the narratives of a young midshipman of seventeen, John Byron, and of the gunner, John Bulkeley.

The Captain died on the way out, so that the first lieutenant, whose name was Cheap, was in command during the terrible passage through the Straits; but in the ensuing tempest the *Wager* was terribly shattered, and was found to be drifting on a lee shore. The acting Captain was an obstinate man and would not alter her course, and by and by she struck, was lifted again by a tremendous wave, and dashed on a rock higher up. Nothing but breakers could be seen around, and many of the poor creatures, who were sick already, became some wild, some stupefied with terror, so that there were few left capable of doing good service. Cheap was in bed from the effects of an accident, but as soon as the dawn showed land at no great distance, he gave orders for the boats to be lowered, declaring, however, that he would be the last to leave the ship. The sailors, however, were staving in the casks of liquor, and getting into a riotous state, refusing to leave the ship while any rum was left. On this, finding himself incapable of restraining them, he allowed himself to be carried to a boat and landed. The place is still called Wager Island, 46° 42″ south latitude, near enough to the continent for the ridge of the Andes to be visible. It was desolate, wet, cold, and dreary, but there were some trees, and an empty native hut. About 140 men were landed, and an officer visited the wreck the next day, and found the rest in a state of disorder. Indeed, when a storm arose in the night, they were so angry that no one came to take them off, that they fired one of the guns at the hut. When they did come, they were full of riot, and dressed in the laced coats of the officers. Cheap was so indignant that he knocked the

boatswain down with his cane, telling him he deserved to be shot, which was true enough, only it was not a good time for so speaking; but Cheap, though a brave officer and good seaman, was not fit for this extraordinary situation, and though at last there was a store tent set up and provisions served out from those in the ship, this was not till there had been much suffering and some deaths from hunger. Young Byron kept apart in a hut, living on limpets, with an Indian dog which grew very fond of him, but some of the hungry mutinous sailors took the poor creature away by force, killed, and ate it. And three weeks later Byron was actually so hungry as to devour the paws and skin.

Ten of the mutineers tried to blow up the hovel where the Captain slept, but one repented and disclosed the plot. Afterwards they took two boats and sailed away. Cheap seems to have lived in a state of suspicion, and hearing a disturbance going on, he rushed out, and shot a midshipman named Couzens in the head. The poor lad survived for several days, but the Captain would not allow him to be moved into his messmate's tent, and he died, lying on the ground, only sheltered by a sail, hung over some bushes.

Eighty-one of the shipwrecked crew decided on endeavouring to make their way to some settlement, instead of senselessly starving on the island, and they went off in the long boat, cutter, and barge. Byron started with them, but when he found that Captain Cheap had been left behind, he thought it his duty to remain with his superior officer, and he and some others went back in the barge.

Bulkeley, who was among the others, says that at the parting this young gentleman was unselfishly refusing a hat which one of the seamen wished to force on him. "I can bear hardships as well as you," he said, and went bareheaded.

After much difficulty and dissension, the boats got through the Straits of Magellan, and met with some Patagonians on the shore, with whom they traded for food. They coasted along, often suffering dreadfully from hunger; but things mended as they went farther north, and fell in with seals, also parrots and armadillos, and saw many wild horses and dogs. One horse which was shot for food, was branded A R, the first token of civilisation. Soon after they fell in with some Brazilian Portuguese, and Bulkeley knew enough of the language to make himself understood. When they entered the Rio Grande, they were kindly treated by the Portuguese, who were in alliance with England, and after four months' detention at Bahia were sent to Lisbon, and thence home, where they arrived on the 21st of January, 1742.

When Byron returned to Wager Island, he found Cheap and twenty men there, and now, after seven months' time wasted there, the plan was to use the long December days of the Antarctic summer in trying to reach the island of Chiloe, seize a Spanish vessel, and follow Anson; but this did not succeed, and after losing four men, they returned to Wager Island, and were nearly starved. However, some Indians visited

CAMEO XXXVII.
—
Byron.
1743.

them, now that they were free of the mutineers, and an Indian chief, a Christian apparently, undertook to guide them to a settlement. They were nearly starved on the way, and Cheap was as selfish as ever, actually letting a poor man die at his feet begging for a morsel of the seal's flesh that he was devouring. At last they reached Chiloe, where they had no lack of food, but were prisoners of Spain, and were sent to Santiago. By this time only the four survived, Captain Cheap, Lieutenant Hamilton, Midshipman Byron, and one seaman. A Scottish doctor, who had long been in practice there, took Byron into his house, and procured that they should be sent to Brest in a French ship. Thence, after some delay, they were allowed to return to England. Sharing their small amount of money, Byron had just enough to take him to London, without food or paying turnpikes, through which he galloped headlong.

His family, who had given him up for dead, were not in town, but he found out from a linen-draper that his sister, Lady Carlisle, was in London. Her porter would hardly listen to the wild ragged-looking young sailor, but at last he was admitted, and his troubles were over. He became an admiral and a Peer, and was the grandfather of the poet.

One benefit from these disasters was that an order was issued subjecting shipwrecked sailors on land to the same discipline as in their ship, and making disobedience mutiny.

CAMEO XXXVIII

PRO REGE MARIA THERESIA.

1740–1743.

England.	*France.*	*Spain.*
1727. George II.	1715. Louis XV.	1711. Philip V
	Germany.	
	1740. Maria Theresa.	

CAMEO XXXVIII.

Deaths of Frederick William I., and Charles VI. 1740.

A FAR more serious war than that with Spain had begun by the time the scattered mariners of Anson's expedition had returned.

The year 1740 had been fatal to three European sovereigns. On July 31st gout and dropsy carried off the old Corporal of Potsdam, Frederick William I. of Prussia. He had drawn up directions for his own funeral, and chosen the text of the sermon then to be preached, and his son Frederick II. was thus left free to indulge his tastes for French philosophy, and for conquest, at the head of one of the finest armies in existence.

In October died the Emperor Charles VI. in a very pious and affectionate frame of mind. He had been an incapable ruler, and a dull and sluggish general, and the waste in his palaces and among his attendants was something enormous. The amount charged for red wine and bread for the imperial parrots was more than three hundred florins per annum, so that it was no wonder that there was only a hundred thousand left in the treasury! Still, he was highly accomplished, excellent in horsemanship, learned in every way, and a great musician. He attracted the best performers to Vienna, and himself composed an opera, when he played in the orchestra, and his daughters danced. He founded a public library at Vienna, repaired the great old Roman road of Trajan, and was altogether a beneficent and kindly monarch at home.

The third death was that of Anne of Russia. She left the crown to her sister's grandson, Ivan of Brunswick; but he was only six months old, and Elizabeth, a daughter of Peter the Great, persuaded the army to accept her as their sovereign, and showed herself to the people with the child in her arms. Afterwards, however, she shut him up in a prison, at first with his parents; but afterwards they were sent to a dismal island in the White Sea, while the poor youth remained in solitude and

CAMEO XXXVIII.
Maria Theresa.
1740.

darkness in his dungeon till he was twenty-four years old, when, on the discovery of a plot for his release, he was put to death, and his corpse was handed to those who were trying to free him.

The death of Charles VI. showed how futile had been the Pragmatic Sanction, which had, in truth, been a great injustice, since it gave the hereditary dominions of the house of Hapsburg, namely Austria, Bohemia, Hungary, and Flanders to the daughters of the younger brother Charles, in preference to the daughters of the elder brother Joseph. These latter ladies, Maria Amelia and Maria Josepha, were married, the one to Charles Albert, Elector Duke of Bavaria, and the other to Frederick Augustus, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland; and the first of these princes had no intention of being bound by the Sanction, and began to make alliances. Bavaria called on its old friend France, and the new King of Prussia was chiefly resolved on winning what he could for his little kingdom.

Maria Theresa's army was only 30,000 men; her small treasury was all the property of her mother. Letters came addressed not to the Queen of Hungary, but to the Archduchess of Austria, or the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, her husband's title. She was only twenty-three, and no one expected her, or her equally young husband, to have more ability than the rest of the long-decaying house of Hapsburg, of which she and her sister were the last.

Frederick of Prussia was totally devoid of chivalrous forbearance towards an orphaned princess. There were some obsolete claims of the house of Hohenzollern to portions of Silesia, and accordingly, having gathered together his troops, he secretly quitted Berlin in the midst of a masked ball on the 23rd of December, saying to the French Ambassador, "I am going, I believe, to play your game, and if I should throw doublets, we will share the stakes," and at the same time he sent an agent to Vienna to announce to Maria Theresa that if she would cede Silesia to him he would adhere to the Pragmatic Sanction and give his vote, as Elector of Brandenburg, for her husband as emperor.

The high spirit of the young sovereign was revolted by the threat, and she answered that she had rather perish than make such terms with him. She had only 3,000 men in Silesia, and they were forced to retreat into Bavaria, whither she sent Count Neipperg, who had been thrown into prison for signing a disadvantageous peace with the Turks. Twenty-four thousand men were brought together, and Neipperg, leading them into Silesia, met Frederick at Molwitz. The Austrian cavalry carried all before it, and drove off all the Prussians, who swept away Frederick himself in their flight. When the fugitives reached Appellen, a troop of Austrians sallied out against them. Frederick turned round to Maupertuis, a French mathematician, and some other attendants who were with him, saying, "Farewell, friends, I am much better mounted than you"—and rode on, leaving them to be taken prisoners.

It was not chivalrous, and they were very angry; but it is to be remembered that they were in no real danger, and that for him to have

CAMEO XXXVIII.
—
Frederick II.
1741.

been captured would have been ruin to himself and his kingdom. In the meantime, however, the steady courage of the Prussian infantry under Marshal Schwerin had retrieved the day; the Austrians were repulsed and broken, and a messenger was sent in haste to recall the King to his victorious army! The result of the defeat was terrible, for every one who had any claim on the Austrian accumulation of states began to uplift a voice. Spain called for the Netherlands, Sardinia for North Italy, Saxony for the German possessions. Only England was ready to befriend the heiress. The King, as elector of Hanover, had sworn to the Pragmatic Sanction, and there was a spirit of enthusiasm in the country for the persecuted princess. A subsidy of £300,000, and an assistant force of 12,000 men were voted for her in Parliament; but Walpole still hoped to mediate between the two contending powers, and instructed his ambassadors to do all in their power to bring about a treaty. But, when Lord Hyndford spoke of magnanimity, Frederick exclaimed, "Do not talk to me, my lord, of magnanimity! A prince ought first to consult his own interests. I am not averse to a peace; but I expect to have four duchies, and I *will* have them!"

On her side, Maria Theresa was almost as impracticable. To the British envoy, Mr. Robinson, she consented so far as to say that she would give up Guelderland, but never Silesia. "Oh, the King your master, let him only march—let him march only!" she cried; and, when her proposal to Frederick was at last signed, she cried, "I hope he will reject it!"

As, indeed, he did. "Still beggarly offers!" he cried. "My ancestors would rise out of their tombs to reproach me should I abandon my just rights!"

Old Cardinal Fleury would have kept France out of the war; but the brilliant Marshal de Belleisle had fascinated the King; and had been permitted to start on a tour to the German electoral courts to prevent the choice of Maria Theresa's husband as Emperor. He came to the camp of Frederick, and there talked, as that King said, as if all the provinces of Austria were put up to auction, securing to France the Austrian Netherlands. Moreover, a French army under Marshal de Maillebois crossed the Rhine, towards Hanover, where George II. was collecting troops for the aid of the Queen of Hungary; but the approach of the French so much alarmed him for his beloved Hanover that he hastily signed a promise of neutrality for the duchy for a whole year, and also not to vote, as Elector, for Francis of Lorraine as Emperor: a cowardly proceeding which gave great offence alike in England and Austria.

Charles of Bavaria, the husband of the Emperor Joseph's eldest daughter, was the candidate for the Empire, as well as for the Austrian dominions, and a declaration of war was sent to the Queen of Hungary under the title of Grand Duchess of Tuscany; while the Elector of Bavaria, with 35,000 French troops under Marshals Belleisle and Broglie, marched into Austria, took the strong fortress of Lintz, and advanced to within three leagues of Vienna.

CAMEO XXXVIII.

Queen of Hungary. 1741.

However, Maria Theresa was not in Vienna. She had a few months before gone to Hungary to receive the crown of the sainted King Stephen at Presburg, and to throw herself on the protection of the high-spirited Magyars. It was a grand and beautiful coronation, when, according to the ancient ceremony, the beautiful young queen, with her fair hair flowing in curls over her shoulders, rode gallantly up the royal mount, and waved her sword to all the four quarters of the horizon. Then she had won all hearts, and, when she came again, as a fugitive, and summoned her nobles to Vienna, and she met them in the castle hall, her crown on her head, and her little son Joseph in her arms, every heart was moved; and after she had made them a speech in Latin, appealing to their loyalty, they all broke out into a simultaneous shout of enthusiasm, "*Moriamur pro rege Mariâ Theresiâ.*" The Diet granted liberal supplies of money, and were equally enthusiastic when they met to receive the oaths of the Duke of Lorraine, who had been appointed Regent of the kingdom. "My blood and life for the Queen and kingdom!" he cried; and as the Queen stood by him with their little son, the shouts were renewed. The Slavonic tribes of fierce warriors flocked in, and Vienna was put in a state of defence.

Meanwhile, the enemies of Austria were beginning to quarrel. Marshal Belleisle's haughtiness and dictatorialness offended the German princes; there were jealousies between Saxony and Bavaria, and the Elector Charles went off on his own account to conquer Bohemia and besiege Prague. This excited Frederick's alarm lest he should go on to seize Silesia; and on the other hand the Queen of Hungary felt the need of coming to terms, and permitted Lord Hyndford to offer the cession of Lower Silesia; and accordingly a treaty was set on foot, which Frederick was anxious to keep from the knowledge of his allies.

The Duke of Lorraine and his brother set out to relieve Prague; but when within three leagues of the city, they learnt that it had been taken by surprise, and that the Elector of Bavaria had entered it. He was there crowned King of Bohemia on the same day as the Electors chose him as Emperor, the vote of George II. not being given according to promise, and all the others being unanimous against the husband of the Queen of Hungary.

In England, George II.'s pledge of neutrality had been met with much displeasure, though it was only for Hanover; and this added to the general unpopularity of Walpole. After various struggles in Parliament, it became plain that the minister must resign; and this he did on the 1st of February, 1742. The King was deeply moved at the loss of his old servant of twenty years, embraced him, shed tears, and begged him to see him frequently. He deserved such confidence, for he was far better as a minister than he was as a man; his morality was lax, and he was most mischievous to the Church, his one idea evidently being that earnestness was perilous and uncomfortable, and might lead to Jacobitism. He was created Earl of Orford, and retired to Houghton, while his place was taken by Mr. Pulteney, and the Duke of Newcastle, and war in the

CAMEO XXXVIII.

Resignation of Walpole. 1742.

cause of the Queen of Hungary was decided on, though at first not energetically pursued.

However, Prince Charles of Lorraine had entered Bohemia, and had shut up Belleisle within the walls of Prague, while another division of the Austrian army overran Bavaria, and actually entered Munich on the 14th of February, 1742, the very day on which its Elector was being crowned as the Emperor Charles VII. at Frankfurt, when the poor man was so ill with gout as hardly to be able to stand upright, while the petty princes and their wives were in the midst of endless quarrels about their titles, their precedence, and their right to sit on chairs or stools in the Imperial presence.

The King of Prussia was disturbed at the interference of the French, and as the treaty had not been signed, he advanced into Bohemia, in company with some Saxon forces, whose generals so obstructed his movements that he had to retire into Bohemia; but there he beat Prince Charles of Lorraine at Chotusitz. After this victory he offered terms to Maria Theresa, and she consented to the cession of Silesia, excepting a few fortress towns. The inhabitants were chiefly Protestant, and the Austrians had persecuted them in vain, so that they were happy in the transfer, though it was scarcely just.

The treaty between Maria Theresa and Frederick was a great disappointment to the French. Old Cardinal Fleury, who was ninety-three, could not recover from the shock, though he retained his faculties to the last. He died on the 29th of January, 1743. The nation was tired of him; but he was much regretted by the King, whom he had saved from the trouble of thinking for himself.

Louis XV. was thirty-three years old at this time, and in imitation of his great-grandfather, he declared that he was going to govern for himself; but he was too indolent to exert himself to attend to his ministers, and everything was soon in confusion.

CAMEO XXXIX.

THE BATTLE OF DETTINGEN.

1743.

England.	*France.*	*Spain.*
1727. George II.	1715. Louis XV.	1711. Philip V.
	Germany.	
	1740. Maria Theresa.	

CAMEO XXXIX.

Dettingen. 1743.

THOUGH Prussia had for the time retired from the contest, England and France were equally determined to continue the war. George II., with the Duke of Cumberland, crossed over to Hanover on the 21st of April, 1743, to take the command of the army, which they found encamped at Aschaffenberg, on the river Maine, in a very unsatisfactory condition, owing to the blunders of Lord Stair, and his quarrels with the Austrian general, Aremberg.

The numbers were 37,000, and these, both men and horses, were nearly starved, and were cooped up in a narrow valley along the Maine, about eight miles long, between the town of Aschaffenberg and the village of Dettingen. A force of Russians and Hanoverians, whom the general had intended to join them, had advanced as far as Hanau, but could get no further, and Marshal de Noailles, with a very considerable army, hitherto much better handled than the English, was in sight on the opposite bank of the Maine.

The King decided on falling back on Hanau, for provisions had entirely failed. On the 27th of June, at midnight, he broke up the camp and marched, and the French immediately sent a body across the river to occupy Aschaffenberg. In full security of victory, Noailles sent his nephew, the Duke of Grammont, to occupy Dettingen, through which the English must pass on the way to Hanau, so that he expected to have them shut in and forced to surrender. His artillery on his own bank was ready to play on them.

There was a stream and a marsh between the English and Dettingen, and there seemed no hope for them; they were in as bad a condition as the starving soldiers before Agincourt, and they had not a Henry V. at their head, but still they were in good spirits and ready to fight.

Just then the Marshal de Noailles crossed to the other side of the river to give some orders, and in his absence, Grammont, presuming on an easy victory, instead of waiting at his post, guarding the little beck or stream of Dettingen, charged across it, thus giving up all his advantage of ground, and the Duke of Harcourt, with all the gentlemen of the King's household, followed his example.

At sight of them, King George's horse ran away, and had nearly carried him into the midst of the enemy before it was stopped. He dismounted, and drawing his sword, waved it crying out, "Now, boys, now for the honour of England. Fire and behave bravely, and the French will soon run."

The charge of the French was, however, so furious, that the English wavered a little, but were rallied by their King and the Duke of Cumberland, who, though wounded in the leg, refused to leave the field. Marshal de Noailles was in consternation at the imprudent movement of his nephew. He had to stop his batteries which were doing as much harm to his own troops as to the British, and he hastened across the river to take the command, and retrieve the mischief his nephew's impetuosity had done.

By this time it was too late. The King had drawn up his troops in a compact body, and was charging the enemy, who gave way, and the slaughter was dreadful. De Noailles gave the word for retreat across the river, but his retreat became a rout; the bridges over the Maine were overcrowded and broke down, the fugitives were many of them drowned, and others captured while trying to escape up the mountains. Six thousand men altogether were lost on the French side, only half the number on the English.

Lord Stair wanted to follow up the success by attacking the French in their entrenchments, but as quite half their army were fresh and had never been engaged at all, King George judged this imprudent with his exhausted troops, who had neither victuals, drink, nor tents, and he, therefore, after a brief rest, continued his march to Hanau. A letter was sent to Noailles requesting him to let the English wounded be taken care of, and this was generously done. Indeed, on the English side, the Duke of Cumberland had refused to let his wound be attended to, till after a more severely hurt prisoner had been dressed.

Frederick II., who hated King George, thought proper to describe his conduct thus: "All through the battle he stood before his Hanoverian battalion, his left foot drawn back, sword in hand, his arm extended, like a fencing-master about to give a stroke *en carte*, showing courage, but giving no orders."

This was plainly malice, for George did exactly the right thing under the circumstances, and kept up the English steadiness which won the day against French vivacity. Stair wished to cross the Maine, and pursue the French, who were retreating to Speyerbach, but the jealousies of the German princes and his own unconciliating temper rendered this impossible.

CAMEO XXXIX.

Jealousies. 1743.

Maria Theresa was in great delight. She entered Vienna in triumph, and had a solemn *Te Deum* in the cathedral. The French armies were fairly driven out of Germany, and Marshal de Broglie visited the unfortunate Emperor, Charles VII., at Frankfurt to advise him to make peace, so as to save Bavaria, since he must reckon on no more assistance from France.

He answered indignantly that he was not to learn how to make peace from those who showed themselves ignorant how to make war; but he did sign a contract of neutrality for his own hereditary states, and tried to obtain a peace by the mediation of George II. and the Prince of Orange; but Maria Theresa was not easy to deal with, insisting that she should keep Bavaria unless he resigned the title of Emperor.

Prince Charles of Lorraine, who was betrothed to the Queen of Hungary's sister, was in command on the Rhine. Noailles tried to persuade Louis XV. to confide the defence of Alsace to Count Maurice de Saxe, as he was called in France, the ablest of the French generals; but this the King refused, on the grounds that the Count was careless, that he was a Protestant, and that he chiefly cared for recovering his Duchy of Courland.

Hungarian troops under Colonel Mentzel were on the banks of the Rhine, and a proclamation was put forth to the inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine that if they did not accept the most gracious Queen of Hungary as their sovereign, they would be treated as rebels, the villages burnt, and the peasants hanged or mutilated.

King George and Prince Charles had both crossed the Rhine, and an invasion of France was imminent; but this was prevented by quarrels in the English camp. English and Hanoverians could not agree, there were bitter jealousies; Lord Stair delivered a memorial to the King full of complaints, and in such disrespectful language, that the resignation it threatened was at once accepted, whereupon many other officers of rank threw up their commissions, and as it was now late in the year, the King was obliged to give up his intended campaign and return to England, while the army was quartered in Flanders.

A skit in the form of a French dialogue was handed about in the army, and supposed to be written by Lord Stair himself:

"*Que donne-t-on aux officiers qui ne se sont pas trouvés à la bataille?*"

"*On leur donne le cordon rouge.*"

"*Et que donne-t-on au Général en chef qui a gagné la victoire?*"

"*Sa congé.*"

"*Qui a soin des blessés?*"

"*L'ennemi.*"

The victory had not conciliated the English towards what they looked on as a mere war on behalf of Hanover, and when Parliament met, there was a great outcry against Lord Carteret as the "Hanoverian troop minister"; measures for disbanding, or for refusing payment to

CAMEO XXXIX.

Dungeness. 1744.

Hanoverian soldiers were reiterated, toasts were drunk to "No Hanoverian King," and the Jacobites began to gather confidence.

For once, however, Walpole, though above all a peace minister, perceiving in his retirement that to cripple the King's resources at this juncture would derogate from the honour and influence of England, came forth, and though he had once said that he had left his tongue in the House of Commons, he came forward in the House of Lords, and made a powerful speech which enabled the King to triumph over the opposition, and indeed he continually assisted with his advice the First Lord of the Treasury, Henry Pelham.

So came in 1744, with the war in full operation, Louis XV. stirred into action by a favourite lady, Madame de Châteauroux; Frederick of Prussia forming an alliance with him and ready to renew the war, and Charles Edward Stuart taking hope from the enmity between France and England, and preparing for an attack on the unpopular Hanoverian sovereign. Lord Orford's last speech was made upon the intelligence respecting this danger, and was full of all his old fire and intelligence, though he was in constant suffering from the disease which the next year put an end to his life.

He might well warn the English. Actually in January, eighteen ships of the line were collected at Brest under Admiral Roquefeuille, and sailed for the Isle of Wight with 7,000 troops, and on board, Charles Edward himself, and Count Maurice of Saxe, the ablest general in Europe.

The English fleet, under Sir John Morris, had been at Spithead, but had steered to the Downs, where they were joined by vessels which raised their numbers to twenty-one. The French fleet came to anchor off Dungeness, and the two lay opposite to each other. Morris intended to fight in the morning when the tide would be in his favour, but behold, by the late dawn the French fleet had gone! Roquefeuille, seeing the English superiority of forces, had retreated to his own harbours, and a heavy storm which raged for several days, made pursuit impossible. Again had wind and storm defended the English coast.

The attempt at invasion was abandoned, but there was a formal declaration of war, and Maurice was made a Field-Marshal and sent to command the army in Flanders.

CAMEO XL.

THE BATTLE OF FONTENOY.

1745.

England.	*France.*	*Spain.*
1727. George II.	1715. Louis XV.	1711. Philip V.
	Germany.	
	1740. Maria Theresa.	

CAMEO XL.
—
Louis XV.
1744.

THE threatened attempt at invasion had forced George II. to remain in England with 12,000 soldiers, while Marshal Wade, in the Low Countries, had neither rank nor character sufficient to overawe the Austrian and Dutch generals, who, moreover, had brought so much smaller contingents than had been promised, that he could not make his intended advance into the French territory. However, Charles of Lorraine came up with a considerable army.

Then Louis XV. began to stir. "If my country is to be devoured," he said, "it will be hard for me to see it gobbled up (*croqué*) without stirring to prevent it."

When money enough had been collected, he set off for the army at Valenciennes, in unusually high spirits. He visited the hospitals and forts and tasted the patients' soup and the soldiers' bread, and when an envoy came from Holland to sue for an armistice, he replied, "I know what you are come about. I will answer you in Flanders"—speaking with such animation and fire that he seemed at thirty-four years old to be awakening, and people asked one another, "Have we got a king?"

Marshal Saxe took various small forts, and the French army seemed triumphant, till Prince Charles being joined by a far better general, Marshal Traun, crossed the Rhine at Philipsburg, and began to ravage that perpetual bone of contention—unhappy Alsace.

Louis was at Dunkirk when the tidings reached him, but he hastened at once to Metz, and all was in preparation for a great battle. "A crisis is imminent," he himself had written when on the night of the 4th of August he fell ill of a fever, and in a few days was in great danger. The Duchess of Châteauroux lodged in a neighbouring abbey (! !), but a gallery had been made by which she could visit the

CAMEO XL.

Illness of Louis XV. 1744.

king, and she, with her supporter, the Duke of Richelieu, at first excluded every one, and chiefly, the king's almoner, Fitz James, the Bishop of Soissons, a son of the Duke of Berwick, a Jansenist, good, upright, and with all his father's courage.

But on the 12th of August the king was so ill that the Count of Clermont, a prince of the Condé line, but in Holy Orders, forced his way in and then followed Fitz James. On preparing to say mass, the latter asked if the king would confess. "Not yet," said Louis; but he was uneasy, and two days later, when he had a fainting fit, he was filled with terror, and shrieked out for his confessor. The bishop came to him, and as soon as the interview was over, the king sent for the Duke of Bouillon, "You can serve me now," he said, "I have sacrificed my favourites to what the Church requires from the most Christian king and the eldest son of the Church." The bishop proceeded to the room where the Duchess of Châteauroux was waiting with her sister and the Duke of Richelieu, and told them that the king's orders were that the ladies should retire.

Richelieu had the insolence to declare that, in the name of the king, he opposed commands extorted at a moment of feverish excitement.

Then the bishop commanded that the tabernacles of the Host should be closed till the ladies were gone; and he won the day, so far as to expel them, even from the city, before he would administer to the king the last sacraments; and though he must have felt how little real repentance there was all the time, extreme unction was given, and all France was in a passionate transport of grief. "He is dying for having tried to save us!" was the cry, and there were fervent prayers and bitter lamentations.

The queen was on her way to Metz, and so was the dauphin, his only son. The regular physician had entirely given up the patient, and a chance practitioner was allowed to come in, who gave him a violent emetic, the effect of which saved his life, so that the Paris doctor arriving at last declared him on the way to recovery.

Thus, the poor queen was very coldly received; and to the dauphin his father would scarcely speak, supposing that the poor boy of thirteen had only come out of eagerness for the succession; and, indeed, he was never forgiven entirely, but was always an object of jealousy.

Richelieu was recalled. He was the king's evil genius, and he privately advised Madame de Châteauroux not to return without compensation for the humiliation she had suffered. Meanwhile the nation was in an ecstasy of thankfulness and joy, returning thanks in every church, writing addresses and poems without end to Louis *le Bien Aimé*, as he was termed, even apostrophising the dose which brought about his cure. Thenceforth, though the faithful Bishop of Soissons could not be punished, he was never allowed to come to court. Yet Louis never came within his diocese without receiving a strong letter of rebuke and exhortation.

His illness had slackened the proceedings of his generals, and though

CAMEO XL.
—
Madame de Pompadour.
1745.

Charles of Lorraine was not forced to give battle, his retreat from Alsace was not hindered. Moreover, the King of Prussia, who had made up his mind to win Bohemia, had laid siege to Prague, which was surrendered in a fortnight's time. However, here his success ended. All Bohemia declared against him, either out of affection for their queen, or from dread of his troops, and the peasants fled to the hills carrying off their cattle and provisions. Not a messenger, a guide, nor a spy could be procured; the Prussian envoys were seized, the communications cut off, the army began to suffer from hunger, and the French sent no troops to pursue the campaign, so that Frederick was obliged to retreat, and quit Bohemia altogether.

Louis, though quite recovered, did not endeavour to assist him, but spent his time taking the towns of Lorraine and Alsace until the end of the campaign. When he returned to Paris for the winter, the people received him with ecstasy, and he was so much affected as to exclaim with tears, "How sweet it is to be so much loved! What have I done to deserve it?"

Even then a wise counsellor or a good wife might have turned this touch of feeling to good account; but poor Marie Lecsinska was not only dull but stiff, cold, and unforgiving, and continued, if not to repel him, at any rate to make no effort for his recall; and though he was in a way fond of his daughters, to whom he gave the pet names of Loque, Chiffe, and Coche, he let them lead the dullest of lives, and left them almost uneducated till their brother, the dauphin, took them in hand, and actually taught them himself.

Louis soon summoned Madame de Châteauroux to return to him; but she exacted the banishment of all concerned in her expulsion. Louis did not consent in all cases, some being too useful to him; but her plans were cut short in the midst, for she died after eleven days of illness, fancying herself poisoned.

The king did not mourn long. Jeanne Poisson, daughter of a rich tradesman, and wife of Monsieur Normand d'Etioles, a farmer of the taxes, was already laying herself out to become the prime power in the kingdom. When the king was hunting in the forest of Senart, near her château, she joined the chase, sometimes in the supposed costume of Diana, sometimes in a blue robe, in a rose-coloured phaeton. She was really beautiful, and very clever, and soon attracted the king. At a ball at the Hôtel de Ville, she contrived to drop her handkerchief. The king picked it up, and restored it, and there was a general whisper, "He has thrown the handkerchief."

She pretended to be afraid of her husband, and thus made the king give her apartments at Versailles. To give her rank, she was created Marquise de Pompadour, and by that name ruled Louis and France for the rest of her days.

Under old Cardinal Fleury the finances had been well managed, and in spite of all their regular burthens, the peasantry looked well fed and cheerful; but the war brought them additional taxes, and the exactions,

CAMEO XL.
—
Death of Walpole.
1745.

peculations, and mismanagement were frightful. Even when there was a tolerable harvest, people died like flies, of sheer hunger. One day the good Duke of Orleans brought in a loaf of bread made of powdered fern to the Council, threw it down, and said, "Sire, this is the food of your subjects!"

Unfortunately he was a man of abrupt, shy, awkward manners, besides being a Jansenist, and no one heeded or cared for what he said. It is told of him that once when Mademoiselle de Clermont, daughter to the Duke of Bourbon, asked him to lead her to her stall in church, he blundered out, "I know my place, I do not know yours." The king, who at least was polite, handed her to a stall, and said, with great displeasure, "It is only sons and grandsons of France who are privileged to be rude to ladies." The Duke was always kept at a distance, and was much disappointed that he could not obtain the hand of one of the king's daughters for his son. It had been a year of disaster to the French, and finally Marshal de Belleisle and his brother, on their way home from Prussia, were arrested in Hanover and carried as prisoners to England.

Louis protested that the person of an ambassador was violated; but George II. coolly replied that he only knew of a hostile general travelling in a country at war with France, and refused to surrender him.

Frederick was defending Silesia against Maria Theresa, who was endeavouring to retake it, trusting to the words of George, "*Ce qui est bon à prendre est bon à rendre.*" And in the midst, worn out with illness and disappointment, died in his forty-eighth year the unfortunate puppet Emperor Charles VII., on the 20th of January, 1745, his election having brought him nothing but misery.

It was in that same spring that Lord Orford died, after a long and painful illness. His last advice was full of characteristic shrewdness. The Duke of Cumberland sent to ask advice confidentially as to the means of avoiding being forced into a marriage with a Danish princess reported to be deformed. Lord Orford reflected a few minutes, and then recommended that the Duke should couple his consent to the union with a demand for a suitably handsome establishment, "And believe me," said the old statesman, "the marriage will be no longer pressed"—a prognostic which was verified. Two noted sayings are attributed to Walpole. One was when history was to be read to him, "I know that must be false;" the other, "All men have their price." But this was really, as he looked at a group of members of Parliament, "All these men have their price," a very different matter. The king was unwillingly kept at home by reports of Jacobite restlessness; but the Duke of Cumberland was sent to take the command in Flanders, sharing his authority with the Austrian general Konigsegg, and the Dutch prince Van Waldeck. Among them they had 50,000 men of three nations, while Marshal Saxe had 72,000. He was, however, in a terrible condition—the effect of his dissipated life. He was dropsical, and had been tapped before joining the army, and he travelled on a wicker couch,

CAMEO XL.

Battle of Fontenoy. 1745.

which, however, he quitted, and mounted his horse on any token of battle, and his troops had the utmost reliance on him.

With these he infested Tournay, and the relief of this important fortress became the object of the allied forces. Louis XV. and the dauphin both joined the French army, which Saxe drew up on some low heights, with the village of Anhalt and the river Scheldt on their right, and in front, Fontenoy, memorable already for a dearly-bought victory of the Prince of Condé. On the left was the small wood of Barré, and the passage of the Scheldt in the rear was secured by the bridge of Calonne.

It was an extremely strong position, but the allied generals had gained so many victories that they were undaunted, and the battle began at 6 A.M. on the morning of the 11th of May, 1745. The Dutch under the Prince of Waldeck were to assault Antoin and Fontenoy, while the Duke of Cumberland, with the British and Hanoverians, advanced on the left, detaching General Ingoldsby through the wood of Barré to storm the redoubt beyond it. Ingoldsby, however, found the wood full of sharp-shooters, and thinking them a larger body, went back to the Duke for orders, thus wasting much time. However, the Duke pressed on, in spite of a murderous fire, the compact mass of infantry gradually by its weight and firmness breaking through the French regiment, pushing onwards in spite of charges of cavalry, so as to threaten to cut off the retreat of the enemy.

If they had been properly supported by the Dutch, the victory would have been complete, and the king and dauphin taken. Marshal Saxe tried to persuade them to quit the field, but Louis would not hear of doing so, though he would not suffer his son to lead a charge against the enemy.

But the Dutch, after a first ineffectual onset, hung back and did not move, leaving Marshal Saxe at liberty to concentrate his full strength on the British. There was desperate fighting; but at last the column was forced to draw back, step by step, without confusion, the Duke at the last shouting to them to remember Blenheim and Ramillies, and thus they retreated to Ath, after a terrible battle, lost through Dutch cowardice or sluggishness. The French had lost above 7,000 men, including Marshal de Noailles and his nephew, the Duke de Grammont. The English loss was 4,041, Hanoverian 1,762, Dutch 1,544, also a few pieces of artillery, but no colours. The French could not attempt to follow up their victory by pursuit, but Tournay was forced by the treachery of the officers to surrender, and Ghent and Ostend were also taken by Marshal Saxe. Dettingen and Fontenoy were memorable as the last battles in which either a king of England or a king of France was engaged, and it is notable that in each case the royal firmness had its parts in retrieving the day.

CAMEO XLI.

PRESTON PANS.

1745.

England.	*France.*	*Spain.*
1727. George II.	1715. Louis XV.	1711. Philip V.
	Germany.	
	1740. Maria Theresa.	

ENMITY between England and France was the opportunity of the House of Stuart, and slow and timid as was its head, the heir of the line was full of spirit, and most eager to seize every opportunity of restoration.

CAMEO XLI.
—
Enterprise of Charles Stuart.
1744.

The two brothers, Charles Edward and Henry, had grown up amid the dull ceremonies of the exiled court at Rome, without much education; Charles never could spell either French or English, though he could speak both with the greatest ease, and had perfected himself in manly exercises, inuring himself to hunger, fatigue and exposure, in the huntings on the Campagna, and in the mountains which formed the chief variety in his life.

He was twenty-five when, seeing hope for his cause in the war, he set forth from Rome, starting with his brother as if for a hunting match, on the night of the 9th of January, 1744; then, leaving Henry behind, he went on as a Spanish courier to Savona, attended by a single servant. He embarked there, reached Antibes, and rode on to Paris so as to arrive on the 20th, the very day on which his father thought it safe to announce his departure.

Louis XV. did not choose to see him, but he held counsel with the Jacobite gentlemen, and reparing to Gravelines, lived in strict retirement there, only leaving it for that abortive expedition of Roquefeuilles, when he was carried to the very coast of England only to be disappointed.

He spent the ensuing months in trying to obtain support, sometimes living like a hermit near Gravelines, sometimes staying at FitzJames with his cousin, the Duke of Berwick, till, finding himself continually deceived by illusory expectations from all the enemies of the English or of the House of Hanover, decided at length on making a bold venture,

CAMEO XLI.

South Uist. 1745.

depending almost solely on his own personal influence with the Scottish Jacobites.

To Louis XV. and his ministry Charles said nothing, lest they should detain him; but two English merchants, naturalised at Nantes, obtained leave to cruise against Britain on the northern coast. There was a brig called the *Doutelle*, the property nominally of Walsh, really of the Prince, and therewith went a large ship of war, the *Elizabeth*, in which he placed the stores which he had obtained by pawning his jewels, 1,500 muskets, 1,800 broadswords, 20 small pieces of cannon, with ammunition, and a set of uniforms which he flattered himself were very becoming, besides 4,000 louis d'ors. They sailed from St. Nazaire, at the mouth of the Loire, on the evening of the 2nd of July, 1745, the Prince in the disguise of a student of the Scots college at Paris. They waited at Belleisle till the 13th, to be joined by the *Elizabeth*, and then set sail; but on the fourth day of the voyage the *Elizabeth* fell in with the *Lion*, commanded by one of Anson's captains, and a fight took place, in which Charles was wild to join, but Mr. Walsh, the owner of the *Doutelle*, would not risk her, and when the Prince remonstrated hotly, told him that if he insisted any more he should be ordered down to the cabin. Each of the conflicting vessels was so much injured as to have to put back to her own country for repairs, the *Elizabeth* carrying off all the beautiful uniforms, and, what was more important, all the money and all the muskets.

However, the *Doutelle* sailed on, and though chased by another vessel, it safely reached the Hebridean Archipelago. Near the little islet of Erisca, between Barra and South Uist, an eagle was seen hovering. "See," cried old Lord Tullibardine, "here is the king of birds come to welcome your Royal Highness to Scotland!"

Charles landed and passed the night on shore, where he learned that this cluster of little flat islands was the property of a young chief called Macdonald of Clanranald, who was absent, but his uncle and chief adviser, Macdonald of Boisdale, was at home in South Uist.

A message was sent to the old gentleman, who came on board bent on representing the hopelessness, nay the madness of the attempt, and declaring that if his nephew were drawn into it, it would be against his advice, and he would have nothing to do with it. All the Prince's eloquence was unavailing, and he departed in his boat, hoping to see the *Doutelle* sail off southwards. However, she proceeded to the mainland, and entered the bay of Loch Nannagh in Inverness-shire, near Moidart. Young Clanranald was not far off, and came on board with his kinsman of Kinloch Moidart, who had a brother on board. Both were of his uncle's opinion, that the enterprise was hopeless. Several of his clan had come with him, some not knowing whom they were to see. One was young Ranald Macdonald, another brother of the laird of Kinloch Moidart. As the chief paced up and down the deck beside the Prince, and the youth gathered the tenor of their consultation, his eyes lighted, the colour rose in his cheeks, he grasped his sword and his agitation was

CAMEO XLI.
—
The Standard to be raised.
1745.

remarked by the Prince, who turned to him, exclaiming, "Will not you, at least, assist me?"

"I will, I will!" Ranald cried. "Though no other man in the Highlands should draw a sword for you, I am ready to die for you."

The spark was lighted. All the rest hesitated no longer, and Charles, still in his clerical disguise, felt himself secure of the hearts of these gallant Macdonalds. On the 25th of July (Old Style), he landed, together with the attendants who had come with him, the Seven men of Moidart as they were called; namely, old Lord Tullibardine, his own tutor, Sheridan, two Macdonalds—John, an officer in the Spanish army, Æneas, Kinloch's brother, a banker at Paris; Kelly, a nonjuring clergyman; Francis Strickland, of an old Roman Catholic English family, and a person named Buchanan.

The next thing was to secure the Camerons, who had fought and suffered under Dundee. Lochiel was sent for, and started, determined to dissuade the Prince. He halted by the way with his brother of Fassiefern, who advised him to return at once. "I know you better than you know yourself," said the more cautious man. "If this Prince once sets eyes on you, he will make you do whatever he pleases."

Lochiel, however, held out till the Prince declared himself determined to erect the Royal Standard at all costs, and then "Lochiel, who, my father always told me, was our firmest friend, will only learn my fate from newspapers."

Lochiel was conquered, and cast in his lot with the Stuart, in the spirit of Campbell's poem—

> "Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
> While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
> Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
> With his back to the field and his feet to the foe,
> And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
> Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

In spite of his brother of Fassiefern and Campbell's Wizard, Lochiel did not die on the battlefield, but his adherence was of immense importance to the Prince, since it decided many other chieftains to join in the insurrection.

Another Macdonald and M'Leod of Skye resisted Clanranald's persuasions, and actually sent intelligence of the young Chevalier's landing to London, but waited for nine days to do so, hoping to give him time to escape. But he had burnt his ships, that is to say, had landed from the *Doutelle* all there was to land, and sent her back to France.

He proceeded to Kinloch Moidart, where he received an adherent whose future course was little divined when he was appointed Secretary of State, namely, Murray of Broughton.

The day appointed for the raising of the standard was the 19th of September, but before that time there had been a brief skirmish in the ravine called High Bridge, between two companies under Captain

CAMEO XLI.

Standard unfurled. 1745.

Scott, on their way to reinforce the garrison of Fort Augustus, and a body of Highlanders of Keppoch and Lochiel. The royal troops were obliged to surrender with the loss of five or six killed and as many wounded, including their captain. They were treated with great courtesy, and when the commandant of Fort Augustus refused to send out his surgeon, Lochiel sent Captain Scott under parole into the fort to be treated.

Under the excuse of a hunting match, the chiefs and their clans met in a narrow valley called Glenfinnan. When the Prince first arrived, only one man was there, but presently Lochiel and 600 Camerons came over the hill bringing their English captives with them. Then old Tullibardine, supported by two men, unfurled the royal standard of red silk with a white space in the midst, waiting for its motto. There were shouts of joy and bonnets tossed on high, a proclamation in the name of King James III. was read, and the appointment of Prince Charles Edward as Regent, after which he made a short speech. Keppoch arrived soon after, and other clans in the course of that day and the next, till the little army amounted to 1,600.

Intelligence of the arrival of the Prince had been long in reaching the Government, and was hardly believed when it came, far less how serious the affair was becoming. The Lord President of the Scottish Council was Duncan Forbes, a wise, moderate, and excellent man, and the general in command was Sir John Cope, one of the brave, dutiful, but dull officers too often to be found at the head of affairs just when an emergency occurs.

It was only on the 19th of August, the very day of the raising of the Stuart standard, that he set out from Edinburgh to take the command of the forces he had ordered to collect at Stirling, and which did not amount to more than three thousand men. With half the number he marched, leaving behind his cavalry, which could be of no use in the mountains, but taking with him a drove of black cattle to serve for provisions. He intended to occupy Fort Augustus, but he found the extremely steep pass of Corry Arrick filled with Highlanders, and deeming it impossible to force a passage changed his route—and after a council of war retreated to Stirling, to the extreme exultation of the Jacobites, who saw the way open to Edinburgh.

Success was beginning to succeed, and Charles won every one's heart. He wore the Highland dress, he learnt and used telling sentences of Gaelic, he walked over the roughest ground with the clans, ate the same fare, and slept on the open ground in his plaid upon the heather, and thus the enthusiasm of personal attachment to him was such as had been given in a measure to Montrose and Dundee.

At Blair Athol, Tullibardine, or, as he was rightly, Duke of Athol, took possession of his ancestral castle and entertained his prince, and there he was joined by Mr. Oliphant of Gask, and by Lord Nairn, son of him who so very narrowly escaped execution in 1715, as well as by several other gentlemen of rank. It was here that he showed Mr. Kelly the only *louis d'or* that remained to him out of the money he had

CAMEO XLI. — *Perth.* 1745.

brought from France, but he said that he should soon have more. And after two days, going on to Perth, the city raised £500 for him, in wonder and gratitude that he prevented his Highlanders from plundering the tempting droves of cattle assembled at their market. A London linen-draper, who was there, was assured by him that he hoped to be at St. James's in a couple of months. He slept at Mr. Oliphant's house at Gask, on the very night when a daughter was born there. She was named in his honour, Carolina, and in after times, as Lady Nairn, became a sweet singer of Jacobite songs, as well as of the exquisite "Land of the Leal."

Charles worked hard at drilling his army, getting up early in the morning for the purpose, and the ladies were terribly disappointed when, at a ball given in his honour, he only stayed to dance the first two dances.

Here he was joined by Tullibardine's younger brother, Lord George Murray, who became one of his chief advisers, also by James Drummond, grandson of the Chancellor of Scotland under James II., and titular Duke of Perth. He was a Roman Catholic, and had been brought up in France, but was residing at his own castle quietly till the Government tried to arrest him, when he made his escape and joined the Prince.

Tidings came that Sir John Cope was marching from Inverness to Aberdeen, intending to embark there for Edinburgh so as to defend the city. This decided Charles on forestalling him and making a dash for Edinburgh itself. On he went past the historical fields of battle, and past Stirling Castle, which fired on him though the town welcomed him.

Edinburgh was in a state of division and anxiety. The castle was well protected by its own strength and by a garrison, but this was insufficient to defend anything else, and outside were Gardiner's dragoons—the regiment to which Edward Waverley belonged, as our second set of senses believe.

Colonel James Gardiner had had a very remarkable history. He was of Scottish birth, and, when a mere boy, he had served under Marlborough and was severely wounded in the battle of Ramillies. He was always a gallant officer, with very high, joyous spirits, but was considered as dissipated beyond even the too frequent licence of the time. His nickname was "The Happy Rake," till one evening in the July of 1719, he happened, for want of other employment, to pick up a book called *The Christian Soldier*, and began reading it. Presently a strange light fell on the book, and looking up he beheld, in an aureole of dazzling light, the form of the crucified Savour, while a voice sounded in his ears saying, "Oh, sinner, did I suffer this for thee, and are these the returns?"

He fell to the ground and long remained unconscious. His biographer, Dr. Doddridge, suggests that he was dreaming, but he always held that he had seen the vision with his waking senses, and from that moment he was a most devout and consistent Christian, fully retaining his bright, cheerful manner. He had married a daughter of

CAMEO XLI.

The Canter of Colbrigg. 1745.

the Earl of Buchan, and had a house at Preston near Edinburgh, but continued in command of his regiment of Dragoons. With them he had been forced, by lack of numbers, to retreat to Corstorphine, three miles from Edinburgh, where he intended to make a stand. He sent for Hamilton's, the second regiment, from Leith, and for the City Guard and volunteers from Edinburgh.

On Sunday the 15th of September the city fire-bell was tolled in the middle of the service to collect the volunteers, and out of all the churches poured the population, shouting and huzzaing as Hamilton's dragoons rode clattering through the streets.

The volunteers had been for three days drilled by Mr. Drummond, and had each received a musket and cartridge box from the stores in the castle. They were mostly young high school lads, apprentices, and douce citizens, and Mr. Drummond had owned that he did not reckon on more than 250 of them. One, a writing master, made himself a cuirass of a quire of foolscap paper, on the outermost page of which he had inscribed, in case of accidents, "This is the body of John Maclure; please give it Christian burial."

The volunteers duly repaired to the market-place, but thither also repaired all the wives, sisters, and sweethearts, weeping and wailing and embracing these valiant adventurers. The word to march was given, they started, but as each man passed his own house, or his own street or alley, his womanfolk got the better of his courage and drew him off, so that by the time Mr. Drummond reached the gates and looked round, they had diminished in the proportion of King Lear's body-guard, and instead of the 250, whom he had hoped at least to bring, he scarcely saw twenty.

However, the troops did not put these douce citizens to shame. They were drawn up at Coltbridge, where they were reconnoitred by a party of Highland gentlemen who galloped up and fired off their pistols, whereupon the dragoons were seized with terror, turned them round about, and galloped off headlong, in spite of all the efforts of their officers, who were obliged to share their flight! They did not draw bridle till they had reached Preston, where they were quartered on Colonel Gardiner's grounds. In the dark, a man fell into an old coal pit; his cry for help was mistaken for an alarm at the Highlanders; the dragoons scrambled back into their saddles, rode off in the night, and never stopped till they reached Dunbar, having greatly added to the terror of the citizens of Edinburgh who had watched "the canter of Colbrigg" as they called it, dash by them. They further heard that Sir John Cope meant to land at Dunbar, thirty miles off, so that it would be long before he could come to their help, and the Highlanders were not two miles off.

The provost called a meeting to consider whether to defend the place. In the midst a letter came from the Prince promising that all privileges and rights of the city should be respected, and that there should be no plunder if he were peaceably admitted, but saying that he

CAMEO XLI.

Edinburgh. 1745.

was resolved to enter at all costs, and if there were resistance, he could not answer for the consequences.

Not being able to decide, the Town Council sent to beg for a delay. The deputation found the Prince at Grey's Mill, only two miles off. He insisted on an immediate answer before 2 A.M., but the bailies, having heard that the ships with Cope were in sight of Dunbar, still wavered, and sent a second deputation to ask for more time. These Charles refused to see. Their coach was driven back, the gate called the Netherbow was opened to admit it, and behind it, in came a body of Highlanders!

At six o'clock in the morning, the good people of Auld Reekie awoke to see the clan Cameron in perfect order, drawn up round the old City Cross, not even accepting whiskey! At eleven, the heralds and pursuivants, in all their glory of lions ramping in gold, proclaimed with sound of trumpet King James VII.; the bagpipes brayed, the people shouted: the ladies waved their kerchiefs, and one, a great beauty, Mrs. Murray of Broughton, sat on horseback by the cross, distributing knots of white ribbon, the Stuart Badge. All was a whirl of enthusiasm and ecstasy, redoubled when the tall graceful Prince entered at first on foot, but the crowds who rushed to kiss his hand or touch his dress, almost threw him down. Therefore he mounted his horse, and rode, with the Duke of Perth on one side, and Lord Elcho on the other, amid the triumphant ecstasies of the Jacobites, to Holyrood House, where a gentleman, who had fought in 1715, marshalled him up stairs with a drawn sword to the halls of his forefathers.

There he gave a ball that same evening, and though he had slept for only two hours the night before without undressing, his gaiety and grace were the delight and marvel of all, and the whole city was in a state of wild enthusiasm, even steady old burghers carried off their feet by the spirit of the time, and by finding the greatly dreaded Highlanders so simple, orderly, and courteous.

At that very time, Sir John Cope was disembarking his troops at Dunbar, where he found the judges and other Hanoverian officials who had fled from Edinburgh, and likewise Colonel Gardiner, much grieved and ashamed of his runaway dragoons, who did not encourage the new arrivals. However, Lowland gentlemen came dropping in, and the officers of the regular troops had so low an opinion of the Highlanders, and trusted so much to their six pieces of artillery, that they declared that they should have no battle, only a chase!

So they marched along the high road by the coast expecting the enemy to come out and meet them by the same way, never thinking that they might go over the hills and flank them. Cope did indeed send out two young Edinburgh volunteers to reconnoitre, but they never came back, having stopped at a public-house to enjoy oysters and sherry, and thus being taken prisoners by an attorney's clerk.

Charles had only spent a single day in resting and enjoying his triumph at Edinburgh. On the 19th he led the army out to Dudding-

CAMEO XLI.

Preparations for battle. 1745.

stone, where they slept. They were 2,500 in number, of whom only about fifty Lowland gentlemen had horses, and there was but one cannon among them, a rusty old iron thing, which the Prince would have left behind, but that the Highlanders regarded it with awful reverence; called it the mother of muskets, and rejoiced to have it dragged behind them by a team of Highland ponies, to be fired as a signal. The arms in store at Edinburgh had been distributed, but most of the ordinary clansmen had only a single weapon—pistol, sword, dirk, or even a scythe upon a pole, though the chiefs and *dhuine wassels*, or heads of divisions of clans, were well armed. At their head was carried the great red and white standard, and each clan, or family, had a banner with its motto. The Murrays of Athol, "Forth fortune and fill the fetters;" the McGregors, "Do and spare not;" the Macdonalds of Clanranald, "Gainsay who dares," and the badge of each clan waved in their bonnets; the oak leaf of Lochiel, the bearberry of another sept of Camerons, the pine of McGregor, the deer's grass of Mackenzie, the juniper of Murray, the purple heath of Macdonald and the like. On they went, over the hills, and on the 20th came over the ridge, and were perceived by Cope's army to the south, whereas they had been expected on the west, not above a mile off; so that the shout of the English troops was heard and answered by the Highland yell of defiance. Between the two armies there lay the slope of the hill and a large deep morass. It was about 3 P.M., and Charles and his Highlanders wished to make an instant charge; but Ker of Gradon, who rode out on a white pony to reconnoitre, found the bog so wide and deep that he assured the Prince that to pass it would be risking the swallowing up of his whole army.

Nothing could be done that night except to despatch Lord Nairn with 500 men to prevent Cope from going on to Edinburgh; but in spite of Colonel Gardiner's advice, Sir John contented himself with drawing up his troops in order of battle, partly within Gardiner's own park. To the left was Seaton House, and in the rear was the sea, with the villages of Preston Pans, and Cockenzie, in the latter of which Cope slept.

The Prince, with the Duke of Perth and another officer, went to get a meal at the little inn of the village of Tranent. There was nothing to be had but kail or broth, and the meat from which it had been made, and only two wooden spoons and a butcher's knife with which to eat it; but these were passed round among the three, and it was a cheerful meal. After which Charles slept on pease straw in a field among his soldiers.

Very early he was astir, listening to a gentleman named Anderson, who had recollected a path leading from the heights which would avoid all the more dangerous parts of the marsh. At once, in the darkness, the chiefs were called up, and got their men under arms, while a messenger was sent to recall Lord Nairn.

In the darkness before dawn Anderson led the way, first over hard and lonely moorland, then through the edge of the moss, which even there was so perilous that the Prince himself fell, and some of the men sank in knee deep.

CAMEO XLI.
Preston Pans. 1745.

Light was beginning to dawn as they reached harder ground, but there was a frosty mist concealing them till they were close upon the dragoon patrols, who fired their pistols and galloped off to give the alarm. As the sun cleared away the smoke, the two armies were visible, opposite to each other, drawn up in battle array. The Macdonalds had claimed the right to make the first charge, and the Camerons and Stuarts had yielded to them. Charles headed the second line. "Gentlemen," he said, "follow me; and by the blessing of God I will this day make you a free and happy people."

Then, after one muttered prayer, the Highlanders drew their bonnets over their eyes, the bagpipes played, and each shouting his own warcry, down charged the men, each clan together. The Macdonalds broke one regiment before them, the Camerons and Stuarts rushed on the artillery, whose gunners—irregular ones—fled. Colonel Gardiner tried to bring his dragoons up to the charge, but the broadswords and the shot of the Highlanders put them to flight.

The infantry were behaving better, but their officers were missing—Gardiner put himself at the head of a body of them. "These brave fellows," he said, "will be cut to pieces for want of some one to command them," and he began to cheer them on, but at that moment he was cut down by one of the scythe-armed Highlanders, and then received many ghastly wounds close to his own park wall. He was presently carried to the manse of Tranent, where he died in a few hours, and was buried close to nine of his thirteen children.

The panic extended and the battle was really won in about five minutes. The Highlanders, under the impression that the horses were dangerous animals, tried to kill as many as they could, but this was stopped by the officers. Their loss was only thirty killed and seventy wounded. The English dragoons, thanks to their cowardice, scarcely lost a man, though only 170 of the braver infantry escaped. One party of dragoons galloped up to the castle of Edinburgh, but the commandant would not let them in, and told them to make off before he turned his guns on them as cowards deserting their colours.

The others were got together by Sir John Cope, and reached Coldstream, but there, in spite of all he could do, a fresh panic seized them, and off they went to Berwick utterly disordered. Lord Mark Kerr, who was in command there, received Sir John by telling him he was the first general who had brought the news of his own defeat, and derision was poured on the unfortunate man, especially in the notable song with the chorus—

"'Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waking yet?
Or are ye sleeping I would wit?
Oh, haste ye, get up, the drums do beat;
O fie, Cope, rise i' the morning.'"

The final verses are—

"When Johnnie Cope at Dunbar came,
They speered at him, 'Where's a' your men?'
'Sic a mist arose, I dinna ken,
For I lost them a' i' the morning.'"

CAMEO XLI. — *Gladsmuir.* 1745.

"'Troth, Johnnie Cope, ye are na blate
To come wi' the news o' yer ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait
Sae early in the morning!'"

Poor Sir John, it was rather that his men left him than he his men!

The Prince remained on the field till mid-day, restraining the violence of the Highlanders, and doing his best for the wounded on either side. Then there was a triumphant return to Edinburgh amid shouts, waving of flags, and shots fired in exultation. Then it was that the accident and brave words which Scott has given to Flora MacIvor really befel Miss Nairn in one of the balconies.

The Highlanders were running about much perplexed by the spoils of war. One sold a horse for a horse pistol, and another a gold watch for a few pence, observing, "he was glad to be rid of the creature, for she lived no time after he caught her."

Chocolate was sold at Perth under the name of Johnnie Cope's salve; and the fine-laced clothes seized in the camp figured strangely on the Highland men.

They called the battle Gladsmuir, on account of an old prophecy, "At Gladsmuir, shall the battle be," but as that moor is a mile away from the place of combat, we know it as Preston Pans, while we realise it with the eyes of Edward Waverley.

CAMEO XLII.

THE MARCH TO DERBY.

1745.

England.	*France.*	*Spain.*
1727. George II.	1715. Louis XV.	1711. Philip V.
	Germany.	
	1740. Maria Theresa.	

A GREAT deal of alarm was spared to those who lived before electricity had been taught to carry tidings. It is curious to see in memoirs of the time how little quiet people in the south of England troubled themselves about Edinburgh being in the hands of the rival heir. Nobody as a general rule wished for the return of the Stuarts, and yet nobody cared enough for the House of Brunswick to make much effort. The fate of England seemed at the moment to depend on foreigners, whether the Dutch should first come to the succour of George, or French to the support of Charles Edward.

The King and all the really trained soldiery were in Flanders, and though George II. returned to London, it was without his troops; and Lord Granville, to whom his confidence was given, while the Duke of Newcastle was his Prime Minister, continued to represent that the insurrection was of no consequence; and, on the other hand, Newcastle was secretly glad of any Jacobite advantage which proved Granville to be in the wrong. Thus very little was done when tidings of the Battle of Preston Pans arrived, and the first person who showed any zeal was Archbishop Herring, of York, who stirred up the gentlemen of his own diocese, and those of Lancashire and Cheshire, to form an association, and raise the country for the defence of their Church.

Charles's wish was to hasten at once towards London, and he immediately sent an agent into Northumberland to stir up the country, but his advisers were bent on waiting for reinforcements from the Highlands, and for the French supplies which his brother Henry was expecting at Dunkirk; but they did not come. France was cautiously waiting for a movement from the English Jacobites; and this was not made. Even the Roman Catholic gentry were so convinced of the hopelessness of the

CAMEO XLII.
—
Edinburgh Castle.
1745.

attempt, that those in Cheshire had joined the counter association, declaring that ruin would be brought on them and their religion.

Yet if Charles could have dashed on at once, probably he would have made his way to London. There was no fortress between except Newcastle, where the people were in great alarm; but the want alike of money and of men detained him at Edinburgh, where he continued to win golden opinions. He invited the ministers back to their kirks with all liberty of worship; but only one ventured to come, and he still prayed openly for King George. Charles forbade that he should be molested, and it was reported that the requital was the following prayer, "As for the young man that is come among us to seek an earthly crown, we beseech Thee in mercy take him to Thyself, and give him a crown of glory."

Edinburgh Castle held out, and all supplies were cut off; but the Commandant wrote to the baillies of Edinburgh that if the blockade continued, he should cannonade the city. A respite was procured till orders could be obtained from London; but some of the wild Highlanders, not understanding this, fired on some persons carrying provisions up the hill. On this the garrison fired, and several lives were lost. Charles had not the heart to allow the burghers to suffer, and the fair town to be ruined, so he agreed to give up the attempt at a blockade, thus relinquishing the hope of making himself master of the castle. He published various manifestoes, which so gratified the national spirit of the Scots, as to draw many to his standard. Among them old Lord Balmerino, who had so narrowly escaped in 1715, and it is said was warned by a maidservant, who was found screaming, and said that she had seen her master's head roll off. Another adherent was Forbes, Lord Pitsligo, a most admirable old man, the original in some degree of the Baron of Bradwardine.

The prisoners of Gladsmuir lived with their captors just as Colonel Talbot is shown doing with Waverley, and Charles refused to comply with the politic advice, that if the English government refused to exchange, or treat captives on his side as prisoners of war, he should execute some of them as traitors. Finally, they were released on giving their word not to serve against him for a year.

With Macleod of Macleod, and cautious old Sir Alexander Macdonald, and of course with the Campbells, Charles could not prevail, and old Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, as before, hesitated cannily, writing polite letters both to Charles and to the Lord-President, and finally causing his son to raise 700 Frasers, while protesting to Duncan Forbes that it was against his orders; and so delaying the march that it was too late to join the Prince on his advance.

Money was collected with great difficulty, and without supplies it was impossible to proceed without plundering for subsistence. All the dues and revenues of the Crown in Scotland were collected, some families sent free gifts, the French sent £8,000, also 5,000 stand of arms, six pieces of artillery, some French and Irish officers, and a letter from Louis XV.

CAMEO XLII.
March into England.
1745.

There were hopes of a French landing in England, and altogether Charles felt that now, if ever, was the time for a southward march.

So on the last day of October, 1745, he set forward on his march with 6,000 men, of whom 500 were cavalry. But the Highlanders were most unwilling to leave their own country, and began to desert every night. As the army crossed the Border on the 6th of November, there was a general unsheathing of swords, in token of defiance; but it happened that Lochiel cut his hand, and this was held to be an augury, which filled the Highlanders with dismay.

The clans formed regiments, each having its chief as colonel, and the two captains, lieutenants, and ensigns being his nearer relatives. These were ardent enough; but the ordinary clansmen, not being allowed to plunder, and being really afraid of the new, untrodden lands, grew more dispirited day by day, in spite of all the encouragement of their Prince, who often would walk among them talking to them.

However, they reached Carlisle, which had a wall, though a frail one, and a castle, though with only one company in it; but there were a number of Cumberland militia in the place, and defence was thought possible. So the Mayor issued a proclamation to the citizens to tell them that he was no Scotch Paterson, but an English Pattison, determined to hold out to the last.

This "last" came very soon, for the sight of the trenches being made for a regular siege so daunted the valiant Pattison, that city and castle surrendered, on the terms that no harm should be done, and that all the garrison should go free on condition of not serving against the Prince within a twelvemonth.

Marshal Wade had tried to march from Newcastle; but finding the roads blocked with snow had retreated. Thus the invaders pressed on, one division with Lord George Murray, the other with the Prince himself, almost always on foot, having insisted on giving up his carriage to old Lord Pitsligo. There was no violence, no plundering, but the people were in great dread of the Highlanders. One woman threw herself at Lochiel's feet, entreating him to spare her two little children, and he found that she was persuaded that babes were the favourite food of Highlanders.

In Lancashire the people were more friendly, but would not rise, saying they did not understand fighting. Only at Manchester was there any enthusiasm, bell-ringing, illuminations, and white cockades, and Mr. Francis Townley, a Roman Catholic gentleman, brought in two hundred horsemen.

Advancing and crossing the Mersey—on trunks of poplars laid in the channel—the Prince met a touching welcome. Among a few Cheshire gentry there was a very aged lady, Mrs. Skyring, who could just remember being lifted up by her mother to see King Charles II. land at the Restoration. She had sent annually half her income to the Stuart Court, and now she had sold all her available property, bringing the price to the Prince's feet. As she kissed his hand, she murmured,

CAMEO XLII.
—
Advance to Derby.
1745.

"Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace!" Nor did she live many weeks longer. There was after this a strange indifference. After people had found out that they were not likely to receive any personal damage, and that the "petticoat men" were very harmless wild beasts, they regarded them as a spectacle. Thus Charles safely reached Derby on the 4th of December, and took up his quarters in a house of the Earl of Exeter, where at supper he discussed the mode of his entrance into London, only a hundred and thirty miles off, whether it should be on foot or on horseback, in English or Highland dress.

But to Lord George Murray and the other Commanders it was known that the English troops who had fought so well at Dettingen and Fontenoy, very different men from Gardiner's runaway dragoons, and with the Duke of Cumberland at their head, were in England, forming a nucleus for the militia, and certain to fight a terrible battle before London could be entered. Their army numbered 30,000; the Prince had barely 5,000—chiefly Highlanders. Moreover, Cumberland was already marching towards Derby, and Wade's army at York was being daily augmented by militia and volunteers. It was madness to advance so as to be almost certainly defeated, and then find the retreat cut off, whereas in Scotland fresh troops were ready to join, and there was general enthusiasm in the cause.

In the morning, a Council laid all this before the Prince, to his extreme mortification and indignation. At first he would not listen. "Rather than go back," he cried, "I would wish to be twenty feet underground!"

He declared that the French would come, that the English would rise, that a dash would win the day; but he could make no impression. Then he proposed to turn towards Wales; but could obtain no voice for this plan, except from the Duke of Perth and a few Irish officers. The Council broke up without a decision, and the Prince spent the next day in private arguments with the officers, the Highlanders in sharpening their broadswords, confessing, and hearing mass.

London was in a panic at this news. The day it arrived was remembered as Black Friday. The King had his goods packed up, there was a run on the Bank, and the Duke of Newcastle stood trembling and uncertain, people shut shops, volunteers enrolled themselves, all the lawyers in the Temple formed themselves into a regiment, and there was a camp at Finchley Common. The humours of the march thither were shown up by Hogarth in one of his notable engravings, when all had become a laughing matter to the Londoners.

For Charles could not withstand the representations of Lord George Murray and Sir Thomas Sheridan that the Duke of Cumberland and Marshal Wade must soon close on him, and he had found every chief decided that an advance would be utter ruin, suicide for themselves, destruction to their brave followers. So late in the evening he gave mournful consent to a retreat, adding that he should call no more Councils, but would be answerable only to God and his father for his measures.

CAMEO XLII.

Retreat from Derby. 1745.

So on the next day, the 6th of December, the retreat began in the misty gray morning, the clansmen going off in high spirits, thinking they were on the way to meet the enemy; but as they went further, and recognised the places they had passed only two days previously, they became dejected and indignant, and went along like beaten men.

The poor Prince, whom, in Fergus MacIvor's words, they were leading back "like a dog in a string," had lost hope and spirit, and instead of marching gaily along, he shut himself up in his carriage, unwilling to speak to any one. Discipline gave way, when hope was over; the Highlanders helped themselves to provisions, the people attacked them, they retaliated, and more than one house was set on fire. Stragglers and sick were made prisoners, sometimes killed, and at Manchester, such was the change of feeling, that a mob opposed his entry, and in his anger he imposed and obtained a fine of £5,000. He had thought of halting there for a day; but Lord George Murray persuaded him that this would only give more time to his enemies to overtake him, and they went on, the mob hanging in their rear.

At Wigan, Mr. O'Sullivan was shot at by mistake for the Prince. Search was made for the miscreant, but in vain; and unless he had been slain by the men in their anger, Charles would probably have pardoned him. It had the effect of exasperating the Highlanders at Lancaster, they threw open the gaols, and acted in a disorderly manner; and afterwards the Highlanders began seizing horses and riding them bare-backed.

The Duke of Perth was sent forward with a small party of horse, to cross the Border and bring up Lord John Drummond with the troops he had gathered; but the men of Penrith would not allow the Duke to enter their town, and he had to fall back to the Prince at Kendal, pursued by several gentlemen on horseback, while beacon fires blazed upon all the hills.

Lord George Murray, who was in charge of the rear through this miserable winter retreat, was in great difficulties, for his carts broke down on the mountainous roads, and he had to throw a good deal of his powder into the tarns. The country people watched them in no friendly spirit, but had not intelligence enough to see what would have been really fatal—namely, to impede their progress by throwing down the stone walls that lined the road. The Duke of Cumberland was hanging on their rear, and the General nearest at hand was James Oglethorpe, the same whom report made the younger brother of the supposed Pretender, and whom we have already met as the beneficent colonist of Georgia.

It was he, who, when Lord George Murray was trying to master Lowther Hall, attacked the Jacobites with his light horse; but they had already gained the ground behind the hedges, Lord George, who had often been a visitor at the hall, knowing the ground perfectly. Cluny Macpherson, with his clan shouting "Claymore," rushed upon the English, and though they fought bravely, dispersed them. Cumberland's troops were to be seen on the edge of Clifton Moor, and the Highlanders wanted to attack them, but Lord George knew that this would be mere

CAMEO XLII.
—
Clifton Skirmish.

madness, and marched on to the Prince. A garrison was left at Carlisle and on Charles Edward's twenty-sixth birthday the Esk was forded, and the invasion of England was over.

The river was swollen by December rains, and the troops had to wade, struggling against the current, arm-in-arm. Charles had ridden across, when from the bank he saw a poor man drifted down by the stream. Instantly he sprang in, grasped the drowning man's hair, and shouting in Gaelic, "Help! Help!" kept him up till other rescuers came to his aid. The men danced reels to dry themselves when they had crossed. The whole expedition (580 miles) altogether occupied only fifty-six days, and on only one night at Manchester in the advance had Charles undressed.

If Charles had advanced from Derby, would he have been successful?

It is quite possible that he might have safely reached London, where there were many Jacobite citizens, Alderman Heathcote at the head of the party. George II. had sent his valuables on board ship, and the royal family had never inspired much attachment. Success would have brought aid from France, and the other enemies of England, Charles might have proclaimed James III., and even installed him on the throne.

But he could hardly have kept it. Queen Mary Tudor's legacy to the nation had been an insane dread of Popery, and two hundred years had not effaced the recollection of the Smithfield fires or the Gunpowder plot, and even now there were persecutions of Huguenots in France, showing that Giant Pope could still use his claws. And whatever Charles Edward might be, his father was of the straitest sect of Romanists, and was too much led by Italian priests to have abated a jot of the assertion of the exclusive claims of his branch of the Church. He was, moreover, a dull, incapable man; nor was his son, though with the Stuart charm of manner, and a high enthusiastic spirit, able to inspire in the long run, real respect and confidence.

A Henri Quatre might have won the hearts of both parties, and have satisfied the nation that their liberties were safe; but such statesmen-sovereigns are of rare occurrence, and the mass of the nation hated alike French influence, preponderance of the Crown, and Romanism. And even if George II., one of the most obstinate of men, had fled, or if his son Cumberland had disbanded his veteran army, it is probable that James's first Parliament would have been his last.

And the country might well be thankful that this last invasion was well-nigh bloodless. The skirmish at Clifton was the only attempt at a battle, and the other deaths were either of stragglers slain in cruel timidity by the country folk, or of the peasants here and there shot in reprisals; but this was as far as possible prevented by Charles Edward, who truly deserved all honour for mercy and generosity, even when a defeated and disappointed man.

CAMEO XLIII.

CULLODEN.

1746.

England.	*France.*	*Spain.*
1727. George II.	1715. Louis XV.	1711. Philip V.
	Germany.	
	1740. Maria Theresa.	

CHARLES was in Scotland again, not devoid of hope of maintaining his cause in that kingdom. It was not encouraging, however, to find the town of Dumfries actually illuminated for his own supposed defeat.

He imposed on it a fine of £2,000, and only obtaining £1,100, carried off the Provost as security for the remainder. Thence he went on to Glasgow, but that city had been always hostile to him, and a pistol was fired at him in the Salt Market. A requisition to refit the army was unwillingly obtained from the trading city, and Charles went on to Stirling, arriving on the first day of 1746. Edinburgh had made up its mind not to admit him as before, and the English army was fast advancing on him, while the old Castle of Stirling was garrisoned against him by General Blakeney, an experienced officer, and he resolved to besiege it. There were alarms of a French descent on the south of England, and the Duke of Cumberland had been summoned to take measures against it. Marshal Wade had broken down under the winter fatigues; and the General appointed to the command of the English army in Scotland was Henry Hawley, who thirty years previously had served in the battle of Sheriff Muir. The appointment was a great mistake, for he was an incapable person, and was much disliked for his harsh and cruel temper. The first thing he did on arriving at Edinburgh was to have two gibbets erected, in readiness for any unfortunate rebels who might fall into his hands. He carried executioners with him for the same purpose, and from his resemblance to Judge Jeffreys, his nick-name was the Chief Justice. When Lord John Drummond, who was actually an officer in the French army, wrote to propose an exchange of prisoners,

CAMEO XLIII.
—
Stirling.
1746.

he burnt the letter, and told the messenger that he made no terms with rebels.

The Duke of Perth was conducting the siege of Stirling Castle, with a French engineer, who was so unintelligent as to place his battery on the strongest side of the castle, where there was nothing but rock to be fired at, and where his people were exposed to the cannon above. Charles was protecting the siege, and was at Bannockburn, when Hawley reached Falkirk, both places memorable in Scottish history, and only nine miles apart. Hawley was full of derision of poor Sir John Cope, and declared that it was impossible that Highlanders could stand against steady regiments, and he had 8,000 regular troops, about equal numbers with those of the Prince.

But "are ye waking yet?" might have been applied to him more suitably than to Cope, for on the 17th of January, when there was nothing but the rough heather moor of Torwood between the armies, he was enjoying a hospitable meal at Callender House, where Lady Kilmarnock, whose husband was in the Prince's army, did her utmost to entertain him too agreeably to let him remember his command.

Indeed, he actually said that the Highlanders would flee at the very sight of his army, whereas they were drawn up awaiting his attack, and had twice sent reconnoitering parties to see whether there were any movement in his camp. Seeing none, about mid-day, Charles decided on an attack. His army crossed the river Carron, and made a circuit to avoid the bog of Falkirk, and were seen advancing from the west by an officer, Captain Teesdale, who had climbed a tree and used a telescope.

"Where's the general? What's to be done? We have no orders!" was the cry; but at last Hawley galloped hastily up, cursing and swearing.

There was a mound in the midst of the rough heather of the moor, and the beginning of the battle was a sort of race, the Highlanders on one side and the English troops on the other, each striving to be the first to gain it; but there was a heavy shower of sleet and hail beating against the English, and the Highlanders were the swifter and won the hill. The two armies drew up, Charles standing in the rear of the second line on a rising ground, still called Charlie's Hill. Lord George Murray commanded the right, Lord John Drummond the left wing. Hawley's men were likewise in two lines, and behind was a reserve of Argyle's Campbells and the Glasgow volunteers. His guns were stuck in a bog in the rear, but the Jacobites had no artillery with them, so all was equal in that respect.

Colonel Ligonier was commanded to charge with the dragoons, two regiments being the very men who had fled at Preston Pans. The Macdonalds and Frasers waited till they were close upon them, then fired, with such deadly effect that the first line fell, and the others, wheeling about in terror and confusion, got entangled in the bogs, and there the Highlanders came up with them and cut them down

remorselessly. One of these, many years later, told Sir Walter Scott that it was like slicing bacon!

Lord George Murray tried to keep the Macdonalds from breaking their ranks; but their excitement was too much for him. They loaded their pieces, rushed upon the two regiments of infantry beyond, and when their muskets had been fired, dropped them, and fought furiously with their claymores. The storm of wind and hail fell on their backs, but full in the faces of the English, who gave way before their furious assault.

To the right, however, the royal troops stood firm and repulsed their assailants, who had begun to break and hurry away, when Charles, descending from the hill, rallied them and forced the English to retreat.

One part of the army hardly knew what the other was about. Lord John Drummond, seeing the English regiment, called Scots Royal, flying, exclaimed, "These men behaved admirably at Fontenoy; this must be a feint!" He hesitated to pursue them, and waited till a message came from the Prince, showing that the victory was won. Charles, in heavy rain, entered Falkirk by torchlight on that winter's evening, while Hawley rode all night to Edinburgh, having left four hundred killed and wounded at Falkirk, many of them officers. He consoled himself by making examples of his runaway soldiers, many of whom were hung on the gibbets, erected in the streets in preparation for the rebels. About a hundred prisoners were left in the hands of the Jacobites. One, an Irishman, was heard observing, "By my troth, if Charlie goes on in this way, Prince Frederick will never be King George!"

The Jacobites had lost about a hundred and twenty men. The Highlanders spent the night in stripping the slain so effectually that in the morning the bodies looked, from a distance, like a flock of sheep on the hillside. There was no means of preventing such barbarity in the undisciplined army, and, on the other hand, the English soldiers took pains utterly to destroy the fine old palace of Linlithgow, where they had been quartered, and which remains to this day a blackened ruin. Charles did not pursue, for many of the clansmen went off to dispose of their plunder, and the others were in a tumultuous state in the flush of victory.

One of the prisoners was Home, the author of the tragedy of *Douglas*, once famous, but now best known by the oft-recited piece:—

> "My name is Norval. On the Grampian Hills
> My father feeds his flock."

He was witness from a window to a curious scene, when a soldier in English regimentals and the black Hanoverian cockade, strolled into the street, and Lord Kilmarnock, directed by the Prince, hurried up to him, and knocked off his hat, and trampled on the cockade. Two sets of Highlanders rushed out—one to take the soldier's part, the other that

CAMEO XLIII.
Retreat from Stirling.
1746.

of Kilmarnock—and there was a vehement shouting in Gaelic until a Highland officer, who could speak English, acted as interpreter, and explained that the soldier was a Cameron who had enlisted before the war and deserted to his clan. They had insisted on his coming in thus in full regimentals, and the officer himself held that only Lochiel himself had a right to relieve him of his cockade.

Unfortunately, when one of the Macdonalds of Keppoch was examining a captured musket, it went off, and mortally wounded Colonel Æneas Macdonald, the second son of the chief of Glengarry. His clan demanded life for life, and though with his last breath the victim exonerated the poor man, and though the Prince strove hard to pacify them, it was deemed expedient to let him die; and it was said to be fortunate that both alike were Macdonalds, or the camp might have been more fatally divided. Charles went to Bannockburn, and Lord George Murray tried to carry on the siege of Stirling Castle in a most ineffective manner.

The tidings of the battle of Falkirk reached the English Court and filled it with consternation, though there was leisure to laugh at an old peer who, in the confusion of his mind, addressed Sir John Cope as General Hawley.

The fear of a French invasion was over, and the Duke of Cumberland, who laid all the disaster on Hawley's want of discipline, hurried off to Scotland with the utmost speed of horses, and reached Edinburgh on the 30th of January. He was not absolutely cruel, and he put an end to Hawley's executions of his own soldiers; but he had a fierce and bitter determination to stamp out the Jacobite party, and carried it out so as to leave an indelible bloodstain on a name that would otherwise have been honourable. He only stayed thirty hours at Edinburgh before pushing on towards Stirling with Hawley and the Earl of Albemarle.

In the meantime, Lord George Murray and the other experienced officers had become convinced that the siege of Stirling was hopeless, and held a conference, the result of which was that they sent a memorial to the Prince, signed also by Lochiel, Keppoch, Clanranald, and several other chiefs, representing that it would be madness to await a battle where they were, with so many of the Highlanders continually drifting away to their homes; whereas, if they retreated to the mountain fastnesses, they would be able to collect a much larger force in the spring.

Charles, who was in full expectation of a battle and victory, was terribly dismayed. He struck his head against the wall, crying, "Have I lived to see this?" He sent Sheridan to argue the point with the officers; but they were quite decided on the necessity of the retreat, and he submitted with the same despondency as at Derby.

The heavier cannon were spiked and the powder exploded, the latter with so little precaution that several people were killed and the church of St. Ninian's destroyed. Charles, as before, would not exert himself to give orders, and thus the retreat became a scene of confusion. The

army broke up into several different bodies, which did not unite again for several weeks, but met at length at Inverness.

CAMEO XLIII.

Charles at Inverness. 1746.

This place had been fortified with a ditch and palisade, and was held for King George by Lord Loudon with 2,000 men, and among them the chief of Clan Macintosh, whose castle of Moy, about ten miles off, Charles occupied with the goodwill of the lady, who called up the clan, and rode at the head of her following in a man's bonnet, with pistols at her saddle-bow. Lord Loudon tried to surprise the place by night and capture the Prince; but five or six Macintoshes, detecting the approach, hid themselves among the trees, and fired from such different quarters, that the attacking party thought the whole army was on them, and hastily retreated, so that their flight was called the Rout of Moy.

In the morning Charles marched on Inverness; and Loudon, on the news, transported himself and his men across the Moray Firth; but he was pursued by Lord Cromarty, and forced to disperse his army. However, Cromarty himself was seized in Dunrobin Castle by the Sutherlandshire militia and made prisoner.

Charles was baffled in trying to take Fort William, and his army, cooped up in the mountains in February, began to suffer. Ships on the way from France with treasure were either taken or driven back; his money failed him, and he was forced to pay his soldiers in rations of meal; but even these sometimes failed, and a few leaves of raw cabbage were eagerly eaten as a prize.

To the support of the English came Prince Frederick of Hesse Cassel, with some German troops; but, as these had been placed under parole not to fight against England for a year, Lord John Drummond, who held a commission in the French army, sent a protest against their being employed in active service, and they were accordingly sent to garrison towns further south, and thus enable the troops occupying them to come to the front. The Duke was at Aberdeen, and was expected to spend the winter there, but he hastily pushed on, and Lord John Drummond found it vain to attempt to defend the fords of the Spey against him.

Soon he was at Nairn, almost face to face with the Stuart force, near enough for skirmishing at the outposts. Charles had hurried up from Inverness, and slept at Culloden House, belonging to President Forbes, while his troops used the heather for bedding and fuel, and felt bitterly cold, as well as full of anxiety for their best regiments—those of Cluny, Lovat, and Cromarty had not been able to join them—and they were greatly outnumbered by the English, who were carousing at Nairn in honour of the Duke of Cumberland's birthday.

Charles called a Council of War, and in it Lord George Murray proposed to make a night march and surprise the Duke's army in their camp. The Prince sprang up, embraced him, and declared it was the plan in his own mind. Orders were instantly given, the watchword was "King James the Eighth," and the heather was fired, but unfortunately many of the hungry soldiery had strayed into Inverness

CAMEO XLIII.
—
Culloden.
1746.

to get food, and, when the officers tried to hunt them up, they declared that they might be shot, but they would not starve.

Much time was thus lost, and it was not till eight o'clock that matters were in readiness, Lord George leading the first column and the Prince, the second. It was very dark, the way was heavy and marshy, the guides were bewildered, and it was two in the morning before the first column was at Kilravock, four miles from the English camp. Lord George thought it vain to attempt a surprise before daylight. The Prince sent a message that he wished the onset to be made, but left the decision to Lord George, who thereupon felt justified in retreating, and returned with his disappointed troops to Drummossie Moor, better known by its other fateful name of Culloden; and there they waited, hungry and exhausted, for even the Prince himself had nothing better than a little bread and whisky. Lord George thought it would be wiser to retreat to Nairn, where the ground would be far more inaccessible to the enemy; but the Prince was determined on an immediate battle, and the men were drawn out in two lines to await the advance of the English.

The Duke of Cumberland, who had real military talent and resource, had drawn up his men in three lines, with cavalry on each side, and two cannon between each regiment in the front. Likewise, to avoid merely thrusting against the Highland target, he directed his men to strike, not at the person opposite, but against him who fronted his right-hand comrade. He likewise made a spirited speech, bidding those to retire who might have kinsmen among their adversaries whom they were reluctant to attack, or whose hearts were not in the matter, saying that he would rather have a thousand determined men at his back than ten thousand lukewarm.

Shouts and cries of "Flanders! Flanders!" answered him. It was nearly one o'clock, and he was asked if the troops might not dine before the attack, but he answered that they would fight more actively without. "Remember what a dessert they got at Falkirk," he said. But they were different men, and he was a different leader from what there had been at Falkirk.

In the cannonade which began the battle the Jacobites suffered far more than the royal army; Charles, as he rode along his lines, was covered by the earth thrown up by a ball, and his servant was killed. After this he stood, as he had done before, on a hill behind the second line.

The first, under Lord George Murray, rushed forward with an impetuosity that as usual broke the foremost regiments, but, foreseeing this, the Duke had strengthened his second line, who stood firm, pouring in their shot so as to disorder the Highlanders, and at the same time the other royal troops closed in and drove back the clans, with terrible loss. Lochiel was wounded and carried off the field, and all was confusion. The Macdonalds were affronted at not having led the charge, and would not stir, though Keppoch threw himself in front,

making a desperate charge, expecting them. Their sullen pride still held them back, though they saw him fall, exclaiming, "My children have forsaken me!"

The M'Intoshes, who charged in front of them, were broken, and came running back upon them, when the whole body fell back together in disorder, pursued by the English dragoons, till these were checked by the fire of Charles's Irish brigade. General Hawley's troops in the meantime broke down the wall where the main line was drawn up, killing any that opposed them, and parties of the Highlanders were beginning to go off the field.

The day was lost; Charles said something of rushing down to rally the Highlanders, and Lord Elcho rode up headlong and implored him to do so; but Sheridan and others were vehement in protesting against his throwing away his life in a desperate charge, and while he was still hesitating it was too late, the whole scene was one of rout and confusion. Sheridan and O'Sullivan seized the Prince's rein and turned him away, and Lord Elcho, a fierce and violent man, swore a bitter oath at the Italian coward, on whose face, he said, he would never look again; but he did not persist in this.

All was lost, colours, arms, baggage and all. The troops who retained some remains of order reached Inverness, and there surrendered. Another body made its way to Ruthven; but almost every man who had a home in Scotland hurried away to return thither, but if overtaken was ruthlessly slain. The wounded were cruelly treated. Twenty were burnt in one farm-house, and the savage brutality with which all were used shocked every beholder. It was pretended in excuse that an order, in Lord George Murray's handwriting, to give no quarter had been found; but this was never produced, and was utterly at variance with the entire behaviour of Charles or his generals. Lord George was at Ruthven, trying to rally the remnant of the army, only twelve hundred, and those continually melting away, and presently he received a message from the Prince, thanking him and the rest for their zeal and affection, and desiring each to do what was best for his own safety.

CAMEO XLIV.

THE WANDERER.

1746.

England.	*France.*	*Spain.*
1727. George II.	1715. Louis XV.	1711. Philip V.
	Germany	
	1740. Maria Theresa.	

CAMEO XLIV.

Gortuleg, 1746.

So in bloodshed and mist, like Arthur's final battle, had closed the struggle between Stuart and Brunswick, but the sad effects still had to be worked out.

England had murmured, for it did not love the two first Georges; but it felt secure, tranquil, and prosperous, and dreaded the return of Romanism too much to stir on behalf of the old line. Scotland had more of the fire of loyalty, and regarded the Stuarts as a national possession, forgetting all their tyrannical persecutions in hatred to England. Yet even there the enthusiasm was confined to a small number, and all the prosperous middle class either sat still or joined the English party. There is a terrible record to be given of all the sufferings of the devoted partizans of the Stuarts, but we will give the present Cameo to the personal adventures of Charles Edward. A man named Edward Burke, of an Irish family long settled in South Uist, who had been servant to various gentlemen at different times, with his master Alexander M'Leod, as aide-de-camp, chanced to be near the Prince when all was lost. The Prince's horse had just been killed, and he was mounted on another, when Burke came up, and the Prince said, "If you be a true friend, pray endeavour to lead us safe off."

Burke then became guide to a party consisting of Charles, Lord Elcho, Sir Thomas Sheridan, his own master, and a footman, and soon after they met with O'Sullivan. He guided them and about sixty horse to the water of Nairn, whence the Prince dismissed the horse to shift for themselves, and with the four gentlemen went on under Ned Burke's guidance to one house after another, but found no admittance until they reached Gortuleg, where they found old Lord Lovat, who had sent his son and his clan into the fray, but kept out of it himself. He was afraid

CAMEO XLIV.

Borradale. 1746.

even to offer the Prince a bed, and after drinking three glasses of wine they went on, and at two o'clock at night reached Glengarry's desolate castle of Invergarry, so weary and worn out that they all dropped on the floor. There was no one there, and nothing to eat; but Burke went down to the river, spied a fishing net, and pulling it in, found two salmon. But after a hasty meal, and rest till three the next afternoon, they went on to Glen An, and stayed there all night.

Thence separating, they went on step by step, chiefly by night, to Borradale, whence one Donald M'Leod of Gualergill, in Skye, an old man who had had a little coasting trade in the Hebrides, met the Prince by orders from Eneas Macdonald, to whom Lord Elcho had fled. Charles was almost alone in a wood. "Are you Donald M'Leod of Gualergill, in Skye?"

"Ay, sir," said Donald. "I am the same man, may it please your majesty, at your service. What is your pleasure with me?"

"Then," said the Prince, "you see, Donald, I am in distress. I therefore throw myself into your bosom, and let you do with me what you like. I hear you are an honest man and to be trusted."

When Donald related this long after to Bishop Forbes of St. Andrews, who preserved many of these stories, "he grat sore."

The piece of service first required was to take letters to Sir Alexander Macdonald and the Laird of MacLeod. But to this Donald replied, "What! Does not your Excellency know that these men have played the rogue altogether, and will you trust them for a' that? Na; ye mauna do it."

These two chiefs were actually with some troops in search of the Prince, only about ten or twelve miles off by sea, though farther by land, and therefore it would be best to leave this place at once.

In truth, the Prince owed his safety at that moment to a report that he was hidden in St. Kilda, that lonely isle beyond the Orkneys. General Campbell and all the fleet went thither, and greatly terrified the natives, who had never even heard of "that man," as they called the Prince, and only knew that their lord had gone to war with a great woman beyond the sea, probably meaning Maria Theresa.

Meantime Donald procured a stout eight-oared boat, the property of a man killed at Culloden, found some boatmen, and obtained a pot for boiling pottage, and a "firlot" of meal. They embarked at Lochannua, in the very place where the Prince had landed so full of hope a year before. The party were the Prince, O'Sullivan, O'Neil, Allan Macdonald of the Clanranald family, and a Roman Catholic priest, his namesake. Besides these, the faithful Ned Burke was among the rowers, and Donald M'Leod's own son, Murdoch, a boy of fifteen, who had run away from the grammar school at Inverness, been present at the battle, and then followed the Prince from place to place, thus meeting his father.

A storm was coming up, the tokens of which the Prince disregarded; but when it came on violently, with furious wind and rain, he begged

CAMEO XLIV. — *Long Island.* 1746.

to run ashore, for he said he had rather face cannons and muskets than such a storm. Donald, however, entirely refused, for the coast for three miles was rock, the sea was dashing furiously against it, and it would have been certain death to all on board. He could only put out to sea; for, said he, "Is it not as good for us to be drowned in clean water as to be dashed to pieces on a rock and drowned too?"

It was soon pitch dark, and they were driven before the storm for many hours, not knowing where they were; but in the morning they found themselves off Benbecula, one of the little flat islets into which Long Island is divided. Here they found an empty hut, and made a fire to dry their clothes, while a sail was spread on the ground, on which the Prince slept. A cow was found, which they killed, and boiled the beef there. They stayed for two days, and then got to the isle of Scalpa, where one Donald Campbell housed the Prince for four nights, while Donald M'Leod went to Stornoway, in Lewis, to obtain a vessel fit to reach France, under colour of a trade in meal with the Orkneys, which he had long exercised. He obtained the vessel, and sent word to the Prince, who set out for Stornoway; but while he was still on his way thither a report reached the place that he was with five hundred men going to attack it. Donald, leaving him in the house of the good old Lady Killdun, went to deal with the Mackenzies, who had risen in arms. They declared that they would not betray the Prince; but in spite of all the offers Donald could make, no one would undertake to pilot the ship; and as two of the boatmen had run away, it was judged unsafe to wait there. So they took leave of Lady Killdun, carrying with them some pieces of a cow that had been killed for them, and for which she was scrupulously paid; also some brandy and sugar; and she finally called Ned Burke aside and gave him a "pint of butter between two fardels of bread."

They put off in a boat for the Isle of Eurin, twelve miles off, uninhabited, but used for drying fish, and with a hut in it which served for shelter. The dried fish were to be dressed, and Ned remembered the butter. It proved to be full of crumbs of the bread, and Ned was disgusted at it. "Was it not clean when put there?" said the Prince. "Clean enough," answered Ned. "Then you are a child, Ned," said the Prince, who was the best cook in the party, and later contrived a wonderfully good bannock with the cow's brains mixed with meal. He used to drink to the health of "The Black Eye," by which his followers understood him to mean the second daughter of France,—probably Anne Henriette, who died in 1752. Their table was a large stone, but the Prince ate alone. When asked whether the others ate with him, Donald answered, "Na; good faith! They! Set them up wi' that, indeed—the fallows—to eat wi' the Prince and the shentlemen! We even kept up the part of the Prince upon the desert islands, and kept twa tables, one for the Prince and the shentlemen, and one for the boatmen."

For four days they stayed here, and then went on, taking two

CAMEO XLIV.
Uist.
1746.

dozen fish with them, for which Charles wanted to leave payment, but his attendants did not think this prudent; and they went on revisiting Scalpa and Benbecula, and getting reduced so low for provisions that they were forced to make "drammick" with salt water, and to lick it up; but the Prince, who never complained, gave every one a glass of spirits.

Off the Isle of Harris they were chased by a King's ship, but they got into water too shallow for the pursuers, who gave up, little suspecting who was in the boat, while the Prince declared that no one should take him alive.

They went on to an islet in Lochuiski Bay, in Uist, where they slept at a poor grasskeeper's bothy, the doorway of which was so low that the faithful followers dug below it to make an entrance for the Prince, and laid heather on the bottom for him to creep upon.

Here, and in the mountain of Coradale, in South Uist, they spent three weeks; and the Prince shot a deer, which was being cut up, and the collops cooked, when a half-clothed boy came by, and without a word thrust in his hand to seize some of the meat. Ned Burke gave him a blow to drive him off. "Oh, man!" said the Prince, "you don't remember the Scripture, that we ought to feed the hungry and clothe the naked." He actually not only gave the boy a meal, but caused some clothes to be procured for him; but the lad was one of the very few would-be traitors, for he went and gave information to the Campbells where the Prince was; but, happily, was not believed, and only laughed at.

Meanwhile Donald M'Leod went in the boat to the mainland, and saw Lochiel and Murray of Broughton, coming back with letters and such brandy as he had been able to procure. The party then got into the country of the Laird of Boisdale, in Uist; but, to their great disappointment, heard that Boisdale was a prisoner, though he had never taken up arms. His wife, however, sent all the supplies she could; but militia were pouring into the island, and ships of war were in the bay, so that the Prince decided on breaking up his party, which could no longer keep together.

On the 24th of June, then, they parted, Ned Burke and the faithful Donald M'Leod "grat sore" when they spoke of the Prince's warm parting and endeavour to reward them. Burke was unnoticed, and spent the rest of his days as a sedan-chair man at Edinburgh; Donald was apprehended in Benbecula by a kinsman of his own, and brought before General Campbell, who examined him closely. When it came to asking him why he had not accepted the £30,000, which would have made him and his children happy for life, the answer was, "What then? Though I had gotten it, I could not enjoy it eight and forty hours. Conscience would have gotten up upon me. I could not have kept it down. And though I could have gotten all England and Scotland for my pains, I would not have allowed a hair of his body to be touched!"

CAMEO XLIV.

Benbecula. 1746.

"I will not say that you are in the wrong," returned the General, who, nevertheless, threatened him with a machine used to torture thieves.

Donald told all that related to himself, knowing that it could not hurt the Prince. He was sent off by sea to Tilbury Fort, where, like other prisoners, he suffered horrid cruelties and indignities from the sailors. Many died, but he survived; and after his release there was a subscription for him at Edinburgh, and a London Jacobite, Mr. Walkinshaw, sent him a silver snuff-box, ornamented with engravings of the places, and the inscription of his name, and the words, "The faithful Palinurus, ætat 68, 1746." When Donald showed the box to Bishop Forbes, he was asked why he had no snuff in it. "Sneeshin in that box!" he said. 'Na; the de'il a pickle sneeshin shall go into it till the King be restored; and then (I trust in God) I'll go to London; and then will I put sneeshin in the box, and go to the Prince, and say, "Sir, will you tak' a sneeshin out of my box?"

Poor Donald! The hope was never realised.

Charles remained alone with Captain O'Neil, and knowing that the royal troops were within a mile of him, they walked towards Benbecula, which is only divided from Uist by a ferry, and by and by came to a shieling, or hut, belonging to Mr. Macdonald of Milton, and there they met the sister of the owner, Flora Macdonald, whom O'Neil already knew, and who was on a visit to her brother, and to the wife of Sir Alexander Macdonald of Clanranald, who had never taken up arms, and was now absent. O'Neil asked Flora to contrive to assist the Prince, as her stepfather, Macdonald of Armadale, was captain of an independent company, and could give her a pass. She hesitated at first, lest she should bring Clanranald into danger; but at last she consented.

On her way from Milton to Clanranald she was arrested by one of the militia guards at the fords which divide the island; but she desired to see her stepfather, Hugh Macdonald of Armadale, and he actually gave her a pass for herself, her man-servant, and her maid, Betty Burke, writing a letter at the same time to his wife at Armadale, in Skye, telling her that he had sent her an Irish girl to assist in the spinning. Therewith she repaired to Lady Macdonald, and tidings were sent to the Prince, "All's well." They were to meet at Rossinish, in Benbecula. But when the Prince set forth to walk thither he found that both the fords were watched by parties of militia. A man lent a boat, and he safely took them to Rossinish, where the Prince was hidden in a hut.

The Lady of Clanranald provided a flowered linen gown, white apron, and cap, and went down with Flora to the hut, attended by O'Neil, and Neal M'Eachan, Flora's servant. They found Charles cooking his dinner—the heart, liver, and kidneys of a bullock—on a wooden spit at a peat fire. The ladies shed tears; but he laughed, and said it was a good lesson for Princes, and invited the ladies to share his meal. They stayed all night; but in the morning the lady of

CAMEO XLIV.
Flora Macdonald.
1746.

Clanranald was hastily summoned home, for the militia were actually in the house. She had to go, and Captain O'Neil had likewise to leave the Prince, as Flora's pass was only for four persons.

That same evening, the 28th of June, the four sailed, the Prince taking the utmost chivalrous care of Flora, whom he always called "our Lady." She was small in stature, and a perfect gentlewoman. Two days after a French cutter arrived to fetch the Prince. O'Neil and Sullivan went on board, and O'Neil set forth to find the Prince; but Sullivan was in such alarm that he persuaded the captain to set sail at once!

They rested in a narrow creek some way off, for the boatmen had been rowing all night, and were quite exhausted; but they durst not remain longer, as the Waternish camp might have sent up to alarm the town; and twelve miles further on they landed at Kilbride, near Trotternish. Here Flora left the Prince, and went up to Mongetol, the house of another Sir Alexander Macdonald, who was actually in the camp of the Duke of Cumberland; but his wife, Lady Margaret, a daughter of the house of Eglinton, was at home, and one of the South Uist ladies had prepared her. The house was full of militia, and she could not act in person. However, her husband's agent, another Alexander Macdonald of Kingsburgh, was at the house, and to him she committed the charge.

He took some wine and food with him and set out in search of the Prince, but could not find him till he saw some sheep running as if in alarm; and a worn and wretched figure rose to meet them. "Sir," he said to Kingsburgh, "my life is in your hands to dispose of as you will. For two nights I have had no food nor sleep, but have been sitting on a rock, either beaten upon by rains, or devoured by flies. Show me compassion but for one night and I will be gone."

Kingsburgh, deeply touched, set out with him, and before long were overtaken by Flora, Neal M'Eachan, Mrs. Macdonald, and her maid and man. These last two were not in the secret, and were very curious about Betty Burke, observing that she was the most impudent-looking woman they had ever seen, and remarking how high she held her petticoats over one brook and draggled them in another.

"They call you a Pretender," said Kingsburgh. "You are the worst pretender I ever saw."

The ladies and the dangerous servants had ponies, so Flora took them on in front, while Kingsburgh and the rest went across the hills to his own house, where they arrived at twelve o'clock on the light July night.

The Leddy of Kingsburgh was in bed when her little girl of seven years old rushed into the room, crying out that her papa had brought home the most odd, muckle, unshapen wife she had ever seen. Kingsburgh himself followed, telling her to get up and come down to receive his guests. She soon appeared, when the muckle wife rose, and, bowing low, saluted her on the cheek, so that she felt the bristles

CAMEO XLIV. — *Kingsburgh.* 1746.

of his beard; and, drawing her husband aside, she asked if he were one of the unfortunate gentlemen escaped from Culloden. Then, on hearing he was, she added, "Does he bring any news of the Prince?"

"My dear, he is the Prince himself."

"The Prince!" she cried. "We are ruined; we shall all be hanged!"

"Never mind," was Kingsburgh's answer; "we can die but once; and if we are hanged for this, it will be in a good cause—for an act of mercy and humanity."

He told her to send up supper; but there was nothing in the house but eggs, butter, and cheese. However, these were a feast; and the Prince would not hear of sitting down to supper without the ladies. After the two ladies had retired, Charles and his host sat over the fire with a punch bowl till three o'clock in the morning, the Prince smoking a pipe, reduced to a stump, and black as ink. He insisted on another bowl being brewed; but Kingsburgh refused to consent, so great was the danger; and there was a struggle, in which the bowl was broken.

He then went to bed, saying he had almost forgotten what a bed was like, and slept till one o'clock next day, when he had to set out again in his female garb; and while Flora was putting on the cap, Leddy Kingsburgh begged, in Gaelic, for a lock of his hair.

He laid down his head in Flora's lap, and told her to cut as much as she pleased. A new pair of shoes were given to him by Kingsburgh, who hung up the old ones, saying that he should bring them to St. James's and shake them at the Prince by way of introduction.

When the party had reached a wood, Charles changed his Betty Burke costume for a Highland dress, and took leave of Kingsburgh, walking on to Portree, where Flora gave him up to another Macdonald, Donald—commonly called "Roy"—who was still lame in the foot from a wound at Culloden.

When they parted, Charles held the brave maiden's hand without speaking, then took off his cap, and kissed her twice on the brow. After he was seated in the boat, he turned and said, "For all that has happened, madam, I trust we shall meet at St. James's."

She sat on a rock and watched the boat, rowed by two young M'Leods, as it crossed to the isle of Rasay, whose young chief had come for him with Donald Roy. After staying there a few days, they went back again to Troternish, in Skye, hoping to hear tidings of the French vessel which, it seems, Sullivan had gone away in.

After sleeping a night in a cow-house, Charles, who passed as a certain Lewis Caw, was taken to a family of Mackinnons, by whom he was conducted back to the mainland, and, on Loch Nevis, had the narrowest of all his escapes. He was lying at the bottom of the boat, with a Mackinnon plaid over him, when, rounding a little promontory, the boat fouled against another; and five militiamen, so marked by the red cross in their bonnets, were seen on the shore, and ordered the little crew to come ashore for examination.

CAMEO XLIV.
The Outlaws.
1746.

"Pull for your lives!" cried the old chief of Mackinnon.

For a quarter of an hour there was a desperate chase; but at last they reached an inlet, where the wood grew close down to the water. Charles leapt ashore and ran up into the brushwood till he could see the pursuers turn back.

He was in the country of the elder Clanranald; but no help could be got from him, nor from the Macdonald of Moran, though his wife was Lochiel's sister. All that could be obtained from them was that they would not betray him. But the old chief of Mackinnon was staunch, and swore that he would hold to him and go through the world with him. At Borrodale they found Angus Macdonald and his wife burnt out of house and home, and living in a little hut. Charles shed tears as he saw them, for they had not only been ruined, but had lost a son at Culloden. He asked the lady whether she could bear the sight of him after all she had lost in his service.

"Yes," she said, "even though all my sons died for your highness."

For three days he stayed with these loyal hosts, but then found that the enemy were on his track. There he learnt that he was between two lines of sentinels, so that he could only crouch in the heather, and dared not even light a fire. However, Donald Cameron of Nepean, who knew every pass, led him, crawling along the bed of a burn, and decided on seeking shelter for him among the M'Kenzies, who had not joined his army, and, therefore, were not watched by the soldiery.

With a few followers, especially Macdonald of Glenaladale, he set out to cross the braes of Kintoul, inhabited by the Macraws, a very wild race. They were in great want of food; and when, as travellers, they asked a lodging in the house of one of the clan, their host uttered invectives against all who had risen in arms, or who concealed the young Pretender, declaring that he ought to be given up at once, and the reward set on his head be claimed. However, one of the Macdonalds who had escaped from Culloden arrived, and, instantly recognising the Prince, contrived to get him safely out of the house, and then warned him that troops were in Ross-shire, but said that there was a much safer place, where he himself had spent the last night—namely, a cave in the great mountain of Corado—where lived seven men, who could be absolutely relied on as brave and faithful, and who had not been with the army.

They were, in fact, seven outlaws, and when Charles arrived, under the guidance of Macdonald, he found them dining on a sheep which they had "lifted" the day before! They welcomed him most affectionately, went down on their knees, and swore to guard him, and they became his most devoted hosts. Their cave was only eight miles from Fort Augustus, and they pounced on the baggage of an English officer to provide him with clothes, obtained sheep by "lifting" from the flocks on the hills, and whisky from the illicit stills, and even ventured into the village about Fort Augustus to make purchases. One brought him back, as a great delicacy, a piece of gingerbread. After five

CAMEO XLIV.

The Cage. 1746.

weeks, Charles grew very weary of such quarters, and begged Glenaladale to find some laird who would conceal him.

The outlaws much objected, representing that the £30,000 set upon his head was nothing to them, who could not use it, and would only be treated with scorn and horror if they betrayed the Prince; but it was a great deal to a gentleman, who could escape from a sense of disgrace, by going to some distant place. However, Peter Grant, the most cultivated of the seven, agreed to try what could be done, and went into Lochaber in search of some of the Camerons who were in hiding there. The first he met was Cameron of Clunes, who sent him back to bring the Prince to the head of Glencoich, to a little hut which was one of their lurking places. Charles took a grateful leave of the outlaws, and one of them, Hugh Chisholm, made a vow on the spot, and kept it all his life, that no other should ever shake his right hand —at least, till he saw the Prince again. Guided by Peter, Charles travelled by mountain paths on a stormy night to the hovel, where they found neither chief, food, nor fire. However, Peter contrived to kill a deer, and dress part of it, and Clunes arrived with his three sons.

The soldiers were, Clunes said, so much on the alert that it was unsafe to move any further, and the wanderer continued in this lonely ravine, till he was traced out by Macdonald of Glengary and Dr. Cameron, brother to Lochiel. They contrived to take him to Badenoch, where, at Mellamuir, he found Lochiel and Cluny Macpherson, who were both in as much danger as himself, and Lochiel was still lame from his wound at Culloden.

He was about to kneel, but Charles cried, "Oh no, my dear Lochiel; who knows who may be looking at us from the top of yonder hills."

Lochiel ushered him into the hut, which, though outside wretched, had been made fairly comfortable within, and there was a good meal of beef sausages, mutton, bread, butter, and cheese, and plenty of whisky. The Prince drank off a dram to the health of his friends, and when some minced collops were served up to him dressed in butter in a large silver saucepan, which Lochiel and Cluny carried about with them, he exclaimed, "Now I live like a Prince."

He asked Lochiel if he always lived so well.

"Yes, sir," said the chief; "for three months that I have been about with my cousin Cluny he has provided me well, as you see."

Cluny was in the midst of his clan, who were absolutely devoted to him, and carried him all their dues, guarding him with entire fidelity. He had caused them to build up for him, three months before, an astonishing den, which he called the cage. It was on the slope of the mountain of Benalder, in the midst of rocks and loose stones, interspersed here and there with thickets. One of these thickets veiled the entrance, and a large tree, sloping across towards the precipice above, assisted to form the roof. Rows of trees were laid athwart so as to make a floor, and filled up between the trunks. The growing trees which formed the sides were interwoven with boughs and stakes, and filled up

CAMEO XLIV.
—
Final Departure. 1746.

with heather and moss fastened with ropes, and the branches of the trees were thatched over and stuffed with moss. The cage would hold seven men, of whom one was always on the watch; two cooking, or making bread, and the rest playing at cards. Two stones in their natural position formed a hearth, and the gray rock concealed the thin curl of peat smoke. Here Cluny was as much the chieftain as ever, and had full supplies from his clan; and here Charles remained till the 14th of September, 1746, when tidings came that two French ships were at Loughnannam. Intelligence was sent to others of the men in hiding, and Charles, Lochiel, Clunes, and about a hundred more, embarked and landed at Morlaix, in Brittany. Cluny remained, and long reigned in his cage.

For five long months had Charles Edward wandered; and though many and many had known where he was, only that one wild beggar boy had attempted to betray him! No wonder he heartily loved Scotland through the piteous remainder of a life that had begun so nobly.

CAMEO XLV.

THE BITTER END.

1746–1748.

England.	*France.*	*Spain.*
1727. George II.	1715. Louis XV.	1711. Philip V.
	Germany.	
	1740. Maria Theresa.	

CAMEO XLV.

Cruelties after Culloden. 1746.

THE wanderings of Charles Edward were far from the saddest part of the close of the rising of 1745. Who gave rise to the idea is not known, but the English soldiers certainly imagined that there were orders in the Stuart army that no quarter should be given; and it seems as if ferocity had been actually sanctioned by the Duke of Cumberland and General Hawley, who regarded the opposite troops as rebels, not coming under the ordinary rules of honourable warfare, whereas the insurgents had always treated their prisoners with generous kindness.

The Duke had been no barbarous enemy in the German wars, but he seems to have made up his mind to stamp out Jacobitism. He ordered his cavalry to pursue the enemy, and give no quarter. The little town of Culloden was not to be encumbered with prisoners, and the dragoons of Colt Brigg and Falkirk were brave enough to kill those who could no longer fight.

A whole party of officers, eighteen in number, all wounded, who had been carried to the office house at Culloden, were brought out, drawn up in line, and shot down by the soldiers, who afterwards, to make sure of them, beat them on the head with muskets. One of these unhappy men, John Fraser, belonging to the master of Lovat's regiment, survived this usage, and seeing a Scottish officer, who proved to be Lord Boyd, entreated to be put out of his misery or carried to a cot-house at a little distance. The latter was done, and by the aid of the owner, Fraser continued in safety there for three months, before walking on crutches, and having lost the use of an eye and a hand, he reached his home, to find it burnt and ruined. However, his wife was living, and happily succeeded to a fortune left her by her brother. Fraser was far more fortunate than many of his friends, who were all

CAMEO XLV.

The Duke of Cumberland. 1746.

lying in a hovel wounded when the soldiers set fire to it, and drove them all in upon the flames.

Another man caused a lad to hold his horse while he ran up stairs and killed two wounded men lying in bed. This man was billeted on the house of a minister, who found him a Cumberland militiaman, naturally a simple, harmless, obliging fellow, who said he only came because others did, and would never have left home if he had known what it would be like.

One officer said he saw seventy-two men killed in one day. In fact, it seems as if the ferocious taste for brutality had set in upon the army, and they forgot for the time all mercy. President Duncan Forbes, who had done so much for the preservation of the Hanoverian authority, ventured on a remonstrance on the laws of Scotland. "Laws," said the Duke of Cumberland, "I will make a brigade give laws."

The Mayor of Culloden, a man of respectability, ventured to say, "I hope your Royal Highness will temper justice with mercy."

"What, do you plead for rebels?" cried the Duke. "Kick him down stairs!"

And this was actually done. He was kicked by the officers from the top to the bottom of the stairs!

Lord George Murray kept the remnant of the army together at Ruthven till he received a message from the Prince, bidding him disperse his troops and let every man shift for himself. He reached Holland, and spent the rest of his life there under the feigned name of Dr. Valignè. The Duke of Perth and Sir Thomas Sheridan reached a French ship, but the Duke died on the voyage, and Sheridan only reached Rome to be overwhelmed with reproaches by James Stuart, and to die of grief.

All semblance to resistance had ceased, but the Duke of Cumberland and General Hawley were bent on vengeance, how far instigated from London is not clear. The Duke took up his abode at Fort Augustus, and his troops and the Whig militia scoured the country in search of the Prince, and likewise seizing all the unhappy men who had been in arms against King George. Many were put to death at once, many put on board ship, where the sailors treated them barbarously, sometimes, when they found them lying sick, tying two together and ducking them in the sea. Numbers of these died before they were brought to Tilbury fort, and while there, indeed, the only wonder is that there were any survivors.

The prisons were crammed, and sickness did its work there. At Inverness, a man named MacVie, who had been taken while carrying letters, was put into a vault under the bridge to make him confess from whom they came, and publicly lashed by the drummers of the regiments, being interrogated between each lash. He held out to the last, saying his life signified nothing, and he actually died in prison of cold and misery.

CAMEO XLV.
—
Escapes.
1747.

A poor woman from Skye, Anne M'Kay, lived above the cold cellar where two wounded gentlemen, Robert Nairn and Ronald Macdonald of Belfinlay, were imprisoned. The latter had been shot through both legs, and plundered at Culloden. Some good ladies of Inverness devised a scheme for their escape, and communicated it to Anne, who readily agreed for humanity's sake, though she was no Jacobite. Belfinlay was too lame to make the attempt, but after carefully clothing Nairn as warmly as she could, she decoyed away the sentry into a back close, and Nairn slipped out and got safely away.

He was not missed till the morning, when Colonel Leighton had the poor woman seized and her house rifled, sending for a Baillie to examine her in Gaelic. He asked who supplied the prisoners with food: "I no ken dat, for he be no shentleman! He no be a MacLeod or Macdonald, or any Mac at all, for he be Nairn a fisher, and deil a man or woman of that name in a' dis town."

The Colonel offered her five guineas, and desired her to tell who helped Nairn away, but she answered, "I no tak money, I have a pill of my own," and she pulled an old bill out of her pocket. Then the Colonel threatened to send her to the terrible vault under the bridge. "Pless your honour," she cried, "no put me in the prig hole." This was spared her, but the guard were ordered to keep her upright on her feet for hours and hours, till she should confess, and an Irishwoman, a soldier's wife, was sent in with liquor in hot-pot or posset to intoxicate her and make her confess. Prince Charles's health was proposed to her; but this heroine answered, "I no pe trink Sharly's health, I like de Duke, for I pe a M'Leod, and M'Leods no like Sharly, but I no trink hot-pot or posset, for I no ken dat. I pe trink milk or whey." She was kept for some weeks in the Tolbooth, and when she came out, after narrowly escaping being flogged through the town, she found her seventeen-year-old son so beaten and misused by the soldiers that he died three days after. The sentry whom she had called away received five hundred lashes. Belfinlay was finally released.

The whole country from Aberdeen up to the more inaccessible Highlands was ravaged, houses burnt, cattle driven off, men supposed to be spies hanged or shot. The desolation was such that women and children, for hunger's sake, would creep round the camp, and eat the offal of the soldiers' meals. The soldiers, who hated Scotland, and even fell sick with weariness and the dreary climate, sometimes amused themselves with stripping these unhappy women of their upper garments, and setting them to ride or run races. In short, there was no brutality of which they were not guilty up to the middle of July, when the military devastation ceased on the Duke of Cumberland's going to Edinburgh, where he had fourteen standards taken at Culloden publicly burnt, and only the search for the Prince continued.

The passes of the Highlands were really inaccessible to any but northern militia, such as the Grants and Campbells, and thus many gentlemen found a refuge there among their clans.

CAMEO XLV.

The Trials. 1747.

The noble old Lord Pitsligo, chief of the Forbes family, the origin it is said of the Baron of Bradwardine, lived on his own estate much in the same manner.

Old Lord Lovat was taken, wrapped in a blanket, hiding in a hollow tree on an islet in a lake. Secretary Murray of Broughton could not bear the inclemency of the Highlands, and was taken in the house of his sister, Mrs. Hunter. The Lord Justice Clerk had a good deal of conversation with him, and made him promise that if his life was spared, he would reveal all he knew. Lords Kilmarnock and Tullibardine surrendered, and were sent to the Tower, where poor old Tullibardine died. Lord Cromarty was seized at Dunrobin Castle, where he had stayed just too long to finish a bottle of wine.

The gentlemen were sent to England, lest there should be too much favour and feeling shown for them in Scotland. The jails at Carlisle, Lancaster, York, and Penrith were crowded, four hundred in Carlisle alone, and no small amount of disease before the trials.

Colonel Townley, of the English regiment left at Manchester, was the first to suffer. So did seventy or eighty more in these English cities, among them Kinloch Moidart, and John Macnaghton, who was said to have been he who shot Colonel Gardiner.

The noblemen, namely, the Earls of Cromarty and Kilmarnock, and Lords Balmerino and Lovat, were brought to London to be tried by their Peers. Horace Walpole has left a close description of their demeanour. Westminster Hall was hung with scarlet, the Lord Chancellor Hardwicke presided, and a hundred and thirty-nine Peers were present, but none of the Royal family. Horace says he had steeled himself against emotion, and tried to keep up his indignation by looking at the Marquess of Lothian in mourning for his son, Lord Robert Kerr, who had been killed at Culloden, but the sight of the prisoners touched him greatly. Only three were there, Lovat's trial was deferred, as it was not easy to make a case against the cunning old man, since he had not appeared in arms.

Cromarty was a timid man, and was in great grief for his wife and large family. He shed tears as he pleaded guilty, and Kilmarnock, though far more dignified, likewise pleaded guilty, and expressed sorrow for his share in the insurrection.

Arthur Elphinstone, Lord Balmerino, whom Walpole called the bravest fellow he ever saw, stood playing with his fingers on the axe. He pleaded not guilty of treason, and tried to find a flaw in the indictment, which mentioned him as present at Carlisle on a specified day, when, as it happened, he was not there; but on this failing, he smiled and said he should give their Lordships no more trouble. A little boy being near, and not tall enough to see, the old gentleman lifted him up in front of himself.

The Peers retired to consider their verdict, and the Solicitor-General then asked Lord Balmerino why he had put in this plea when he had been told that it would be no use. He asked who the

CAMEO XLV.
—
Balmerino.
1747.

gentleman was, and on being told his name, said, "Mr. Murray, I am extremely glad to see you; I have been with several of your relations. Your good mother was of great use to me at Perth." For indeed Murray, who later became Chancellor and Lord Mansfield, was of an old Jacobite family, and his brother was one of the elder Chevalier's Ministry.

When the Peers came back, each was individually asked whether the Lord Balmerino was guilty, or not guilty, and each gave the former verdict. Then each of the three was called on to speak. Balmerino made no defence, only begged their pardon for giving so much trouble; and as he went away observed that if he had not pleaded not guilty, all these fine ladies would have been disappointed of their show. Cromarty pleaded in a touching manner, for the sake of his wife and children, one yet unborn.

Kilmarnock, a very noble-looking and eloquent man, made a very impressive speech, pleading the good principles in which he had brought up his family, his eldest son being actually in the Royal army at Culloden; but unfortunately his second son was with him in the Tower. So well did he speak that Lord Leicester went up to the Duke of Newcastle and said, "I never heard so fine an orator. If I were your grace, I would pardon him, and make him Paymaster to the Forces." (Pitt's first step.)

Kilmarnock begged that if only one were pardoned it might be Cromarty, and the Prince of Wales interested himself to save this father of a large family. He was pardoned, and it is said that the child who was born soon after bore the mark of an axe on her neck.

The Duke of Hamilton, who had never been at Court before, kissed the King's hand to intercede for Kilmarnock; but this was thought rather to add to Cumberland's strong prejudice against the unfortunate noble.

"Will no one plead for Balmerino?" exclaimed George II. "If he be a rebel, he is an honest one."

No one seems to have made much effort for Balmerino, who continued, however, cheerful to the last, making the pretty young wife, whom he had lately married, affect to share his mirth. Poor thing, she fainted when the death-warrant was brought in the middle of dinner. "You have spoilt my lady's dinner with your foolish warrant," he said.

Just before the execution, he called for a bumper of wine, and drank to the health of King James. They had to walk to the scaffold, and met at the gate Kilmarnock all in black with a Presbyterian minister attending him on either side; Balmerino, with his Jacobite uniform, blue turned up with red, over his shroud and grave clothes. Their hearses were driven behind them. They embraced, Balmerino saying, "My Lord, I wish I could suffer in your stead."

"All piled up like rotten oranges," said Balmerino, as he saw the host of spectators.

"This is terrible!" said Kilmarnock, as he saw the sea of eyes fixed on him.

CAMEO XLV. — *The Execution.* 1747.

Then just as they had parted, the old Lord called the Earl back to ask him if the allegation was true that orders had been given to put all English prisoners to death at the battle of Culloden. Kilmarnock answered that he was not present at the Council, and entirely disbelieved the fact, though he was told that the Duke of Cumberland had the order in his pocket-book.

"It is a lie to excuse their barbarity to us!" exclaimed Balmerino.

Kilmarnock, before ascending the scaffold, cried, "God save King George!" but Balmerino shouted, "God save King James!" Kilmarnock, in his speech, owned the legality of George's title, and deplored his own rebellion, but submitted with manly resignation. All the traces of his execution had been removed before Balmerino advanced "with the step of a General." His speech declared King George to be a good sort of man, but with no right to the crown, and Charles to be so sweet a Prince that flesh and blood could not resist following him. "If I had a thousand lives," he said, "I would give them all in his cause."

He gave the executioner three guineas, and apologised for not making it five like his fellow-sufferer, by saying he had always been a poor man; then, taking off his wig, and putting on a tartan bonnet, he said he would die like a Scotchman; then he patted the headsman on the back, bidding him do his work like a man, lay down on the block, and gave the signal by throwing up his arms as if before a battle.

Charles Ratcliffe, brother to the Earl of Derwentwater, who had suffered in 1715, had been taken in a French ship, and at first, in spite of the difference of age, was exulted over as the young Henry Stuart. Though he showed his commission in the French army he was executed for the old rebellion, though in 1715 he had never set foot in Britain, except as a prisoner.

Old Lord Lovat's trial lasted much longer, as it was difficult to make a case against him, since he had not actually borne arms in the Prince's cause; but Murray of Broughton, the secretary of Charles Edward, earned his own pardon by turning King's evidence, and producing all the correspondence that had been entrusted to him. The treachery was remembered with horror by his countrymen. Many years later he had occasion to transact some affairs with the old lawyer, Walter Scott, and had conferences in his study. Mrs. Scott's curiosity was so excited by the visits of the distinguished-looking stranger of whom her husband said nothing, that one day she walked into the room with a daintily-spread salver, and said that the gentlemen had been so long busy that they must want some refreshment. Mr. Scott looked gravely on while the visitor drank the tea, but the moment after having bowed him out, caught up the cup and dashed it against the wall. He might have to see the traitor in the way of business, but never should one of his family use the cup whence that lip had drunk.

The saucer belonging to the cup was seized on as a relic by the young Walter Scott, and ever after hung suspended on the wall of his study. No doubt he was looking at it as he made Angus exclaim—

CAMEO XLV.
—
Lovat.
1747.

"The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendship's clasp
The hand of such as Marmion grasp,"

though that incident really passed between a Spanish noble and the Constable de Bourbon.

There was not much to choose between Lord Lovat and the traitor. The letters which had passed between him and the Stuart Court were clearly treasonable; but there were many more which implicated English nobles, and these had to be suppressed. The trial lasted seven days, and was a strange one, for the old wretch showed great acuteness and caustic wit, and actually tried to save himself by sacrificing his eldest son, who had led the clan to join the Prince, but of course at his bidding. When he saw there was no hope for him, he made jests on everything said, and as the sentence was pronounced, he quoted to Lord Ilchester a French song—

"Je meurs pour ma patrie,
Je ne m'en soucie guère,"

then exclaimed, "Farewell, my Lords, we shall never meet again in the same place."

Walpole wrote, "I did not think it possible to feel so little at so melancholy a spectacle; but tyranny and villainy, wound up by buffoonery, took off all the edge of the concern."

Lovat said he should die as a Highland chief ought, not in his bed. He sent for a priest attached to the Sardinian Embassy. He said he was not a thorough-going Roman Catholic but a Jansenist; little religion, however, he could have had. He is said to have been amused when a great stage raised on Tower Hill, being overloaded with persons eager to see the execution, broke down and caused much injury. He sat down on a chair on the scaffold and talked to the people, "lying most deliberate and quoting Horace," according to Walpole, and his last words were "*Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.*"

This was the last execution, as indemnity was proclaimed in 1747. On the other hand, Sir John Cope was brought to a Court Martial, and honourably acquitted; but Hawley, who deserved censure far more, was saved from inquiry by the friendship of the Duke of Cumberland. The question of securing future peacefulness then came on. Good Duncan Forbes, though in ill-health, came to London to give his opinion, but was very little attended to, and when he advised against the prohibition of the Highland dress, he was accused of being a Jacobite! He did not live long after his return, and was mourned in Scotland as one of the best men of his day.

The severity of panic and revenge actuated the English Ministry. It was made penal to carry arms, even for the Highland clans who had been loyal; all the distinctive tartans of the clans were proscribed, and the dress, kilt, trews, philabeg, and all were forbidden under six

CAMEO XLV.

Crushing the Jacobites. 1747.

months' imprisonment for a first offence, transportation to the colonies for a second. The clan system was as far as possible broken up, by making the holding of estates on military tenure unlawful, and by depriving ths chiefs of jurisdiction, which was vested in Sheriffs and Sheriffs depute as in the Lowlands. Highland regiments were also enlisted, and became a most effective force in the English army. These measures crushed out the possibility of rising, but only deepened the loyal affection that the short career of the brilliant and charming Prince had inspired. "The '45" had been the one romance in many a dull life, and the cruelty that followed, and the vexatious precautions which continued, deepened the sentiment that found echo in the poetry which sung "Charlie is my darling," was symbolised by the ladies' white roses, and by the gentlemen by passing the wineglass "over the water," when drinking the King's health.

And the religious feelings of many were wounded. The Church had always been loyal to the Stuarts, and from the time of the Revolution had been treated as disaffected; but toleration had been tolerably established before the '45. Then every church or chapel the soldiery or the mob could attack was sacked, the plate melted up, the Bibles and Prayer-books burnt, the clergy treated as enemies. In 1746, an Act was passed forbidding any Episcopal clergy to officiate without registering their letters of Orders, and no Ordination was accepted by the Government save those by English or Irish Bishops. A priest whose orders were Scottish, exercising any office of his ministry, or preaching to above five persons not belonging to the house where he spoke, was liable to imprisonment for the first offence, to transportation for the second. Laity resorting to such private services were to be fined or imprisoned; Peers so worshipping could not be elected as representatives.

The English Bishops strongly opposed this outrageous Bill, and the Lords only passed it by a majority of five. The non-acceptance of Scottish Orders, even though the priest engaged to mention King George in the prayers, was a real act of blind persecution; but it failed to extinguish the Church. Some of the clergy would actually go through the Liturgy sixteen times in one Sunday in different houses. Some haylofts and garrets, some caves and moors served for churches for the faithful, and when priests were in prison, faithful women would carry their children to them for Baptism, and the babes were drawn up and let down in a basket.

Never was such an anomaly seen as a Government persecuting its own Church! When the search was at its height, Flora Macdonald was captured, and so were Kingsburgh and Captain M'Leod. They were taken to London, and Lady Margaret Macdonald narrowly escaped the same fate. When the Princess of Wales was censuring her severely, Frederick made his best speech: "I hope, Madame, you would have done the same."

After about a year's imprisonment they were released. "I thought

CAMEO XLV.
—
Death of James. 1766.

to have been hanged as a traitor," said M'Leod; "and I came back in a post-chaise with Miss Flora Macdonald!" A subscription was raised among the Jacobite ladies for Flora. She married Kingsburgh's son, and went out to America, but returned on the outbreak of the war. Dr. Johnson saw and thought her "small in stature, but agreeable and genteel;" and M'Leod a perfect Highland gentleman. Flora and her mother-in-law, the Leddy of Kingsburgh, were buried in the sheets in which the Prince had slept.

The Leddy of Kingsburgh sent a scrap of Betty Burke's gown—white and lilac—to a manufacturer at Leith, and numerous dresses of the same pattern went forth for the Scottish ladies. The apron string, a bit of blue garter, a piece of tartan waistcoat, and the chips of the eight-oared boat were also preserved with intense loyalty by Dr. Robert Forbes, of St. Andrews, and intense was the devotion inspired by the fallen cause.

For fallen it was; and bitterer than all the bravely-borne sufferings of the Jacobites were the latter days of Charles Edward. He was received with as much enthusiasm as Louis XV. was capable of, and for some time lived at Paris, hoping for aid in the event of the war being vigorously prosecuted; but charming as his manners still were, the dram-drinking habits he had acquired during his wanderings clung about him and disgraced him. At the peace of Aix la Chapelle, his absence from France was made a condition. He said this was breaking faith with him, and would not stir. He was then arrested, tied up with crimson cords, and sent to Vincennes, whence after a week, he was escorted over the frontier.

He then tried to get a hearing in Spain, but in vain. He never saw his father again. His brother Henry, at twenty-three, resolved to take Holy Orders, and this so offended Charles that for years all close intercourse ceased with his family, and for many years they did not know where he was; while he sank lower and lower in vice and hopelessness. Twice or thrice he visited London, once in 1754, where he openly, of course under a different name, walked about. It is said that George II. knew of his presence, and when asked what he would do, said, "Nothing. When he is tired of England he will go away."

This looks as if the vindictive measures in Scotland did not proceed from the King. He also beheld the coronation of George III., and afterwards said that the King was the person he least envied. Could it have been he instead of Lilias Redgauntlet who exchanged the champion's glove?

"The Chevalier de St. George" died, aged seventy-nine, on the 1st of January, 1766, and after this there was a reconciliation between the brothers. Charles came to Rome, but was offended that the Pope and none of the great Powers would own him as King. He led a morose life, drinking constantly, and only showing a few flashes of his former spirit, if a Scottish Jacobite came to see him.

The French Court wished the House of Stuart not to become

CAMEO XLV.

Death of Charles Edward. 1788.

extinct, in order that a thorn for the House of Hanover should always be at hand. So in 1772, the Duke of FitzJames was instructed to offer Charles a handsome pension if he would marry the Princess selected for him—Louisa of Stolberg. He consented, and was married at a castle near Venice, of all strange days, on Good Friday! For a little while Charles admired the bride, who was brilliantly fair, and full of liveliness, with a good deal of archness and cleverness. They called themselves Count and Countess of Albany, and lived at Siena. They had no children, and Charles gradually fell back into his old habits, and showed himself ill-tempered, exacting, and tyrannical. Louisa became interested in the Italian poet, Vittorio Alfieri, who loved her passionately, after the example of Petrarch, but not so purely. Charles became jealous, and actually beat her. She fled to a convent, and put herself under the protection of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Prince Henry, now a cardinal, tried to make peace, but in vain, and they were finally divorced, while she and Alfieri remained devoted to one another.

Charles had in his early years loved Clementina Walkinshaw, but had cast her off, though not till she had borne a daughter, whom he sent for, when deserted by his wife, and who treated him with affection and authority.

Once, when an Englishman was with him, he talked of the '45, and grew animated over it; his eyes brightened, and he became full of energy; but when he came to speak of the succeeding cruelties, his voice died away, and he sank on the floor convulsed.

The only royal function he ever exercised was touching for the King's Evil. He grew weaker and more imbecile, and finally died in January, 1788—a perfect wreck!

His brother Henry, commonly called Cardinal York, was a good, decorous man, but so dull, that Pope Pius VI., after a long interview with him, was heard to say that he did not wonder at the English for driving the Stuarts away. Yet the Pontiff had soon to be greatly obliged to the Cardinal, who, when Pius was mulcted by Napoleon in 1796, reduced himself to absolute poverty to make up the amount. In 1798, the poor old man, at seventy-five, was driven absolutely in want from his home at Frascati, by the French, and remained in the greatest distress till the case was made known to Sir John Hippesley, who sent an account of it to England, upon which George III. granted the Cardinal a pension of £4,000 a year. The succour, as the old man wrote, "could not be more timely, for without it, it would have been impossible for him to subsist." On this he lived till he was eighty-two years of age, when, at his death, he sent to George III. the jewel of the Garter, the same which Charles I. gave on the scaffold to Bishop Juxon, and which James II. had carried with him in his flight. In 1819, when Rome had been freed from the French, a marble tomb with likenesses carved by Canova, was erected by the Prince Regent under the dome of St. Peter's, bearing the inscription—

CAMEO XLV. — *Extinction of the Stuarts.* 1819.

"Jacobo III., Jacobi Magn. Brit. Regis filio
Carolo Eduardo et Henrico decano
Patrum Cardinalium, Jacobi III. filiis,
Regia Stirpis Stuardiæ Postremis,
Anno MDCCCXIX.
Beati Mortui qui in Domino Moriuntur."

It was only after this that, among the staunchest Jacobites, coughing ceased at the mention of King George in the Prayers, and the charming songs could no longer be sung with more than a dreamy sense of loyalty.

The direct heirship of the elder line of Stuarts passed through Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, to her daughter, the Duchess of Savoy, and thence, through several Dukes, to the House of Modena. The wife of the Prince Regent of Bavaria at present represents the Stuart dynasty.

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